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LOUISE AND BERTRAND: OR, LOVE AND RELIGION.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Low and sweet was the music of the Loire as it wound its silvery way through the sunny vales of France, kissing the banks of the many vine-clad hills that shadowed its waves, and picturing them in such vivid colors that it were hard to tell which were the fairest, the leaves and fruit which rustled in the golden air, or their reflections s.aying to and fro to the lullaby of mermaid's song. Many lovely spots did that river glide softly by as it chanted so low and sweet, and many an ear was bent to hear its familiar tones, and many a heart, as they stole through the balmy air in tuneful echoes, was proud of its native stream. But no lovelier spot did it touch with its crystal waters, than the spacious and fragrant gardens of the old Count Altieux. No ears were bent oftener to listen to its murmuring music than those of his young and lovely daughter Louise, and no knight of all fair France was prouder of its rolling waters than was she of her native, her beauteous Loire.

She had a favorite seat under an arching tree, close to the river's bank, and hither she came, whether merry or sad, twice a day; when the sun was first flinging its golden rays over the mountain tops, when the birds were warbling their native hymns, and the flowers lifting up their dewy eyes, and when the purple and crimson floods of sunset light were haloing with glory the western sky, when the vesper notes floated from the old gray chapel, and buds and blossoms folded their fragrant leaves and drooped in their beautiful sleep. If merry, she fancied the stream

laughed with her, while its rolling tides would seem to blend in the sweetest of chorus notes with her ringing laugh and happy song. If sad, it seemed to her like a stream of tears, and its voice would come to her then with a dirge-like wail, and mournful, but solemn, as come the voices of the departed to the sad heart at the twilight hour. But whether it sang or wept with her, dear, very dear, was it to the young heart of Louise, for with it were linked her earliest, her dearest memories. How many hours of childish joy had she and the little brother who slept under that tiny green mound in the churchyard, enjoyed together upon its flowery banks! How many pleasant walks and talks had she known there with her father and mother, after the voice of little Philip was hushed! And in later times how often had her maiden heart throbbed with almost delirious ecstasy on the brink of those flashing waves, as her ear drank in the music of a lover's voice and her cheeks became rosier under the soft touch of his rich lips! Ah yes! Within a year that river had become a still more hallowed spot in her memory, for beside it, her betrothal vows had been whispered,—beside it, the golden ring had been slipped upon her finger,—beside it, the first kiss of love had been received and given!

Low and sweet was the music of the beautiful Loire as Louise bent her fleet footsteps to its brink one sunny eve in June,—low, it seemed to her as was the star of hope in her heart's horizon, and sweet as the memories that clustered

about that favorite seat, on which she sank so quickly. Very pale was her fair brow, while the dark lines under the golden lashes, which drooped so pitifully over her swollen eyes, seemed to speak of an agony too deep for words. Her pallid lips quivered with sobs, her heart beat convulsively, and her small white hands were now wrung in the mute language of grief, and then were folded as in passive despair on her throbbing bosom.

For a long while she sat there in deep silence. But at length, lifting her head and dashing the heavy drops from her eyelids, she gazed sadly around her, and then in a voice of touching pathos, exclaimed: "My last evening here! O, can it be? Must I leave my sunny France, my singing river, my laughing flowers, my shadowing trees, my birdling pets, my beautiful home, my brother's grave—all, all! O, my Heavenly Father, be near me now, for I am weak indeed." And then she bent her knees and communed in silence with the God of the Huguenots, praying for strength in their hour of need so close at hand, and for resolution to go through all that would await them in their perilous flight from their native land to that wilderness over the ocean, where only then could they hope for that freedom of soul which they prized so dearly.

She was very calm when she arose and seemed transformed by her earnest prayer from a shrinking maiden to a fearless martyr, ready and willing to brave tempest and wave, to give up life's holiest memories and its dearest hopes. "I would it were over," murmured she,—"this parting scene, for it will rack me as never did priest his victim, and yet I feel that I have that within my soul that will carry me through. But Bertrand, beloved of my heart, how can I crush your hopes so sadly and so suddenly—"

"Bertrand is here," whispered a manly voice in her ear. "Didst call him, love? Methought I heard my name softly spoken as I leaped the thicket. But how is this, Louise? In tears and so sad too. What means it, love?" And he drew the maiden's head close to his heart and showered her damp, white face with kisses.

"You have not heard, then?" said she, when at length she found her lips.

"Heard! What, Louise? Speak quickly, love. You scare me with your pale, sad looks."

Then the maiden lifted her head and gazed earnestly into her lover's face, seeming the while to struggle hard for the mastery of her emotions. At length she spoke: "Methinks a Catholic so devout as is your father, Bertrand, would ere now have called upon you to rejoice in your king's mandate."

"What mandate, Louise? What edict can Louis the Fourteenth, our blessed monarch, have spoken, that can have caused such terror in a maiden's heart? I cannot even guess. I have been closeted in closest study with Father Anselm all day long, and know nothing of what you intimate. What is it?"

"You do not know, then, that the king has unjustly revoked the edict of Nantes—that death or banishment is the cruel sentence denounced upon the heads of all those Protestants in France who do not renounce their faith."

Passionately did the young man clasp her to his breast, as he gathered in the terrific import of her words, and until the moon rose high in the heavens did he hold her there, striving with the wildest entreaties of love to induce her to tarry in her native clime, to become his bride at once, and as the wife of a noble and wealthy Catholic, while in her heart she might be true to her religion, enjoy the freedom and beauty of life in the lovely home of her youth.

But in vain did he expostulate and plead. Hushing the yearnings of her heart as it craved to lie forever in the bosom of its love, to have forever its home amid the haunted scenes about her, the maiden firmly, but sadly too, made known to her lover her determination to be true to her convictions then and ever, to leave her sunny France, her youthful lover, all the hopes and memories which till that day she had so fondly cherished, and go forth with her beloved ones, over the sea, to the western wilds.

"With the morrow's sunset I shall see the white sails of the exile's vessel—with the next sunrise I shall bid my native coast a long, yes, an eternal, and O, how sad—farewell. It only remains, Bertrand, that we nerve ourselves to part. This ring," and she slipped the golden circlet from her quivering finger; "this ring which once I hoped to have worn when my pulse was still, I must now give back; and may she who wears it after me, never know the anguish that is crushing now my dearest hopes."

"Hear me, hear me, my own Louise!" and Bertrand sank on his knees before her. "Religion may forbid that we should ever wed, but it cannot forbid our holy love, our love that has grown up with our young lives, that has sanctified the past and made heavenly the future! No, Louise;" and he drew the ring again upon her finger. "No other bride shall wear it, and not until another has sought and won your hand, shall it be taken thence."

And then they parted,

Parted in silence, parted in tears,
on the banks of their native river."

Sad, almost ready to break, seemed to Louise her heart, as she slowly retraced her path to the castled home which had nurtured her ancestors for so many a generation back. Yet that privilege, so inestimable to those who mourn, of weeping till her sobs became a lullaby to slumber, was then denied her, and forcing herself to wear an aspect of cheerfulness, she spent the remainder of the night in assisting her parents to complete their hasty preparations for an immediate flight. Much and valuable property had to be sacrificed, but bravely was it done, for the compensation was life, and liberty to worship as the heart thought best, and could they only have been certain of a cottage home in that western world, freed from the perils of the wilderness, they would have parted with less regret than they did from old and cherished objects.

The sun was just touching the old turrets with its first golden beam, as the exiled ones stepped into the light craft that was to carry them for the last time over the waters of the Loire. Fain would they have lingered awhile on its hallowed banks, and taken a long last look of the spot so dear, but the words of the fatal edict seemed ringing in their ears, now like the funeral notes of a beautiful hope, and again with the ominous shriek of the carrion bird, impatient to see the last drop of life blood ooze from the veins of his prey; and clinging wildly to each other, father, mother and daughter secreted themselves in the tiny cabin and gave orders to the waiting crew to set their sails.

As Louise had told her lover, with the sunset their tearful gaze rested on the vessel that was to bear them over the deep. They were urged to embark at once, though it would not weigh anchor till sunrise, but their hearts plead too powerfully to be resisted, for one more night on the soil of their loved native land, and crouched together under a rude tent, framed hastily from canvass lent them by their crew, who were old retainers of the count, for the last time they performed religious services in France. The boatmen, though each devoutly pressed a rosary to his lips each time he knelt, were so impressed with the solemnity of the scene, that great tears rolled down their sunburnt faces and their rough hearts were filled with tenderness. Seating himself close to the opening of the tent, into which streamed the crimson light of the departing day, the count read passage after passage from the holy volume, and that earnest, impassioned tone haunted the ears of his rude listeners for years. Then the trio joined their voices in one of those grand old hymns, which have been pealing ever since through the aisles of the sanctuary, like

music tones from a heavenly harp. And then, on their bent knees, they offered up their last evening prayer in the land of their birth, and it was a prayer worthy their Protestant hearts, for not only did they commit themselves to the hand of the Omnipotent, but beseech him to pour his blessing not only on their brother and sister refugees, but on their most cruel oppressors. "All, all, Father," cried the trembling voice of the count; "all would we number in our prayer; and now do with us as thou seest fit."

It was a tearful time on the quay the next morning, as friends and neighbors parted so sadly and so suddenly, for religion does not always set at defiance the outgoings of the heart, and many a Catholic and Protestant of that wide realm were bound together by ties it was hard indeed to sever; and of all that gathered there to see that vessel of exiled ones set sail, not one, though proud of his allegiance to his king, but rejoiced that they had been enabled to flee his vengeance, and not one was there but gave his blessing to the parting friend.

Louise had crossed the plank at an early hour and sought a place where, unnoticed by the throng, she could gaze till distance forbade it longer, on the beautiful shores. She heard the last orders given, with a burst of tears so violent as to blind her eyesight, and almost fainting, was sinking on her knees, when she felt herself all at once clasped to a heart whose throbblings were like household words, and heard herself called by the most endearing names. "Once more, once more; I must caress thee once more; my heart would not be satisfied; there, there, a long, but not a last farewell, Louise!" were the broken sentences which a voice of familiar sweetness passionately breathed into her ears, and then feeling, rather than seeing, that something was hung about her neck and cast into her lap, she heard her name whispered once more, pressed once again a lover's lips, and then drooped into unconsciousness, from which she did not revive till even the last dim outline of her native land was lost.

Many hours after she had recovered, as she lay tossing in her narrow berth, she chanced as she once pressed convulsively her heart, to feel her fingers rest on something strange to her touch. She drew it forth from the folds of her disordered robe and with ecstasy made the discovery that it was a golden locket, with the pictured face of Bertrand on the one side, and a braid from his dark locks on the other, and the chain which held it she recognized at once as one which for years he had worn about his neck. It was a parting gift to be highly prized, and

like a talisman of hope it came to her weary heart. And while yet lost in communion with it, her mother approached with a fresh and fragrant cluster of blossoms, which she had found she said by her side when they raised her up. Their odor gave new life to Louise, and when on the morrow, as unwittingly she broke the silken cord that bound them, and found coiled around each slender stem a brief but fervent word of hope and faith from the hand that had gathered them for her, from spots that were as Meccas in her memory, her heart grew strong, and there beamed upon her inward sight a vision as beautiful as those which had come to her so often in her favorite seat beside the Loire.

Well for them all was it too, that Louise had those hopes and that faith to cheer her, and keep well and strong her heart, for much need had she of health and trust on that long and tedious voyage. Her mother sickened in a few days after they set sail, and did not raise her languid head till she had rested many a day on the shores of their new, wild home. Her father, too, while watching by an humble friend who begged permission to accompany them, willing to go even as a servant rather than lose "the right to worship God," contracted a disease that threatened speedy death. And between the two, so dearly loved, so highly prized, the slender girl for many a day and night divided her anxious watches, relieved at length, but not until almost in sight of land, by the recovery of the one.

It was early in autumn that the exiles landed, but instead of the gorgeous views that usually greet the eye at that season, they beheld only naked woods and bare fields, through the first of which the winds went rattling and clashing, and over the latter ran with a low, sobbing sound, that seemed the dirge of the beautiful. Many and tedious trials did they endure through that long, cold and tedious winter that intervened between their arrival and the blooming of flowers and the song of birds; and thoughts of their sunny France, with its genial skies and mellow air, would oftentimes rush over them so vividly that they would weep away long hours with a homesick memory. And for the first two years of their residence in their New England home, though when spring, summer and the golden autumn-time opened their rich and varied charms to them, they came to feel that the beautiful was not all left over the sea, they yet endured hardships and perils of the most grievous kind. Twice had the humble cabin which they had reared over their heads burned to the ground, and but that they always kept buried these treasures which they could not secrete

about them, they would have had poverty of the sternest kind added to their troubles.

In the spring of the third year they were induced to remove from their first settlement to one more numerous in population and older in years, and turned their steps towards the southern part of the fertile valley of the Connecticut. As that glorious old river burst upon their sight one sunny morn in June, an exclamation of delight broke from each lip, and they resolved one and all that it should be the Loire of their hearts. A tract of land bordering upon its banks was immediately purchased, and each set to work to make the home which they had decided should be there erected, as nearly like the castled one they had left behind as possible.

The architecture of the building that soon arose, resembled closely one wing of their former spacious mansion, and that one too in which they usually dwelt, and though, instead of the massive stones of which that was built, this was only of timber, yet by painting it the same gray hue of that and teaching the wild vines to clamber over its walls, and leaving the old forest trees which for years had stood upon the place, to grow about it in their own wild grandeur, they had the satisfaction of giving an ancient look to their home in almost the first year of its erection. The garden, too, was a miniature one of the spacious grounds that had surrounded their castle, and frequently would the invalid mother, as she walked through its pleasant alleys, come upon some little nook, some arbor or some flower bed, so like to those she had left behind, that the present would seem a dream, and for a while she would fancy herself back again over the waves. These were all the plannings of Louise, and after a couple of years had elapsed in their pleasant valley home, she would have been perfectly content to stay there, so like had they made it to their olden one, but for the anxious thought of Bertrand. She had made herself a seat on the banks of the river under one of those grand old elms, that for a century had cast its shadows there, and hither she would withdraw and dream to the music of the waves that glided by, and as it sang a low, sweet hymn, or went rushing on in stormy and discordant peals, so beamed or glimmered her maiden hopes.

In vain did many of the gifted and the good about her seek to win the young French girl's love. She ever turned from them with so sad a face that in their hearts they sorrowed more for her than for themselves, and were grieved that they should have innocently touched a sore and crimson wound. And when her parents besought her often to give her hand away, that when they

came to die they might not have to fear for her, left lonely in a foreign land, she would only answer: "While I am true to what I feel is right, that God, who bore us over the sea, and has guarded us here, will be my friend. I shall never be alone."

And thus five years passed on, and the love which Louise had cherished towards Bertrand when she felt for the last time the pressure of his lips, was warm as ever, though never had she heard whether he was still alive, or had long since been buried. One evening, and it was the anniversary of that one which had seen her for the last time leave her brow with the silvery waters of the Loire, Louise sought her favorite seat beside the gleaming waves of the Connecticut. It was a beautiful season of the year, the freshness and glory of early summer-time being all about her. And it was a beautiful hour, the sun just sinking out of sight and leaving the whole western sky flooded with gold and crimson light, the shifting shadows of the hale old trees and of the purple hills mirrored in the murmuring waters, the soft zephyrs singing through the tall grass of the luxuriant meadows, which rose and fell like the green breasted ripples of some fairy sea, the whole air fragrant with the breath of flowers, and musical with vesper hymns of birds and waves, and the glory and gladness of creation visible everywhere, from the sweet-scented turf to the arching sky.

As Louise traversed that alley of the garden that led to her musing spot, her whole soul was filled with ecstasy as she drank in the beauty of the scene, and her spirits rose with the excitement, and like a gay young French girl, when her heart is free from care, she went dancing along with a step as light as a bird's, and with a carol on her lips almost as sweet as that which gushed from the little yellow-throated warblers that flitted above her head. And when she nestled on the moss-fringed seat under the drooping boughs of the old elm tree, instead of the sad thoughts which she had meant to commune with, she was conscious of an exhilaration of spirits, which forbade all but beautiful memories. As she sat and watched the brilliant glow fade from the horizon, sweet dreams stole over her. She saw the vine-clad hills of her old ancestral home; the silvery waters of her native river, the tiny waves of the little rills that flowed through their wide fields, the gushing of their crystal fountains, the old gray chapel from whose turret the matin and vesper bells were wont to peal so solemnly, and the lofty and moss-clad walls of the antique castle, in the shelter of which for eighteen years she had known so glad a life. She heard, too,

the voices of the blithe young lads and maidens as they flitted over the Loire in their tiny crafts, and the shouts and laughs of merry childhood as it capered on the green before the lodge. The beautiful of the past came back, as it sometimes, but O, how rarely, will, without one shadow on its shining front, and Louise sat there, so rapt in the delicious dream, that unconsciously she listened for her lover's step and the low, tremulous snatch of song with which he was wont to herald his leap through the thicket.

Suddenly, while the maiden sat there, so lost, to all about her that one might have fancied her a vestal communing with her God, there stole upon her ear a single strain of music, seeming to her almost like the breath of the wind-harp, and yet floating as it were on the foam of a crested wave. Eagerly, almost wildly, she listened for another, then bowed her head and fancied it was but the vibration of thought upon her soul. But ere long a second and a third strain thrills the soft evening air, and she feels it is no illusion of her dream, and at the same moment recognizes it as one which Bertrand, when for sportive pastime he personated the returned troubadour, always sung under her lattice. But whence came it now? Buoyed it up from the crystal water, or did a spirit bear it on its wings?

Rushing closer to the river's brink, she called out: "Bertrand, Bertrand, Louise is thine, thine only. Bear back the message, favoring breeze." But as the last word trembled on her now pale lips, a light shallop darted from behind a little fairy isle, and the single oarsman, as though life was at stake, rowed towards the shore. "It is he; it is Bertrand!" cried Louise; and sank upon the mossy seat, white as the lily that was fastened in her hair.

Yes, it was Bertrand—Bertrand come to seek his cherished one, after five long, lonely years of absence. It were in vain to picture the rapture of the hour. Such meetings, like angels' visits to the earth, have a sacredness about them that forbids description.

A few words will tell the story. When he turned from the pale face of Louise upon the deck of the exiles' vessel, it was with the determination to follow her as soon as his coming of age would place sufficient property in his hands to render them comfortable in the western world. But ere that time arrived he was commanded by his father to wed the daughter of a friend and neighbor, one whose estates joined theirs, and the union of which would make him lord of a princely heritage. But with his whole heart he scorned the offer of the proud lady's hand, and declared that while Louise was living, lands, nor

gold, nor titles, should betray his troth. The old lords, who had projected the marriage, were wroth indeed, but they had so far outlived their manliness that they thought his words only the enthusiastic ones of youth, and believed a little wholesome discipline would bring him to his senses. This discipline consisted in confining him for months in one of the turrets of his father's castle and forbidding any to have access to him. And when this failed, they obtained a decree from their king that he should marry and at once.

Until then, Louis had not had a more allegiant subject in his realm than the young Bertrand, despite the consciousness that troubled him often, that his majesty was unwise and unjust in his treatment of the Huguenots. But the tie that bound him to the throne was severed then. Kings had no right to dictate to the heart, he told his father, and they should not to his. And gathering together what he could of his own property, he resolved to depart at once for a home beyond the sea. But the emissaries of royalty were all about him, and ere half the distance between his father's castle and the blue Atlantic was traversed, he was arrested and thrown into a gloomy dudgeon, from which the old lord's gold rescued him, only on his majesty's condition that he himself should be his jailor. And for three years, until the stern father was stretched upon his dying bed, was the son immured in a room so lofty, that none but an eagle could have scaled the distance between the grated window and the turf. But the kindly hands of death unsealed the fountain of love in the old man's heart, and the love which he had borne the mother of his boy, when in her girlish beauty she became his bride, and the sorrow he had felt when after one little year of bliss he saw her pale and still, with a cypress wreath upon her brow, came over him fresh as a violet's breath, when the snow has thawed. He commanded, in tones so authoritative that the priest dared not dissent, that he take the key he gave him and bring his son before him, and leave them alone till he was called again.

But when that summons came the old lord was motionless in death. His son, after receiving some earnest discourse from his lips and a warm, heartfelt blessing, had closed the love-lit eyes and disappeared. In vain they sought for him, and many a wild story of his flight was told and gained credence among the peasantry. But with old affection fresh and strong, the dying man had pointed out a secret way of egress and a lonely spot where the son might safely rest till pursuit was entirely over. A few stolen visits

were made afterward by him to the castle for the purpose of removing some valued relics, and then in the guise of a travelling merchant, he sought the sea-shore, and soon had the joy of seeing the white waves roll between him and the land of tyranny.

When, on the following Sabbath morn, Louise on the arm of Bertrand entered the little village sanctuary, the secret of her maiden life was guessed by all. And when at the evening service they heard the bans of marriage between Bertrand, once owner of all the princely titles of La Foix, but now an American citizen, with only the unblemished name which his young mother with her dying life had given him, and Louise, once countess of as fair a realm as was in France, but now with only her own musical christian name for title, every heart in the assembly blessed the bans, and looked upon the pair, youthful in years, but old in trials, with feelings akin to reverence, and the story of their trust and faith was told at many a fireside, and holier seemed the hearthstone after each narration. And austere as were his neighbors in religious views, none ever censured Bertrand for wearing next his heart the golden cross which his father's dying lips had touched, or for hanging in the chamber the Madonna, before which his sainted mother had said her prayers, or for weaving in the winter-time a cross of evergreens, and in the summer one of flowers, above the grave of the first fair born that nestled on his knees. They felt that at heart his faith was as pure as theirs, and they could not but reverence the forgiving spirit that led him to cherish with such sacred tenderness all that was holy and beautiful in that ministry which had crushed his heart for so many a year.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of any one: such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. In such cases, man may often be considered as an instrument in a higher government of the world, as a vessel found worthy for the reception of a divine influence. I say this whilst I consider how often a single thought has given a different form to whole centuries, and how individual men have, by their expressions, imprinted a stamp upon the age.—*Goethe*.

In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link of the great chain, as the highest.

A VISION OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. E. T. ELDREDGE.

There's a vision of beauty, all holy and bright,
That flits round my dreams like an angel of light;
"Tis a vision of childhood," all pure are its joys,
No thought for the future its brightness destroys.

Old playmates are with me, the loved and the dear!
And glad, happy voices fall low on my ear;
My full, bounding heart seems bursting with joy,
The memories of childhood no change can destroy.

A fair, dimpled hand to my forehead seems pressed,
My pillow seems softer, yea, sweeter my rest;
Come oft to my dreams, sweet soother of care,
Bright vision of childhood, all lovely and fair.

THE HAIR RING.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

THE spacious and elegant parlor was filled with a gay company. The massive chandeliers, suspended from the ceiling, each stretched forth eight golden arms, holding a lily, from which the light streamed as perfume from a flower made visible, and as bright as sweet. The numerous company passed to and fro through the length of the room, while the mirrors at both ends, reaching from floor to ceiling, reduplicated the sight to an endless range, adding greatly to the animation of the scene when the dancers were lively, or groups promenaded as they kept on talking.

Our friend Christo, otherwise called Christopher Adams, was one of the gayest of the gay, abundant in his attentions to every lady acquaintance, and abounding in happy witticisms and pleasant compliments as he mingled in group after group in the sociable company. Of course Myra was with him, or he would not have been so free and hearty. Where she was not, he was absent-minded; but where she was, all things were beautiful, and the hours flew rosy-crowned and singing. On this evening he was more than usually happy and mirthful; and it may be the reason for this was to be found in the uncommon gaiety of Myra, whom he had never seen so unembarrassed and merry before. Her peculiar intimacy with the lady of the house, and her peculiar friendship for that lady's daughter, might be a sufficient explanation of this, but it was not the real interpretation of her ease and mirth. A happy feeling arising from the successful prosecution of a darling project, was the real cause of her peculiar happiness, defending her from being moved by any of the circumstances which otherwise might have made

her bashful or timid. She was living in the joy of a secret victory, and no one could make her susceptible to any defeat.

It was now Myra's turn to be seated at the piano for the entertainment of the company. Many fine performers had preceded her, but with an undaunted spirit, and without making any apologies, she sat down to the instrument. As she ran her fingers over the keys, she betrayed no nervousness, no trembling, but struck them in a manner that not only spoke of perfect self-possession, but also with an energy which she usually showed only when playing at home to her dearest friends. As she played, silence pervaded the room. One group after another of conversationists paused, and all were charmed at Myra's superior execution as she performed some of the most difficult of the fashionable pieces of music.

Hardly aware of his actions, Christo had drawn himself to her side. He had always before been sure to support her by his presence at her side when she played in company, but this evening, the uncommon freedom from timidity, so apparent in her manner, had induced him to be less careful of looking after her, and she was at the piano before he was aware of her purpose. Her extra performance had now drawn him to her side, whither he had quietly edged himself, and there he stood drinking in not only the music, but the animation of her beaming and beautiful face. A wonderfully well-executed passage, where the fingering was exceedingly difficult, made him cast his eyes down to her hands, which were flying over the keys as though possessed by some spirit, music-mad; but how he was startled to see on one of her fingers a gold ring, between the borders of which braided hair was inserted! He looked at it. He stared at it as though some wild phenomenon had startled him. He was deaf to the music, blind to the company about him, and indeed everything seemed to be reduced to empty space, into which a hair ring dropped, and was suspended there by some invisible power. All that Macbeth's "air-drawn dagger" was to him, this little ring was to Christo; and when Myra had finished, she had to touch Christo to wake him to the politeness of leading her from the piano, which act he did perform, but rather as a blind man feeling his way, than as Christopher Adams usually performed his part. Myra took his abstraction as a compliment to her music, and therefore his conduct did not occasion any remark from her.

But Christo's happiness was gone. He was puzzled, confounded, afflicted. He thought over

every possible memory by which he could call up any friend who had left Myra's home, or from whom she might have received such a gift, but no probable solution of his difficulty came at his bidding. Her father and mother were alive; she had never lost a brother or sister; that fair auburn tress bore no resemblance to the gray hair of either her grandmother or grandfather, from whom she had been parted some years ago; and had she received such a gift from her old school-mates at the seminary, he would have heard of it, and he would have had the story of its presentation. And now for thee, poor victim of jealousy, go soaring amid all unpleasant realms to get a solution of a mystery! Why not ask her at once where she got it? Why hesitate a moment? Alas! Christo couldn't tell. Something held him back, and he who could have asked any question that came into his mind last evening, was now tongue tied and dumb. And now came up the fact of Myra's uncommon freedom from embarrassment that evening—how was that to be explained? *Who* led her to the piano? *What* gave the uncommon freedom to her playing, the Pythonic furor to her style of execution? Questions multiplied, but no answers came.

Myra, however, was not long unacquainted with Christo's embarrassment, for she caught his eye too many times fastened upon the alarming though very innocent hair ring on her finger, and she now enjoyed what she saw was a puzzle to him. She took pains to make that finger more prominent to his sight. When she left Christo, she saw he followed her with shy glances, and she coquetted a bit, as was not her wont, to see what he would do. It was the first time that the least thing of the kind had ever occurred, and Myra *did* enjoy it. It seemed to her, at first, that she was a little malicious, but she did feel a little inclined to indulge her notion, "for why don't he ask me at once about the ring?" said she, to herself; and thus she justified herself in keeping him on the rack. And then, too, it made her merry to discover that Christo *could* be jealous! It was really romantic to have him so, and she could almost venture on a polka with some one else than him, but she did not go so far as that. But on one thing she was determined, and that was, he should speak first about the ring.

A new accession to the company made the parlor rather thronged, and Christo and Myra went into the library where some fine paintings were hung on the walls, richly adorning the room. Among them was a splendid representation of the Doge of Venice marrying

the Adriatic, at the time when he is about to drop the ring into the sea. Christo and Myra admired the picture; and Christo laughingly exclaimed:

"That's rather a poor *dodge* for a marriage—he *drops* the ring, but will not embrace his bride, fearing a cold bath if he did."

"Yes, but *some* folks *dodge* the ring," slyly answered Myra, who really was getting a little uneasy at Christo's silence about her ring, and fearing also that her jest might be a serious joke.

"That may be while they are '*lookers on* in Venice,'" replied Christo. "Did you ever hear," he asked, "that the Doge had his hair braided on the ring he threw into the sea?"

"No!" answered Myra, with a hearty laugh. "Why did you ask that question?"

"Because, I didn't know," he replied, "but that it had come to you by some magic, or some bold diving—I see you have a new ring on your hand."

"O, yes," she exclaimed, as though she had not thought of it since they had met after placing it on her finger. "What do you think of my new ring?"

"It looks well enough, but—" and Christo hesitated.

"But what?" asked Myra, with a most serious expression of countenance.

"O, nothing, nothing!" he replied, and attempted to take her attention away from the subject by referring to another painting—a beautiful landscape, giving the skies of Italy with rare and wondrous skill.

But this would not do; if he was careless respecting the ring, *she* must be anxious; and she felt a little irritated to find he was inclined to avoid asking any explanation of its presence on her hand. She lifted up the hand which had the ring upon it directly in front of his point of view, so that he could not see the picture, but must see the ring.

"Come, Christo, tell me what you think of my new ring," said Myra.

"Why, it's very pretty, and doubtless valuable for the sake of the giver," he replied.

"How do you know but that I got it myself?" said Myra.

"That may be, but your black hair wont turn to that color by being put into a ring," said Christo. "It isn't your own hair, is it?" he asked.

"O, no," she answered.

"Nor mother's?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"Nor sister's? cousin Anna's? Ella's?" And

so he went on, calling upon names of relatives and intimate friends, while Myra shook her head at each one.

She saw again his jealousy arising, and she enjoyed it, and replied when he stopped :

"Try again, Christo; you've mentioned only *lady* names."

That was true, for how could he dare to mention any belonging to his own sex; but he now took courage, and said :

"Why, it's not from a gentleman, is it?"

"Why not?" she answered. "Haven't I the privilege to receive such a present from a gentleman?"

"Of course, Miss Myra," he replied.

"Well done, Chris, you've *missed* it now! haven't you?" said Myra.

"Pardon me, Myra," answered Christo, with some emotion. "That was foolish in me. Don't remember it—will you?"

"O, no," laughingly replied Myra; "but if I do remember it, I will only think it a *miss*, and that will be the only *pun*-ishment."

"But is it a gentleman's hair?" asked Christo, as he took the end of her fingers in his hand, and looked steadily on the ring.

"Yes, 'pon honor," replied Myra, with an assumed gravity. "You know you said you would not let me have a lock of your hair for any such purpose, and I told you I was set on having such a ring—you remember, don't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't think you were so serious as I find you were," he answered.

"Why, Chris', rings are serious subjects, you know," she replied.

"Yes, I know it *now*," answered Christo; "but I can't imagine why any gentleman's gift would have been acceptable, if you really wanted a lock of *my* hair for that purpose."

"There, Chris', you're jealous now," said Myra, with one of those searching and merry looks of hers that remind one of the harvest moon, that looks solemn, and yet seems merry, because of the mirth below.

Christo was puzzled, and frankly replied :

"Dear Myra, I am not jealous, but I own I am uneasy, and have been so the greater part of the evening. Tell me where you got that ring? Will you?"

"Yes, with the greatest pleasure imaginable," replied Myra. "You gave it to me."

"Never! But what do you mean, Myra?" he asked.

"I mean it's that first ring you gave me made over to my liking," Myra answered. "I tell you the truth, and you needn't look so incredulous."

I am not incredulous," he answered, "I am only wondering; but you wont pretend that I gave you that hair?"

"O, no,—but it's yours, nevertheless, my Chris'!" said Myra, with a most happy tone of triumph.

"Did you steal it from my head when I was stupified to less earthly things by your music?" asked Christo.

"No, I never touched your head to get it," replied Myra. "I don't carry scissors with me when I sing. And then I knew you would be on your guard, for you declared I should not have a single hair. You were really despotie, and I was almost determined to be *barberic* myself. But I've got all I wanted, and isn't it beautiful?" she asked, as she held the ring finger up before his eyes.

"Well, Myra, I must say, I suppose, it's very beautiful," answered Christo. "The braid is exquisite, and it's indeed an ornament, seeing what finger it's upon," he added. "But I cannot conceive any way in which you could have got that hair. Where did you get it?"

"Who said I got it?" asked Myra, in her turn for questioning. "I never got it—no scissors that I know of were applied for the purpose, and no barber's shop ever had in its keeping what is here in this ring. You merrily defied me to get what I wanted for a ring, and I told you woman's wit would prove better than man's cunning, and it has;" and so saying, up went the ring again in triumph on a hand beautiful as the mirth in its owner's countenance.

"Come, Myra, do tell me the secret—I'm dying to know," said Christo.

"No, Christo, that wont do—men don't die so easily from curiosity as you would have me to believe," merrily replied Myra.

"But now do be frank and tell me the whole," urgently asked Christo.

"Well, I will gratify you, that you may know there are more ways than one for us ladies to get what we want," replied Myra. "One day I was at your mother's, and very privately asked your sister Nell to do a little favor for me—to go into your room every day after you left for the counting-room, and comb out for me, from your hair brush, every silken thread she could find, and save for me till I should get enough for my purpose. Last week that was accomplished, and no one can tell my pleasure when the ring came home this afternoon. Never was a rosy crown placed on the head of a May Queen with more delight than I slipped that ring on its appointed finger, and the bliss of my triumph has made me the happiest of hearts in this company to-

night. Now what do you think of woman's wit against man's cunning?"

"O, I give up, Myra," replied Christo, "and I like the ring of your story as well as I love your music, and I hope—"

What he would have said was cut off by the signal for supper. They joined the procession to the dining hall, where they mingled in the sociality of the hour with spirits even more lively than before the ring disturbed the even flow of their happiness.

It was not many weeks after the above evening before Christo and Myra were married. Whatever were the presents which took place among the bridal gifts, none out-charmed to the eye of Myra her "Hair Ring;" and she delights from time to time to tell the story of her triumph—always sure to recount what a *brusk* she had in order to obtain the victory.

DEATH OF MINNIE VALE.

BY WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Fair as a dream of Aiden,
Pure as the ether hue,
A gentle-hearted maiden,
With starry eyes of blue—
Pale auburn tresses braided,
O'er forehead broad and white,
Young, matchless features shaded
With half the gloom of night.
Small, dimpled fingers folding
Across her guileless breast;
Slight form in fairy moulding,
And sylph-like graces drest;
Light feet that had not fitted
Long, o'er the path of life,
And soul, that was not fitted
To meet the battle's strife.

With tear-drops faintly gleaming,
Amid her blue eye's light,
Awoke me from my dreaming,
Once on a summer's night.
And kneeling there beside me,
I seem to see her yet;
Whatever fate betide me,
Her voice, I'll ne'er forget.
With low and sweet soul-breathings,
It touched the silent air,
Light as the moonbeam's wreathings
Twined round her auburn hair;
And there, in my arms lying,
Like a wearied, stricken dove,
While the dark night was dying,
She told her hopeless love.

Of one whose dark eyes kindly
O'er her seemed to shine,
Till her heart was given blindly,
In worship at his shrine.
How, in the halls of learning
He sought an honored name,

With no thought toward her yearning,
He only cared for fame!
Amid the shadows dusky,
I bent above her brow,
Her voice grew low and husky,
As she faintly murmured now,
"Kre yet the summer paleth,
Or flower and bloom are gone,
My weary spirit falleth,
And through death passeth on.

"Down through the azure pastures,
Across the moonbeam's track,
Angels, in snow-white vestures,
Come to bear my spirit back.
Yet I've forgotten, never,
E'en while life's lamp grows dim,
I love him still as ever,
I die, I die for him!"
Then on my trembling bosom,
That star of life grew pale,
And now, the fairest blossom
In heaven, is Minnie Vale.
Twelve strokes from the curfew pealing,
Onward the night-king sped;
Alone with a heart congealing,
Alone with the dreamless dead.

I wrapped the shroud around her,
Smoothed the hair from her brow,
Joyed that the chain that bound her,
Could not fetter her now.
Out, o'er the emerald meading,
Down, in the veiling mist,
Slowly and lightly treading,
We bore her on to rest.
Pale, auburn hair still braided
O'er her forehead white,
Pure face never more shaded
By grief's withering blight;
Small hands still folded meekly,
Blue eyes wearily closed,
There slept she still and sweetly,
As statue e'er reposed.
Curtaining lashes sweeping
The marble of her cheek,
Like some fair angel sleeping,
Pure, pale, and cold and meek.
The light feet had grown weary
Of treading earth's rough way,
Freed from a life so dreary,
How silently she lay.

Then in the leafy valley,
Down by the streamlet's side,
Laid we our broken lily,
The death-king's lovely bride.
Seek thou the place at even,
When low winds, sighing, sweep,
And the deep eyes of heaven
O'er her the night-watch keep.
Pause where the willows parted,
Droop o'er the headstone pale—
There sleeps the broken-hearted,
The martyred Minnie Vale.
And know that thou hast broken
That spirit, young and free,
She, of heart-wealth unspoken,
Had not died, but for thee!

THE FOUNT OF REST.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

O sleeps the fount of rest
 Where blue wood violets grow,
 And o'er its placid boom
 Do the winds of summer blow?
 Do low leaf whispers mingle,
 With bird-song on the air?
 Where the spirit, like a hunted fawn,
 May turn in its despair?

Nay, sleeps the fount of rest,
 In some haunt both dim and deep,
 Where the fitful shadows linger,
 Or the golden sunbeams creep?
 Is it along a rosed path,
 Or through a cypress bowser?
 The pitying soul in sadness,
 Doth seek its peaceful dower?

O, I fancy that it shines
 Where the round, pale moon looks down,
 And the south wind shakes the pines,
 Which the rays of silver crown;
 And many sad, sad pilgrims,
 With earthly care oppressed,
 Go through the soft, dim twilight,
 To seek the fount of rest.

Sleep still amid the violets,
 O fount! and let us turn
 When, girdling round a band of fire,
 The cares of earth-life burn!
 Yet, in thy wave we would not steep
 Glad childhood's joy and tears;
 Only the bitter cares that creep
 With our maturer years!

THE LADY EDITH.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE castle where the Duke of Norfolk resided during the summer months, stood on the brow of a hill, overlooking a princely expanse of fertile growth. It was a pile of massive masonry, with moats, ramparts, and bastions, once constituting an almost impregnable defence. From the highest tower a flag, bearing the Norfolk arms, rippled silkily down in the idle winds, and the more modern portion was gay with casements thrown open upon a flowery lawn, with vases of exotics upon the terraces, white garden statues, glittering fountains, and the pleasant music of a virginal flung from within, on that summer afternoon. The Spanish ambassador and suite were entertained by the duke.

The Lady Edith, a pretty child of about ten years, had been brought down, with liberty from study and rule, to receive the visit of the young Count Ferdinand, nephew of the ambassador, who spoke English perfectly. As she shyly en-

tered the room, with the brown curls hanging round her dimpled face, she stood for a moment holding the door, then, seeing her mother standing across the room, suddenly darted thither and hid herself behind the ample folds of the duchess's skirt. As nobody paid the least attention to this manoeuvre, she by degrees peeped out from either side for the young count, whom she at last saw, standing by his uncle's side; a tall, slender youth, possessing in an eminent degree the beauty of the south. Perceiving the half bashful air of the incipient coquette, he advanced frankly to her, with extended hands, of which she took no notice, but, clutching her little skirt, made him a grave courtesy. In recovering her balance, however, she tripped over her mother's train, and stumbled backward, at which, as the boy smiled, "Thou art a rude boy," she cried, angrily, rising, "thou laughest at me!" Nevertheless, it took no long time for the courteous young stranger to restore an amicable understanding, and they were soon seen skipping down the lawn to the river.

"Canst steer a boat?" said Edith. "Nay, it is not worth thy while. Come back with me, and I will show thee curious things."

Now the vault of the castle, where the dead were lowered, had long been a subject of great wonderment to Edith, no dead having been deposited there for full two generations; but no one sufficiently daring among her confidants had agreed to her project of entering it hitherto. Hither, by another route, they turned their course. The door was locked, but the grating below was quite unloosed; this they tore aside for an entrance. Lighting a candle taken off the church altar, "We need not fear now," she cried, "I have a holy candle!" The candle, however, became extinguished in entering, and before Ferdinand could relight it, a sound as of some one shutting down a coffin-lid was heard.

"I suppose it is a ghost," said Edith; "they are all here."

The candle was again burning and deposited in a socket, when the children turned their attention to their discoveries. Here and there the bright eyes of a rat fascinated them for a moment, but in the next they caught sight of a skeleton, hung up and neglected by the family surgeon. A large oaken chair in one corner was brought as near to the centre of the vault as a stone table, bearing three coffins, one upon two, would permit. The skeleton, lifted down with great care and wrapped in a trailing, black-velvet pall, was placed there;—the coronet that lay upon an upper coffin, and Edith's own earrings were fitted on the skull, rings and chains,

ferreted out of unknown corners, adorned the fingers that held a sword, stolen from another coffin. As draped themselves in sweeping palls they flourished before this monarch.

"There were cheeks there once," said Ferdinand, "rosy cheeks, and lips that some one loved to kiss, and bright eyes in those cavities, where thou hast thrust sugar-plums. I misdoubt if we do right."

Not long after, the old butler entered the drawing-room obsequiously, and informed his master that a loud outcry, with laughter, shouts, and heavy falls, was to be heard in the vault below the chapel. Now all present being tories, Romanists, and in one league for the Pretender, the duke had just informed them that he had hidden the Prince James Edward in this very vault, till he could safely return back to Rome; therefore the gentlemen, with drawn swords, and the ladies, with pale faces, speedily sought the endangered place. As the duke, having taken the ponderous key from beneath the altar steps, advanced quickly, the stream of yellow light came steadily through the tomb grating, but the merry laughs suddenly silenced themselves at the sound of footsteps. Turning the key in the rusty lock, his grace threw open the door, and facing the company sat the crowned and sceptred skeleton. Afar in some high niche, the white frock of Lady Edith glimmered like a ghost, and the whole place was in disorder. Suppressed giggles quickly relieved the awe-struck guests.

"Edith!" said her father, sternly, "Edith!"

"Here I am, papa!" she cried, with a merry laugh, that would no longer be restrained.

"Come hither, child!" and he went towards her. Somewhat fearful, should she be taken, the child leaped from the niche to a neighboring shelf, the aged timber snapped with the impetus, and threw her upon the topmost coffin of the three on the stone table, which falling with her in turn, the lid broke open and disclosed the Prince James Edward. Scrambling dismayed upon her feet, with the help of the young Count Ferdinand, she stood, half sobered, with her finger ungraciously in her mouth. Her father and the Spanish ambassador assisted the prince. "Edith," now said the duke, holding her at arm's length from him, "dost know how thou hast profaned a sacred place, the holy rest of the dead? Of what art thou made?"

"Of dust," answered she, demurely, surveying the person of the prince leisurely.

"Hast thou no manners?" asked her mortified mother, hastily.

"All I ever had, mamma," she said; "I never used any!" and breaking from her father's hold,

she ran like an antelope away. During the ambassador's stay, the friendship, begun so merrily between the children, became more closely cemented every day by a new alliance in mischief. The wine, set out to cool for dinner, was stealthily decanted away, and replaced by cunningly colored mixtures; the duke's snuff-box filled with flour, that gave his moustache a premature old age; the dish of plums at desert, served up with a majority of pin-cushions that they had spent the morning in contriving; the fountain pipes filled up with stones; the doublet sleeves of the important ambassador sewed up, and a few eggs deposited at the closed orifice; sudden shower baths given to full dressed young ladies; the hounds let loose in the flower-garden, and, to crown all, adventurous leaps from the battlements of one tower to those of another lower, till the whole household rejoiced when the Count Ferdinand left, to study war in the Spanish army, and the Lady Edith returned to her governess and her books.

Some eight years had rolled happily over England. Conspiracies seemed to be set aside, the good Queen Anne quietly installed upon the throne, and the war of the Spanish succession waged hotly with all the skill of Marlboro' and Eugene. A great frigate, bearing Spanish prisoners, lay in the harbor of Portsmouth, and the Duke of Norfolk, ever ready to gratify feminine curiosity, was explaining naval tactics to his daughter and a few of her friends, upon the deck. Weary of the affair, the Lady Edith strolled to the other side of the ship, and stood, with her arms folded in her lace mantle, looking into the green water of the harbor. Raising her eyes at the rattle of a sailor in the shrouds, they lighted upon a prisoner, sitting by the taffrail, with a large Spanish cloak around him. The color fled into her cheeks, but she walked calmly towards him.

"Ferdinand!" said she, in a low voice.

"Edith!"

"Thou, a prisoner?"

"Such are the chances of war, madam," he replied, in a slightly foreign accent.

"Canst thou not escape?"

"I have refused parole. Yonder is my guard."

"I will bring my father to thee. Do thou come to us in Devonshire. If I have a boat below, canst thou enter it unseen? Farewell, my lord!" and she tripped lightly to her friends.

"Hast found a lover?" said one, laughingly.

"Only practising my Spanish," she returned, saluting a surly soldier with a Spanish jest; and taking her father's arm, she led him aside, and told of Ferdinand.

The frigate lay in distant moorings from the shore at sunset, and by the lanterns at her stern in the dark night her situation was evident. The moon had not risen, when a boat put out stealthily from the shore, and rowing with muffled oars, quietly lay to beneath the bows of the frigate. A low whistle from the boat, answered by another from the deck; a pause, and sliding down the anchor chains, Ferdinand was received into the boat, which instantly shot off again.

"Thou art safe," whispered the slender form beside him; he made no reply, save to kiss the little hand in his. The boatswain's loud pipe resounded from the frigate, and a shot came grazing the water just beside them. A few more hearty strokes, and their keel touched the sand. The men largely paid and dismissed, Ferdinand upon his road to Devonshire, and the duke and Lady Edith returned to the hotel. The next morning the quiet town was all astir, for the most precious prisoner of all had escaped, an officer who, having performed prodigies of valor, and whose skill and bravery having most harassed the allied troops, had only been taken at an immense expenditure of cunning, treachery, and gold. Three days, in order to allay suspicion, did the duke and Lady Edith remain at Portsmouth, and on the fourth departed for the summer residence in Devonshire. In this sweet home the rosy weeks flew by joyously, and no convenient escape yet offered itself for the count, while recounting their old pranks, re-visiting old haunts, practising madrigals and canzonets, the lapse of time was unnoticed, both by himself and Edith. One morning Edith, at a funeral pace, with an open letter in her hand, entered the drawing-room, where sat her mother and Count Ferdinand.

"Mamma," said she, "imagine any catastrophe, and then say, Lady Barbara Metcalf comes here to-day! Count Ferdinand will no longer be safe. She is the greatest gossip in England, and knows every tit bit of scandal, from John O'Groat's house to Land's End! She must not come, certainly!"

"But how to prevent it?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"Stay! I have it!" cried Edith, and dancing from the room, she returned in a few moments with a great roll of scarlet bunting and white cloth. Quickly going and coming again, laden with shears, needles, thimbles, and thread.

"Never thou mind, mamma," she replied, to her mother's remonstrance. "I wish not the housemaid's assistance." And giving Ferdinand the shears, "Now do thou, count, cut me large letters from this white cloth," she added. "An

L, no, two L's, an A and M, an X, a P, an O and an S. That will do. Is it not like our old play? Mamma, thou wilt take a needle and run this seam?" taking another herself, with a great show of industry,—for, to tell the truth, Edith was not greatly skilled at her needle. Sewing the white letters, one by one, upon the bunting, she finally spread it out upon the carpet, and the words, "SMALL POX," glared at her astonished coadjutors. Ringing the bell, which was answered by a footman before her mother could frame a new remonstrance—

"Good Gregory," she said, "run this up in place of the flag on the high tower. Be speedy!" and, enjoying every one's dismay, she begun a smaller one. This being finished, she ran down the lawn with it and gave it to the porter's little boy at the gates, together with a thousand instructions. As she returned, the great white-lettered flag waved stiffly over the castle in the breeze, spreading its contagious rumor afar. No sooner was Edith enjoying the effect, as she narrated it to her mother and the count, than the sound of wheels struck their ears.

"That may be she," cried Edith. "Now for the damosel's terror!"

A moment the carriage delayed at the gates, another, and it rolled up the avenue to the grand entrance.

"O, Mary mother! simpleton that I am!" cried Edith, falling in a comical despair upon a fauteuil, "Lady Bab. has had the small pox!"

Lady Barbara was a young woman, with pinched and frosty features, and very small, black eyes, in singular contrast with tightly curling hair of a vivid red.

"Which of you are sick?" she asked, abruptly, after the first greetings.

"O, those flags, mamma! Thou didst not heed them, Bab?" said Edith, with a merry glance at Ferdinand.

In Lady Barbara's dressing-room, somewhat later, "Didst notice," said Edith, "the count's observance of thee?"

"I saw he could not take his eyes off from me!"

"Fascinated! Depend upon it!" cried Edith.

"Who is he? Wealthy!"

"Nay. A Spanish prisoner, merely."

"O," said Lady Barbara, with a disappointed cadence. "I shall be obliged to defeat his hopes. I could not think, for a moment, of such a marriage." And they went down together.

At dinner, Lady Barbara, sitting by Ferdinand's side, during the brilliant table talk, where he shone conspicuous by his lively wit, his extensive knowledge and entertaining anecdote,

received the grave attentions of the table, which he bestowed, with so pleased a consciousness and coquettish shyness, mingled with mysterious glances at Edith, that Ferdinand was completely amazed. Edith, never remarkable for the politeness that characterized her mother, leaned back in her chair and laughed outright.

"I declare, Edith," said Lady Bab., "thou art incomprehensible."

Four days thus passed, during which Lady Barbara, laboring under the ridiculous deception, bridled and coquetted by turns with the perplexed count. On the fourth day, as Edith and Ferdinand sketched from a bow-window before Lady Barbara came down, "Edith," said the duchess, "my Lord Bolingbroke comes hither to-day, and as thy suitor, it is thy father's and my will that thou wilt receive him—"

"Suit-ably!" finished Edith, with emphasis.

Ferdinand, with his customary delicacy, left them.

"Mamma," said Edith, after a momentary silence, "I never will wed Lord Bolingbroke, so help me—Westminster bridge."

My Lord Bolingbroke was a gentleman of a truly noble cast of countenance, an elegant manner and great wealth, but his arrival produced no effect upon Edith. That evening she was again in Lady Barbara's dressing-room.

"Didst ever know," said the latter, "anything so absurd as this young man's eyes, in following me? Everywhere I go there are a new host of lovers. I hate to disappoint them if they are anywise sensitive, but it is really troublesome. There was young Veasey, at Bath, a month ago, blew out his brains solely on my account, solely. However, he had lost all his fortune at gaming, the night before, and it wasn't so much matter! I cannot marry them *all*," she added, pensively; but Edith was already gone. "What is it they see in me so powerful!" she continued, meditatingly.

"God, he knows," answered her innocent Abigail, in a pious, sympathetic wonderment, from behind her chair.

"O, it's you, is it?" returned Lady Barbara, sharply. "Speak when you're spoken to!" With which lady-like remark she closed her toilet.

One pleasant noon, the duchess and Edith, with their guests, sat in the western drawing-room.

"I must speak decisively," whispered Lady Barbara to Edith. "I can no more endure this young man's impertinence," and she took a skein of wool from her table.

Ferdinand, with his usual grave courtesy, offered to wind it.

"Nay," said Lady Barbara, shaking her head and requesting Lord Bolingbroke's assistance.

Ferdinand, who had been reading aloud from Beaumont and Fletcher, resumed his pleasant employment.

"Young man," interrupted Lady Barbara, surveying him narrowly from her little black eyes, "your attentions have become quite offensive to me. I am unable to return them in the light you wish, and beg to have no more of them!"

"O, ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Edith, throwing down her pencil, "O, it's too good! Ha! ha! ha! O, Bab! he is no more in love with thee than I am. It was only a joke. Ha! ha! ha!"

Ferdinand, Bolingbroke, the duchess, were stone still; even Edith stilled her merriment, at the expression of Lady Barbara's face, as, gathering up her embroidery, she swept in high dudgeon from the room. The duchess followed her immediately, offering a thousand apologies in vain. Lady Barbara borrowed the duke's coach, and desiring that her maid and baggage should be forwarded, passed hastily, in a few moments, equipped for a journey, down the staircase.

"Lady Bab! Lady Bab!" cried Edith, running out and stifling her laughter. "I beg your pardon! I was foolish and imprudent. Pray overlook it! Do not go! Say you will come again!"

Lady Barbara disengaged her hand. "Before I come to Norfolk castle again, you may all have the small pox and die of it!" she cried, twisting up a small portion of Edith's arm between her fingers, with the utmost spitefulness. Edith came back into the drawing-room, piteously displaying the black and blue spot upon her arm.

"It is certain," said she, "that Lady Barbara, go where she will, leaves an impression."

The Count Ferdinand, weary of the bondage that was daily drawing him deeper into another more dangerous, was walking, alone and gloomy, in the park. A sunny opening among the felled trees, disclosed to him Edith, with Lord Bolingbroke in a lover's attitude at her feet. He struck into a side path, a deeper gloom upon his face, and sadder thoughts still, in his heart. An hour's walk brought him, unawares, upon the very place, and Edith stood there alone, in the same position.

"I have been waiting for thee, my friend," she said.

"I have come, then, only to bid thee farewell," he answered.

Edith opened her large eyes, repeating his last words.

"Ay, Lady Edith, I cannot see thee another's wife. I have loved thee! Prisoner and desolate as I am, I have dared to hope, and have wasted the passion and joy that should have been spread over a lifetime, in the vain delight of these few weeks. I go forth forever, to loneliness and despair."

"Ferdinand," said Edith, smiling through her tears, "dost thou truly love me? Wilt thou have me, with all my imperfections?" She stood close beside him, her hand upon his shoulder, in the old, childish way. "Bolingbroke is nothing to me," she said. "I love only thee!"

The lovers met with no opposition from duke or duchess, but the preparations for Ferdinand's departure were accomplished that evening, and next morning a fishing smack, anchored by the coast, was to skim safely over with him to Boulogne.

But Lady Barbara's petty revenge had not been idle; for detailing, as she passed through Portsmouth, a few exaggerated facts, a revenue cutter was despatched secretly to that quarter of the coast, and a strong force of soldiery marched to the adjoining town. Long before daylight, Ferdinand was put on board the smack, which bore all sail away. The rising sun, striking a glory through the distant mists, silvering oars and sails, and revealing every point along the shore, still showed the fisher, half disappearing in the fog, when three boats, filled with armed men, shot out from a cove, in full chase. Looking from where they stood upon the sand, the duke and Edith beheld the coast lined with soldiers, while the hearty strokes of those in the boats threw them forward with a fearful swiftness, till they disappeared in the mist. An hour, and the waiting multitudes saw them return. As they landed, they took from one of the boats a prisoner, bound hand and foot.

"We struggled well for him," said the boatswain; "for he fought like a tiger."

Edith was not one to wring her hands, and she went home to breakfast.

"Mamma," she said, "we have cards for the queen's grand masquerade ball, next Thursday? You will accept them? And, dear mamma, let us go up to London to day, and do thou condescend to gossip, and tell me all thou hearest are to go, and what they may wear. I myself will have a dozen masques."

Queen Anne, though compelled to set a price upon her brother's head, loved him with all the intensity of her quiet nature; her conscience warned her that she occupied his right, and her mind, after the death of her children, was full of projects and conspiracies in his favor. Thus,

though she knew he was, at that moment, again in the kingdom,—being guarded by a jealous ministry,—she had hitherto found an interview with the Prince James Edward impossible. But, as if by an inspiration, she had ordered a masquerade in the palace, on a more extensive scale than had ever gladdened festive hearts. The cards issued were numerous as "leaves in Val-lambrosa," and it was here, in an unknown masque, that she intended the interview. The streets were thronged with coaches at an early hour, and already the halls of St. James were full of fantastic and beautiful forms, winding among themselves in time to the magnificent music of the orchestra, when the duke and duchess, in rich Spanish costumes, arrived; but Edith was not with them. Neither had the queen arrived. A simple hack driving up, paid and dismissed by a single slender figure, was immediately followed by another, whence descended a remarkably stout lady. Her head-dress was conspicuous with plumes of every color, as she descended from the dressing-rooms, and her whole array was a medley of gay hues and mediæval styles. Masqued, and holding her fan before her, she sailed in, requiring as much room as a Spanish galleon. Securing a little page, shortly, she whispered him, "Thou seest yon sea nymph? Go thou and fall before her, and in rising, lay hold upon her robe."

The little page speedily obeying, the sea nymph stooped forward to shake him off, when the stout lady adroitly pinned a paper, on which was written, "This is Lady Barbara Metcalf," upon her back.

"I think, my dear," soliloquized the stout lady, "thou wilt not do so much mischief to-night as thou didst anticipate." Moving along, she confronted a portly gentleman, dressed in the papal robes, but limping with a broken stick, as in derision of the Roman Church. "For all thou art so lame, holy father," said she, "thy step is *Swift*."

"How the deuce did you know me?" cried the astonished pope, in a blatant voice.

She only nodded her head mysteriously, and with a slow circuit, resought the empty dressing-room. There came thence, in another moment, a troubadour in the light provençal dress, with a lute in his little hands, striking now and then a harmony. Gliding with a quick step and a quicker jest between groups, she came to a single individual, in the attire of a Roman general, leaning against a pillar, whose head and shoulders were so disproportionately tall as to suggest the idea of pasteboard. Standing close beside him, he sung to the music of his lute.

"When Alexander's shining sword
 Had nothing more to hope,
 He added to his martial name
 Monosyllabic Pope!
 To conquer newer worlds with spleen,
 Cross-grained, cross-eyed, and dull,
 He proved the hero but a man,
 The poet but a fool.

Thine ass's ears show under thy lion's skin, Mr. Pope," he laughed.

Discovering many other identities, the troubadour lost his own, and a nun of the Annunciad stole round, with her thin, blue-silk veil falling over her white garments.

"My infidel, Lord Bolingbroke," murmured the nun, to a red-cloaked cardinal, "thy dress is a mockery! Kneel to this cross!"

The cardinal laughed, while she moved on towards one in the crimson-velvet garments of an astrologer, embroidered with silver stars and crescents. "Thou shouldst wear this garb always, Sir Isaac," she said. "Fits art thou an astrologer, great Newton!"

An angel, with rosy wings, and shining curls, and snowy robes, supplanted the nun, as she threw her blue veil upon a seat. "O, Sarah of Marlboro'," she whispered, to one in the dress of Zenobia, "England's and Palmyra's queens are not so friendly as of yore. I am not the Angel of Death, your grace," she cried, to the Highlander by Zenobia's side. "He will come to Marlboro', anon! Here, Benbow," she laughed, to an old Tai, "here is a sea nymph for thee! Lady Bab! Lady Bab! did the Spaniard deceive thee?" And the angel laughed as soft a laugh as the sound in the sea nymph's shells, on her way to a dressing-room. A tall lady, in a blue domino, passed the door, as a sweet little English peasant girl came out, with a basket of flowers upon her arm. The short, white petticoat and pink jacket, and the lace cap, half over the bright, dropping hair, gave her a most bewitching appearance.

"I will not betray thee," whispered the peasant girl to the lady in the blue domino, "though thy highness has a moustache behind thy mask! The weather is sweeter in Rome, Prince James!" and she glided by to a nun in black robes. "Madam," whispered she, so low that none save the nun could hear, "come with me." The nun turned, and they went into an alcove together. "I know," said Edith, removing her mask, "that thou art the queen. I know, also, that thy brother, the Prince James Edward, is yonder in the blue domino." The gasping queen made a terrified motion to remove her mask. "Nay," said Edith, "none but I know it. Queen Anne, I am thy faithful subject, but tenderly as

thou lovest thy brother, I love another. Thou rememberest that thou thyself hast set a price upon the Stuart's head. Madam, give me the life and freedom of Count Ferdinand di Garcilasso, the Spanish prisoner in the Tower, and thy brother is safe!" and she produced a parchment and a minute writing apparatus from her flower-basket. "Write it fairly, madam," said Edith. The queen wrote, in a bold, free hand, an entire pardon, sealing it with her signet ring, she signed it fully, and gave it to the lovely peasant girl. Edith quickly called the Duke of Norfolk's coach, and left the palace for the Tower.

The great concourse assembled in church a month later, was nowise saddened by the absence of Lady Barbara, as Ferdinand led Edith to the altar. While many a gentle heart in the galleries beat faster at sight of the dark curls flowing over the Spanish doublet, and the large black eyes overlooking the pale chiselling of the bridegroom's features. And the queen herself took the glove from Edith's fingers, with a reconciled and thankful condescension.

There was one palatial residence in the city of San Domingo, rivalling the palaces of the old world in magnificence. It was the home of his excellency, the governor, Count Ferdinand di Garcilasso. The blue Atlantic glittered at a distance from its flat roofs, and the deep, safe waters of the river Ozima rolled far beyond it, into the city, beneath the overhanging windows, while great ships and barges lay at anchor within speaking distance. It was built in the light and graceful style of Saracenic architecture, with the pilazzos, and balconies, and columns that grace the streets of Damascus. Frequently some slave's skilful hand filled the whole place with melody, and lulled the Lady Edith gentler in her siesta, till she awoke to find herself strewn with aromatic blooms by baby hands. Or leaning at night, beside Ferdinand, from her windows, whence poured a great illumination, boat and skiff speeding along with friendly recognition, sweet songs arising in the distance, and the moon hanging full and fiery above the low horizon. "Thy home pleases thee?" the governor might ask.

"England was sweet enow," is the low reply. "But it was never like this, my love! Venice is not so beautiful!"

The purest and tenderest love is unfortunately lavished on us at a time when we do not appreciate it. It is only late in life, when we see the love of other parents for their children that we begin to reflect that we must have been equally loved ourselves.

THE BREATH OF MORN.

BY WILLIAM E. LAWRENCE.

The breath of morn new vigor lends
To weary frames and fainting hearts;
On gentle wings its mission speeds,
To all a soothing balm imparts.

With living light earth's fields of green,
Spread out in beauty's garb, appear;
New glories gild the vault on high,
Whose radiance every heart doth cheer.

The blushing flowers with tearful eyes,
Begemmed with Nature's jewels rare,
Baise their frail heads, in silent praise
Of Him who maketh all so fair.

Soft mephyrs o'er the violet steal,
Whose perfumed breath is borne away
With roses, yet the air of morn
Is purer, sweeter far, than they.

Then with the golden sun arise,
Drink in the cool, refreshing dew;
The breath of morn the breast inspires
With radiant hope, and pleasures new.

JUDITH BELL.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

YESTERDAY, one of our new acquaintances came to Shadyvale. As I have quite a story to tell about him, I shall just for convenience, call him Archibald Neal. He is a very agreeable young man, frank and ingenuous, and had much to say about Uncle Jerry and Judith Bell.

"Who is your Uncle Jerry, and who is Judith Bell?" I ventured to ask.

He colored slightly and smiled, while my prudent aunt gave me a reproving glance, as much as to say, "Emeline, why will you not learn propriety!"

"An excellent soul is Uncle Jerry, and—"

Here he paused in some confusion.

"Judith Bell," suggested I.

"I should like to tell the whole story," he said.

"O by all means, if you please! I am a first class listener. I will not once interrupt you. Now begin."

"I am not very good at story-telling; but if you will promise to interrupt me when I get tedious, I'll make the attempt."

This condition was quickly agreed to, and Archibald Neal related substantially as follows:

"I suppose I must commence at the beginning," quoth he, "and go on in the time approved, old fashioned style. Well, here I go—excuse all slips of the tongue, and the infelicitous

language I may employ in making myself intelligible. I was the eldest of six children who had the misfortune to have parents not abundantly blessed with this world's substance. My educational and other prospects were certainly not flattering; and so Jeremiah Neal, my bachelor uncle, had pity on my low estate, and took me under his special care and protection. I lost nothing by the change, you may be assured. I was well clad and advised, closely looked after, disciplined in what he considered good manners, and finally found my way to Harvard through his friendly pocket.

"My uncle had one singular idea that I was not long in remarking; he professed to entertain a profound dislike to female society. The house-keeper and domestics were banished to the most remote part of the house, being tolerated only as necessary evils. When their presence was absolutely indispensable, he either made himself as disagreeable as possible, or took his hat and left the house in evident dissatisfaction. What occasioned this unconcealed dislike of the other sex, I am unable to say, as he never let me into his confidence in this particular. Many attributed it to a spirit of retaliation in return for a slight from some fair one, who perchance did not look favorably on his suit, while others declared it was because he associated so little with ladies.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my Uncle Jerry had no greater veneration for women, but truth forces me to acknowledge, also, that he had engrafted his eccentricity in this respect, upon me to a considerable extent. The old gentleman appeared, in my eyes, the concentration of wisdom, had seen so many countries and people, and could discourse so much like a sage, that I could form no other opinion than that he must be substantially correct in his leading sentiments. Being with him so much, knowing his genial temper, experiencing his bounty, having free access to his purse, I could not but consider him as a very extraordinary man, and a fit model after which to pattern. Old ladies he considered weak and querulous, given to snuff and strong green tea; middle aged, married ones, with grown up daughters, plotting and match-making; spinsters as busy-bodies, and young maidens as thoughtless flirts unsafe and noisy.

"Archie," said he, one day, "my boy, I suppose you intend to marry one of these days?"

"I replied that I intended to follow his example, and remain a bachelor."

"That'll do very well to talk about," resumed Uncle Jerry, "but I fear you won't have sufficient wisdom to walk in my footsteps. I feel sure that you will make a fool of yourself, before

you are much older, by getting possessed of the absurd idea that you are in love. I am persuaded that a pretty face, and a handsome figure, well dressed, will prove fatal to all your philosophy."

"Nonsense, uncle," said I, lighting a cigar.

"It is always best," continued my relative, "to make some provision for the future. Misfortunes overtake us, when least expected; therefore, I have selected a wife for you, in case you should wish to change your condition for the worse."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," I answered, elevating my heels to the back of a mahogany chair.

"I s'pose I might as well tell you," he resumed, eyeing me sharply. "It is Susan Sharp—old Squire Sharp's daughter, who lives in an adjoining town, about ten miles from here."

"Is she handsome?"

"I haven't seen her since she was a child; and then she was the homeliest little creature, I think, that I ever saw."

"Is she intelligent?"

"Of that I am ignorant, also. She was a weak and puny girl, when I was in the habit of visiting the squire, and she had fits, which injured her intellect somewhat."

"Very encouraging, so far. What else have you to add?"

"Her father's worth his thousands, and she's an only child."

"When I want fits I'll let you know."

A few days after this interesting colloquy, Uncle Jerry handed me an open letter to read. It is not needful to give a verbatim copy of the epistle, but only a general transcript of its purport. It was written by a friend of my uncle's, resident in a neighboring city, and in behalf of Judith Bell, only child of my Uncle Bell, deceased. By the death of her father, Judith was left an orphan—her mother having been called from this sublunary sphere two years before—without support. My relative was obviously considerably shocked at hearing this news, for his sister's husband had been doing a good business, and was considered a man of wealth; and a man of wealth he would have been, at the time of his demise, had he not been ruined by a partner in business. The letter duly set forth the manner in which he had been swindled, ending with a touching description of the homeless and needy condition in which Judith had been left by the dispensation which had made her an orphan.

"What do you think of it?" asked my uncle.

"It is very melancholy," I returned, folding the letter and returning it.

"You know I am not fond of female society."

"Yes."

"It makes me nervous to have more than two women in the house—the house-keeper and the cook."

"Of course it does."

"But this Judith is very destitute."

"I'm afraid so, uncle."

"We all have duties to perform, Archie."

"Unquestionably."

"Judith is as much my niece as you are my nephew."

"So it appears."

"I must do something for her."

"I think you ought."

"The question is—what shall I do?"

"Get her a place in a family, perhaps."

"What, let my niece go out to service?"

"Perhaps she can teach music, or something of that sort."

"No, no, that won't do, Archie. She's my sister's child."

"You might pay her board somewhere, till she gets married."

Uncle Jerry sat and mused awhile, then paced the library for some minutes, neither of us speaking.

"There's but one thing I can do, consistently with my duty as a near relative and a Christian. I must take her home."

"Bring her here!" I exclaimed, considerably startled.

"I believe it must come to that—it is inevitable. What will the world say if I act differently? And what would my conscience, say, too?"

"Well, uncle, I pity the girl, and I'm really afraid your duty compels you to give Judith Bell a home in your own house. It will disturb our quiet enjoyment, I have no doubt; but we must try and get along with it. I dare say we can shut ourselves up in the library here, and be quite cosy. Pray, how old is she?"

"Let me see. I declare she must be all of sixteen years! How time does slip away! But I suppose you don't care how soon Uncle Jerry dies, as long as you will get his property—you dog, you," added the old gentleman, giving me a smart punch under the ribs with his provoking old cane.

"Come, be quiet, or I'll run away," said I.

"Be glad to run back again!"

"About this niece of yours—when will she come, I wonder?"

"I shall write to your cousin to-day. And I expect you will treat her with respect, you scamp!"

"I sha'n't trouble her much with my company, though I shall use the poor thing well."

Thereupon he gave me another poke with his cane, and I threatened to throw the offensive weapon out of the window. My good uncle then placed himself at his desk for the purpose of writing a letter, but immediately changed his mind, insisting that I should write the missive. I complied, and wrote the following:

"Miss JUDITH BELL:—My uncle is willing that you should come and live with him, and make his house your home.

"Yours, in haste,
ARCHIBALD NEAL."

"Pshaw, that wont do!" pettishly exclaimed Uncle Jerry. "Do you suppose a girl of any spirit would accept such a cold, stingy invitation as that?"

I replied that I knew but very little about girls of spirit, and couldn't tell what they would be pleased with. My relative then dictated a letter, which read very differently from the note I had perpetrated. He enclosed also, some bank bills, which he hoped she would feel at liberty to accept. No doubt Judith was surprised at the reception of the letter, for the friend referred to had written without her knowledge or consent. She wrote an evasive yet grateful reply, stating that she feared to make the experiment of taxing his generosity to such an extent.

The result was, that Uncle Jerry had to go after her himself, and use considerable kind and earnest persuasion to induce her to embrace his offer. At length she appeared among us, and I made an effort to be quite agreeable. I did not notice her particularly at that time, for fear of being thought impertinently curious. I gave her only a cursory scrutiny, which left a kind of vague impression of a rather pretty, bright-looking, observing, and quite self-assured miss. Pretending to be very busy in the library, preparing some important papers, I saw but little of Judith for the first week, meeting her but seldom, save at meal-times, and not finding myself alone in her company more than once or twice.

"I have heard that some females dislike cigar smoke," I remarked, one morning, to my uncle.

"They do, as a general thing—old and young—handsome and homely," he replied.

"Then we are likely to have a hard time of it with this Judith Bell, for I perceive she's a regular red republican in domestic reforms—full of radical revolutionary movements. Why, she's founding a new government in this house. Don't you perceive that she's making changes all

the time? I shouldn't wonder if we surprised her here in the library, some day, actually dusting the books and moving things! For a whole day there was a barricade at the dining-room; to-morrow, there'll probably be a similar state of revolution in regard to the parlor. Then the chambers will be attacked, and finally our library will be carried by storm."

"I can't say but her changes are for the better, although I dislike innovations. She has much better notions about house-keeping than one could have expected. She's quite a sensible girl, Archie, I must say. Don't you think she looks well at the head of the table?"

"She sits up prim enough, and I dare say does her best to be useful. But what do you think she did to-day?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure."

"Well, I was quietly smoking in the dining-room, and what did she do, but poke a spittoon right in front of me, with her plaguy little foot!"

"Ha, ha," roared my uncle. "What induced her to do so, do you s'pose?"

"I can't imagine, unless it was because I was using the hearth for a spittoon, which I am sure is a very innocent employment."

"She dresses extremely neat," added Uncle Jerry.

"She may dress as neat as she pleases, if she wont carry her reformatory ideas too far. I don't think she likes to see me loil on the sofa, or put my feet on the backs of the chairs; and let me throw my hat down where I will, I'm sure to be obliged to run to the hat-tree after it, when I want it. I've always been in the habit of finding things just where I left them, but matters are now in a transition state. The glory of bachelor freedom is passing away."

"Come, come, Archie, don't complain, or I'll give you something to complain for!" rejoined Uncle Jerry, thumping me with his cane. "I'll marry you to Susan Sharp, soon, you rascal! I dare say you can learn her your dirty notions."

"Take a cigar, you old autocrat!" said I, opening an elegant case. "And keep your cane to yourself, or I'll break it. I am going to enlist in the army."

"You are too lazy," retorted my uncle.

"I'll go into active service."

"All but the active. Why, they'd drum such a scurvy fellow out of the ranks. You're not fit for a horse-marine!" and so Uncle Jerry whacked me on the shoulders again.

There was a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," cried my uncle.

And who do you think appeared? Who else

should it be but Judith Bell. What do you think she wanted? Nothing but to overturn things in the library, and infringe upon established conditions—*dirt*, she called it. Yes, she had the tamerity to bring her high treason to the very seat of government, and to ask in a way that was really quite artless and pretty, notwithstanding the audaciousness of the thing, “if she might sweep and dust a little,” while her fingers were so white and delicate that they seemed to have but little acquaintance with the broom-handle. I looked the girl full in the face, for I felt that something must be done to stay the overwhelming tide of neatness that was fast rolling upon us. I intended to assume a rebuking expression, but I then and there made a discovery which both surprised and embarrassed me—which was, that she had not only a pretty face, but an *exceedingly* pretty face. Her eyes were soft, yet saucy, blue, and beaming; her lips ripe and rosy; her cheeks cherry-hued and charming. Beside all this, her attitude was peculiarly easy and graceful, and her dress fitted firmly to her well-developed figure.

I did not frown as I had contemplated doing; but after staring a moment at my cousin, turned appealingly to my uncle, hoping he would come manfully to the rescue; but would you believe it?—he surrendered like an old coward, and banged me unmercifully with his cane during our shameful retreat. We fell back upon the dining-room, didn't see the inside of the library again for three mortal hours; the housekeeper during said time making numerous journeys between the surrendered territory and the kitchen, carrying soap, sand and water—while even the cook was pressed into the service of the usurper. Here was a grand *coup d'état*! The enemy was in quiet possession of our stronghold. We were reduced to the condition of a mere provisional government, subject to the caprice of an absolute dictator. I was rebellious, nor inclined to yield to the new order—but old Uncle Jerry took it very coolly, laughing heartily at our discomfiture.

Gods and goddesses of reform! how strangely things looked when we were permitted to return to the library. Every shelf had been relieved of its burden, and passed through some purifying ordeal; each individual book had been dusted, and the aggregate whole arranged in an entirely new order. Works on theology, phrenology, medicine, and fiction, were separated one from another, occupying different departments, right side up, title pages out. The lower shelves, which had been made the receptacle of much varied rubbish, not very slightly, to be sure, but in

my view extremely useful, had suffered a marked change. Old dressing gowns, canes, crushed hats, pipes, empty cigar-cases, fishing-lines, slippers, worn out steel pens, newspapers, letters, etc., had vanished, to appear—I know not where—under other and more distinctive circumstances. I scarcely recognized the apartment.

“Uncle,” said I, “what do you think of this?” Uncle Jerry winked, and made some significant pantomime. Looking behind me, I perceived the authoress of these high-handed outrages seated in his arm-chair, very calm, pretty and self-content, really expecting, I believe, words of commendation for what she had done, or caused the housekeeper to do. The eyes which I have described as soft and saucy, met mine with provoking archness. Instead of abashing Judith Bell, by a single stern glance, I very wisely allowed my gaze to make a sudden retreat downward, until it rested on a diminutive foot—for she wore, to do her justice, the veriest little slipper in the world.

“It is necessary that we confess the powers that be,” whispered the old gentleman. Then addressing the ruling priestess:

“You have made things look wondrously neat and trim here. Don't you think so, Archie?” he added, turning to me.

I answered to the purport that I rather suspected that I shouldn't know where to find things, now.

“You will find your most important things on the table, Cousin Archie,” she replied.

“Cousin Archie!”—that was pretty well. I had never called her Cousin Judith. I looked toward the table at which she pointed, and what did I see? Why, all of twenty cigar stumps, and a pair of tongs! I grew red in the face. What were the tongs there, for? The cigars had been handled with them! Judith Bell's white fingers never touched one of them—she considered them odiously unclean. Uncle Jerry thereupon laughed vulgarly loud—though I could see nothing so very funny—and made a lunge at me with his nuisance of a cane.

“Judith Bell,” said I, turning toward her with a firm determination to nip her assurance *en embryo*—but the instant that I saw that face of hers, I lost my presence of mind—“You've done well,” I added.

“That's a rhyme,” said my Uncle Jerry, repeating what I had said, humoring the final word to make it jingle well with Bell. The empress—I mean Judith—laughed also, but so softly, that I was reminded of the *pianissimo* notes of Sontag. The idea striking me somewhere in the region where my common sense ought to be,

that I was appearing awkward, I thanked her in an exceedingly dry and unthankful tone—and took refuge in a book.

Weeks tripped along, and with them the glory of the old bachelor regime. The innovating spirit of Judith Bell reached through every department of the house. The ancient house-keeper yielded without a struggle to manifest destiny, and fell into the tide of improvement—so called. The internal machinery went on like the nicely adjusted mechanism of a watch. I suffered much less than I had expected. If I lost some of my former freedom, I was in a measure indemnified by comforts that I had not previously received.

Our food was prepared with greater care and skill, and the empress presided at table herself—so far as such matters are in the province of woman. The domestics came to know their places, could be found when wanted, and no longer imposed upon the good temper and liberality of Uncle Jerry. The girl effected all this, without the least appearance of assumption, or the slightest deviation from propriety. Everything was done gently, with a smiling face and quiet demeanor. I make these acknowledgements as acts of simple justice, not because I was better pleased with the new order than with the old.

On one occasion, while I sat smoking and cogitating in the library, I heard music.

"What's that, Uncle Jerry?" I inquired.

"It sounds like the piano," said he.

"But it hasn't been opened for a month of Sundays. Come to think of it, it is crammed with political papers, which I stuffed in there during the last canvass for governor," I rejoined.

"Depend upon it, it has been cleared out before this time, you thriftless puppy!" remarked my relative, eyeing his cane wistfully, "which had slipped from his grasp during his last nap, and lay at his feet.

"Pick it up, Archie," he added, coaxingly.

"Not a bit of it. Hark, do you hear that? Judith Bell has callers, evidently; no novice has hold of the keys, now," I resumed.

"Well, I'd no idea there was a quarter so much music in that instrument. By the way, ain't you most ready to fall into the trap of matrimony?"

"Not ready for the fits, yet, Uncle Jerry," rejoined I.

"Her father's money will strike a balance with the fits, you young mud-turtle."

Seeing his eyes begin to sparkle suspiciously, I kicked his cane beyond his reach, and charged him with illegally appropriating my best cigars.

"I've been planning somewhat, lately," he resumed. "What should you guess I have done?"

"Made love to the ancient house-keeper, perhaps," said I.

"I've selected a husband for Judith Bell."

"You have!"

"Certainly—why not?"

"O, it's all proper enough. Who is the happy man?"

"Dr. Bright's son."

"Dr. John Bright, Jr.?"

"Yes."

"Have you spoken to Judith about it?"

"Yes."

"The deuce you have! What did she say?"

"That she was so much indebted to my kindness she should be governed by my wishes, so far as compatible with her happiness, in that interesting relation."

"Has Dr. Bright, Jr., broached the matter to you?"

"Last week."

"But why need you interest yourself to get her married?"

"Because she deserves a good husband, if she has one at all, which of course she will. It is to anticipate a little, and take the least of two evils. I should like to have you praise Dr. Bright to the highest point in her hearing, whenever convenient."

"What praise I have to spare goes up in that direction," I returned, pointing to the ceiling.

"Archie, you're such a sad sinner, that I'm afraid nothing but cigar smoke goes from your mouth that way. But I am very serious in this. Judith must not be permitted to ruin herself by a bad matrimonial alliance. True, it would be better for her to remain single, but you see I have no right to compel her to a life of maidenhood. The next best way is to marry her to a worthy man."

"Dr. Bright is nothing extra."

"He suits me very well."

"Judith Bell may prove harder to please."

"He has money enough to support her in handsome style. The alliance will enable me to leave the bulk of my fortune to you."

"I don't want much."

"Don't want much! You're actually the most extravagant fellow in town. If you was my son, I'd put you to hard work."

"I have hard work now to get along with a fussy uncle and a Judith Bell."

"Where's my cane? I'll dust your jacket, laziness, before night. But I don't get on very fast. If you have any love for Uncle Jerry (or

his money), any respect for his gray hair (or his real estate), any interest in your fair cousin (or fear of my cane), use your influence to prepossess her in favor of Dr. Bright, Jr."

"I am willing to oblige you in anything reasonable."

"You consent, do you?"

"I'll see how she feels about it."

"Do so, and I'll give you a check on the Granite Bank. The fact is, I'm getting advanced in life, and you'll wake up some morning and find yourself without an uncle."

"A sad morning will it be, Uncle Jerry."

"Yes, my dear nephew, I am shuffling along toward the quiet six feet tenement that will finally receive the best of us. I've tried to do my best for you, Archie, and I dare say you won't refuse to make a trifling sacrifice for me."

"My kind and only friend, you have only to command me to secure obedience," I earnestly replied.

"My strongest desire is to see you and Judith comfortable settled before I step off the stage. If you can find it in your heart to marry Susan Sharp—that is, without too great a sacrifice of feeling—it would certainly make me more resigned to death," resumed Uncle Jerry, seriously.

"Faith, I think I should be more resigned to death, too!" I exclaimed.

"I fear you are thinking of the fits," quoth my relative, gravely. "I don't insist upon an immediate answer. O no, Archie! I'll give you time to think of it."

I thought to myself, "I shall want an eternity to think of it."

"I will certainly turn the subject over in my mind," I said, perceiving he expected me to say something.

"Very good. Now go and see who is getting so much music out of our old piano."

I was very willing to escape from Dr. Bright and Susan Sharp, and so went to the parlor.

"Is that you, Judith Bell?" said I, finding her seated at the instrument, and the only occupant of the room.

"Is it Judith Bell? What do you mean? Archibald Neal?" she replied, looking up, very innocently.

"I didn't know that you played."

"Yes, a little."

"It strikes me that you play quite decently," I added, wishing to sting her pride.

"I thank you, I'm sure. It's such a comfort to know that I really play quite decently."

I glanced covertly at Judith Bell from under my lowering eyebrows. Her face was aglow, and she was evidently wounded.

"Wont you play me 'Sweet Home, Auld Lang Syne,' or something of that sort? I detest opera music," I continued.

Without making any rejoinder, or elevating her gaze from the piano, she touched the keys and played "Sweet Home," with variations, in a style that astonished me. My heart relented somewhat, and I felt less rebellious toward the new government. "Play it again, with an accompaniment, and I'll sing it," I said, clearing my throat. I have a good voice, and felt a little vanity in showing it. I didn't think to ask Judith to sing with me—I had never heard her make an attempt even to hum "Dan Tucker," which was then in everybody's mouth. I thought she would praise me when I had finished, but no; she remained silent, giving no particular indications of being pleasurably affected by my performance. I concluded that she had no just appreciation of vocal talent, and that her playing was rather mechanical, considerably wanting in true expression, without which mere execution is without melody.

My uncle had a venerable violin with which he used to amuse himself occasionally. As soon as he learned that the empress could play, he lugged it from its dirty box, re-strung it, rubbed it with rosin, and tortured it up to concert pitch. Then the two made music of ancient sort—for the old gentleman insisted upon playing all the old tunes that were popular in his younger days. His niece submitted gracefully, and drummed away by the hour with the books of the previous century before her. I had to sit and smoke alone on account of Uncle Jerry's musical furor—and made another black mark against Judith for the same. I grew uneasy about the way things were tending; she was evidently growing fast in his esteem. There was danger of her usurping my place in his affections. However, I magnanimously reflected that she was a poor orphan girl, and if she could get a little comfort from the friendship of my relative, she ought to be welcome to it.

One afternoon some young ladies called to see Judith. Gallantry and politeness moved me to make an effort to entertain them; so I remained in the parlor. One of the ladies was a good vocalist, and when we had chatted awhile, I requested her to favor us with singing. She complied, and I praised her performance warmly.

"Come, Judith Bell," said I, with a deceitful smile, "I think you should contribute to our amusement too."

"What shall I do, Archibald Neal?" she asked.

"Sing, without doubt," I responded.

She seated herself at the piano. "Now, we shall have some brilliant execution," thought I. "The empress is going to do some opera."

Well, I was doomed to discover myself in an error of the first magnitude—she went right to singing. Notwithstanding all the girl's failings, she sang—like an angel, I was about to say, but she was no angel at that time—like an accomplished vocalist. My favorite, who had just displayed her abilities, was left immeasurably in the distance; the empress, was in the ascendant—her voice was exquisite, her articulation distinct, her style faultless, her expression just. She was an artist, I but a pretender; and I recalled my awkward attempt to exhibit my own powers in that department, with feelings of vexation.

"I was not aware you could sing," I remarked, after the ladies had gone.

"I haven't felt much like singing since my father's death," she replied.

"You are an inexplicable girl, Judith Bell."

"How can I help it, Archibald Neal?"

"That's beyond my knowledge. By the way, Dr. Bright is here often."

"Yes, I know it."

"I suppose it will gratify my uncle if you encourage his visits."

Judith was confused, and glanced at me furtively.

"I know that the subject has been broached," I added.

"I might affect not to know your meaning, but I prefer to be ingenuous. I do not like Dr. Bright," she returned.

"His father is a man of property."

"I'm not speaking of his father."

"He is not a very bad looking person."

"But I'm not pleased with his character."

"He's a drinking man, it is true, but then you have moral power enough to reform him—and as for his hair lip, you can rise above that, I am sure—it was nearly cured by an operation."

"And there is Susan Sharp," said she, with a smile.

"Susan Sharp may go to—"

"Hush, Archibald! Perhaps her fits can be cured."

"Wont you attend to your own affairs, Judith Bell?"

"And wont you attend to yours, Archibald Neal?"

"I am obeying my Uncle Jerry's instructions."

"So am I."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he says he's anxious to see you united to Susan Sharp, before he leaves the world."

"Well, I'll settle it at once—I say no in capitals. So you may save yourself any farther trouble."

Judith looked pensive, and said not a word.

"It is very fine, outside, Judith—the air is balmy, the fields green, and the sunshine pleasant; put on your bonnet, and let us walk."

"Walk?"

"Yes."

"With you?"

"Why not—unless you feel—too—"

"Too what?"

"No matter."

"If you intended to accuse me of pride, you were impelled to speak without due reflection. What am I but a dependent on my uncle's bounty?"

"It seems to me he's dependent on you, lately," I rejoined, not very graciously.

"For what?"

"Happiness!"

"I didn't know that I could make anybody happy here," she answered, with tears in her eyes—those soft and saucy eyes.

I had never walked with Judith before, but I had concluded that as she was an orphan, it was my duty to give her more attention than I had previously done. I said not much, my mood was thoughtful, and we were absent an hour. When we got home, in compensation for my labor of charity, Judith declared that her glove smelled of cigar smoke, where she had just touched my arm with the tips of her fingers! Such was my reward!

I grew to be forgiving toward Judith Bell. Many of her faults and liberties passed unnoticed. Even her semi-weekly descents upon the library to dust, many of her general notions respecting neatness, and her prejudices against tobacco. I felt that I was a man and ought to be generous toward one of the weaker sex. So I tolerated my cousin. I sang with her, too; and what was considered remarkable, at that time, drove her to town three times.

Uncle Jerry astonished me very much one morning by telling me that she had consented to marry Dr. Bright.

"He drinks," said I.

"He can afford to, Archie."

"A hair lip, too, uncle."

"That's a freak of Nature, lad; no sensible person will think the less of him for it."

"I don't think you ought to influence her. She is young, and should have time for reflection," rejoined I.

"I am old enough—I can reflect for her; so none of your impertinence!"

Uncle Jerry came at me with his cane, and I retreated to the parlor, where Judith was trying her pretty eyes over worthless embroidery.

"So you have consented to become Bright," said I, pettishly.

"How Sharp you are," she retorted.

"I don't see what you can be thinking of, Judith Bell!"

"Why, Archibald Neal?"

"To marry Dr. Bright."

"He's as good as Susan Sharp, I imagine."

"That's nothing to the point," I added. "Do you like him, is the question to be decided."

Tears started to her eyes, and she covered her face with her embroidery.

"If you don't care to have him, say so, and you sha'n't!" I resumed, with emphasis.

"But my uncle—"

"Hang my uncle!" I exclaimed.

"If my father was living, I wouldn't consent, on any account, whatever. But you and Uncle Jerry urge me to it, and I am perfectly miserable!" she replied, weeping.

I paced the length of the parlor three times, hurriedly—then I paused, and looked at the handsome figure of my cousin.

"Judith Bell," I said, touching her gently on the shoulder.

"Well, Archibald?"

"Will you marry me?"

"What, Archibald Neal? she exclaimed.

"I simply asked if you would marry me?"

"You dislike me—you wound me whenever you can. You are unkind!"

"I have discovered that I love you, and that I shall be miserable if you go away."

So saying I found myself at Judith Bell's feet, with both her white hands in mine.

"And Susan Sharp," said she, repelling me, gently.

"May go farther," I rejoined.

"And my uncle's wishes?"

"My uncle is an old cur—"

Something descended upon my shoulders—it was a cane.

"Curmudgeon, is he, you dog, you hypocrite! And what has Judith Bell said to you?"

"She has said nothing, but I think she means yes. She weeps and blushes."

"Say, my pet; will you have the graceless boy?" added Uncle Jerry, patting her on the head.

"If it is your will and his," stammered Judith.

"It is the crowning wish of my life. I have

long hoped and prayed that it might be so. But Archie is a wayward fellow, not half good enough for you."

"The last remark is but too true. I have played the cynic and the cross bachelor, and do not deserve such a treasure; yet if Judith will forgive me, I shall be the happiest fellow living," I rejoined.

"She ought to keep you on your knees two days," cried Uncle Jerry, and kissing his niece, left us together.

She forgave me, and we have been happy ever since. I have come to like her neat habits, renounced smoking, and given away my cigar-case. The wedding day is close at hand. We are all busy getting ready for that interesting event. Dr. Bright and Susan Sharp no longer trouble me. Uncle Jerry walks about his premises in the best of spirits; indeed, he appears to have renewed his youth. I am sure Judith Bell will look sweetly in her bridal dress."

"I know she will," said I.

With that Archibald Neal took his leave, well satisfied, apparently, with his listeners, while I ran to my writing-desk to fasten on paper what I could remember of the narration.

Judith Bell came to me in my dreams. I saw her eyes, soft and saucy, and her cherry-hued cheeks glow with a new-found joy. She became a sort of incarnate perfection in my mind's phantom-world. I pictured her quiet, yet arch, pert, but modest, self-reliant, and dignified, calm, and beautiful.

I was at Judith Bell's bridal, and placed the moss-roses in her hair. Archibald Neal was such a happy fellow! And Uncle Jerry marched around with his cane like a field-marshal.

CHARACTER OF THE CRIMEA.

A German writer gives this description of the Crimea. "The Crimea is one of the finest and most picturesque countries of the world. Its soil, particularly in the southern parts of the peninsula, where vegetation is truly tropical, is of an extraordinary fertility. The valleys, watered by numberless brooks and small rivers, are excellently cultivated, abounding in productive corn fields and vineyards. Of the latter those near Sudak and Koos give the best grapes. Apricots, peaches, cherries, plums, almonds, pomegranates, figs, pears, apples and melons are grown in gardens, whilst the open land yields considerable quantities of cereals, millet, tobacco, honey, wax and silk. The breeding of horned cattle, horses and sheep is of some importance; the latter yield the favorite small, grey, curly skins, known as Crimean lambskins. In the northern parts of the peninsula, on the other hand, both wood and water are scarce, and the soil is generally poor, brackish, and unfit for cultivation."

LEAVE ME NOT LONELY.

BY A. E. FERGIVAL.

Leave me not lonely, to sorrow and tears—
 Wild dreams and fancies, terrors and fears;
 Earth has no charms for me, unless thou'rt near;
 Come then, my dearest one, bide with me here.
 Thine own will I be, through life's shadow and light,
 Loving thee ever, through evil or right;
 Fondly and truly I'll trust but in thee,
 And ask in return, nought, save love for me.

Leave me not lonely, the world to contend,
 For "the reed breaketh quickly that never will bend;"
 And thus with my heart, though it bend not at all,
 It would break, should its cherished idol fall.
 Ask not why I love thee, for words cannot tell
 The thoughts that within my bosom dwell;
 But reposing upon my spirit's throne,
 Is but one image—it is thine own.

MORGAN'S LAST PACING MATCH.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

SOME five and twenty years since, before the present city of Lowell and vicinity was so densely populated as it now is, there was a small tavern-house in the town of Tyngsborough (a few miles distant from Lowell), which was kept by a man named Edwards,—Josh Edwards, I think he was called. I may be mistaken as regards the name exactly, but it matters little. This was something near it, at all events.

At that time, the tavern spoken of was much frequented by cattle-dealers and horse-men, who came down from the north—New Hampshire and Vermont—with their animals of various kinds, on their way to a market, at Boston or Brighton; and occasionally a "good 'un to go" chanced to find its way to the stable of this country inn, en route to the city, for a purchaser. Hard by the tavern, there stood a small blacksmith's shop, and it so happened, one fine, cool afternoon, that but few idlers, or others, were hanging about the hotel,—a rather uncommon occurrence there,—when a stranger came waddling up, upon the back of a crazy-looking beast, and halting before the door, jumped off and entered the tavern.

He left his miserable-looking animal at the door, in his tracks as he stood, with the loosely-fitting old bridle slung over his ears, while he went into the house to inquire for a farrier.

"Old Pete," he said, "had lost a hind shoe off, five miles back," and he wanted a new one.

"Where is your horse?" asked the landlord.

"Out doors. You didn't s'pose I was a-going to bring him in here, did you?" said the rough stranger. "Whar's the blacksmith?"

"Close by, yonder," replied old Edwards, pointing to the sign of a black stud, rampant, upon a dilapidated white board, over the farrier's door. "Jennings 'll fit you a shoe as neat as a pin. He knows how to do it."

The thing which the new comer called a *horse*, was the worst looking critter—so Josh. Edwards declared—that he'd ever set eyes on. His color was about half way between that of a Maltese cat and a dirty yellow fox,—a sort of horrible mixture of dun and sour beer hue. He had been the rightful owner of a tail, too, undoubtedly, at some remotely previous period, but just now this caudal appendage (so useful in fly time) was reduced to the stump only. His mane was closely but raggedly cut, his hip-bones stuck out finely above his flank, his knees were shaky, his coat was frowzy and ungroomed, and a sorry figure he cut, truly, as his owner dragged him away from the tavern-door, towards the smith's shop, to have his hind shoe restored. Two or three loafers stood by, as the beast moved slowly away, and an uncontrollable titter was heard as he wriggled off towards the farrier's quarters.

"Wot you laffin' at?" queried the man who called himself the proprietor of this rare beast. "Haint you no better manners 'n that, down yere?"

The stranger called himself Morgin. His name was *Morgan*, but he had a way of his own in pronunciation, and he didn't want anybody to tell him anything. He "knowed so much now," he said, "that he couldn't keep from cheatin' people, very handy," and "if he didn't know what a *horse* was, he'd come down to Tin'sboro' and larn, some fine Sunday, when he wasn't busy otherways!" And muttering thus as he went, he soon found the blacksmith.

"Put it on strong, and not too thick, Mister wot-you-call-'em," said Morgan. "I'm goin' over to the cattle-fair at D—, day after to-morrow, and I'll want to use old 'Peto' there. He's rather thin in flesh, to be sure, and his p'int's are rather prominent," continued the owner of the nag, as he eyed his high withers and protruding hips. "But I've scen wus horses 'n him, a good deal."

"Have you?" exclaimed Jennings, doubtfully.

"O, yes. Bless your ignorance, man, I've scen hull droves on 'em that 'd beat old Pete to death, and give him odds, as to looks and condition."

"Do you intend to enter your animal there for a premium, sir?" inquired Jennings, without smiling.

"Not edsackly for a premium,—but I cal'lato, may-be, that I'll take down the crowd afore I

leave 'em," said Morgan. "Come, you, fix the shoe, fer I must be off. Match to these as near as you can, now. Don't put it on too heavy."

Jennings thought he knew a horse, but he was certain he knew what a horse-shoe was. He was greatly surprised, therefore, upon taking up the animal's fore-feet, to meet with a splendidly turned shoe there, a better one than he had ever made in his life! The hind one that was left was the same. He examined all three with care, and said:

"Who made these, major?"

"I aint no major, Mr. What's-your-name. I'm a plain farmer and farrier. I put them on there, myself."

"Well, it will take me some time to mate them shoes, certain."

"So I thought, wots'-name."

"Jennings, sir,—Jennings."

"Well, Jinkins, go ahead, I'll wait. I want a shoe like them are, any how;" and the eccentric old fellow took out his pipe, sat down upon a box in the corner, and left Jennings at his work.

Morgan said nothing while the farrier was manufacturing the new shoe, though he watched the operation cautiously. When he had fitted it finally, and was about to secure it upon the ancient pelter's foot, the owner rose from his seat, took the shoe up, glanced across it, weighed it in his hand, and said, "That'll do, Mr. Jinkins. You never made a better one,—just right."

The shoe was nailed on, the foot was trimmed neatly down, Morgan handed Jennings three silver quarter dollars (double price), and jumping into his saddle, his hog-maned pacer waddled away from the door, without another word from his rider.

That night a score of country-tavern worthies were collected in the bar-room of the old inn, and the subject of the conversation turned upon that horse.

"Since God made me," said Josh. Edwards, *I never saw such a crow-bait as that, Jennings.*"

"He was a sorry-looking beast, truly," responded the farrier who had shod him. "But I never saw such a set of shoes as he wore!"

"Bad enough, I've no doubt," said Edwards.

"He came wriggling up here, with but three of 'em left, and his owner said he'd lost t' other, six miles back."

"*Bad!* I tell you I never made such shoes, and I've been a smith these five-and-twenty years. They were the neatest and the finest I ever saw!"

"What!"

"True as the book—and he paid me seventy-five cents for one to match 'em, too."

"What the deuce does that signify?"

"I can't tell you. The fellow said he was going over to the fair at D—, the next day after to-morrow; and there's to be a match against time there,—eighteen miles in an hour, for a five hundred dollar purse,—open to any body and every body."

"Well, what's that to do with him, pray?"

"I say I don't know. But I mean to be there."

"So will I," said Josh. Edwards; "and I, and I," responded half a dozen others.

There was fun ahead, evidently.

A curious and motley crowd of visitors were duly assembled at D—, on the second day after this, and when the hour approached for the trial of the bottom and mettle of the horses that were present at the Fair, a roped circle had been roughly staked out, within which was a mile ring, over which the animals were to contend for the purse,—the achievement to win which was merely restricted to accomplishing eighteen miles within one hour, without regard to weights, ages, or carriages; which involved the successful circuit of the rough track—in harness—eighteen times round, in sixty minutes.

Blood horses and "fancy" crabs were not then so common an article as they now are. Yet there appeared on the ground a dozen very showy and spirited animals, geared to light wagons, sulkies and gigs. As they were prancing and dancing up and down the track, the rope was broken down a few yards below the judge's stand, and Mr. *Morgan*, with his beautiful-looking "sorrel" nag (as he called him), the veritable hog-maned *Pete*, harnessed to a light Canadian French "cart," as the vehicle was denominated, burst in upon the circle, amid the *ha, ha's!* of a thousand spectators.

He was politely informed by the judges that he was in the way there, and was requested to retire outside, where he could see the approaching race to better advantage.

"See it?" said Morgan; "but I want to be seen. I prefer being in sight, somewhere, yere; and I don't mind if I jine in the race, myself."

"With what horse?"

"This 'un. Old *Pete*, here!"

"Very well, then, sir," replied the judge, with a suppressed grin, "you can pay your fee yonder, and enter in form." And Morgan instantly followed his directions, while the crowd kept up an incessant hooting and yelling at the ludicrous team and driver which so excited their merriment.

On a sudden the farrier, Jennings, hailed him. He had just arrived,—saw the team,—remem-

bered the fancy shoes,—and said to Morgan: "Tell me, old fellow, what have you got for a horse, here? Between you and I, I'm suspicious that you'll do a good day's work, here. Shalt I bet on you?"

"You're a good fellow, Jenkins," said Morgan, in a low tone, "an' know what a horse-shoe is."

"Yes,—but your nag, here. Is he a good 'un? They're coming up for the start—see!"

"Bate your pile on old Pete, Jenkins,—he'll slay 'em, or I'll pay your loss," said Morgan; and away dashed the fancy animals to the stand, at the sound of the bugle, while Morgan chattered to his old pelter, who jogged along up to the post, behind the rest, in a sort of zig-zag line, that greatly amused the crowd.

Morgan had wagered five hundred dollars, quietly, that his horse would win, and the purse to be gained by the successful animal—he that should make the eighteen miles nearest within the hour—was five hundred more. And at last the word was given, and the animals went off.

Morgan was armed with half a split barrel-stave, instead of a whip, and a terrific shout went up from the lungs of the multitude, as he started his animal, merely walking away from the judges' stand at first, but finally getting well under way, as the nine other teams, pretty close together, were dashing bravely around the quarter-mile post.

When they passed the stand, after the first mile, they were considerably scattered, some of the horses being badly driven, and the string was then being led by three of the best of them; but old Pete was far in the rear, coming on at a wriggling, hitching pace, but evidently getting well warmed up with his exercise.

"Ha, ha!" roared the throng, as he went by. "Hurry up the cakes, old boy! Give him the but end o' the larrup! You'll win—if you don't lose!"

Away went the teams, however, and Morgan took no notice of any body or anything but his horse. At the end of the fourth mile round, when the bell struck, as the two leading sulkies passed the judges' stand, they were surprised to observe that Morgan had exchanged places with the previous third wagon, and now two of the finest horses on the ground only led the race, with old Pete close behind!

When the bell struck for the seventh mile, but five of the competitors were on the track, the rest having withdrawn themselves, after doing their best, and finding that their chances were hopeless.

Pete crawled along, and at the signal of the

ninth mile, the crowd had ceased their jeers, for Morgan passed the post, ahead of all competitors, and but twenty-four minutes had yet elapsed since he walked away from the judges' stand! His horse was a bungling, shuffling pacer, but he was driven beautifully by old Morgan.

Upon the tenth turn round the course, Pete began to show where his *good* qualities lay. His wind was still excellent, his gait more even than before, and he led the only two rivals he had left, at least a third of a mile, and the wide gap between him and them was rapidly being increased. At the termination of his thirteenth round, the three teams passed the post pretty nearly together, the other two being now slightly ahead of him again; but they had performed only twelve miles to his thirteen,—Pete having already gained a mile on them! He soon passed them once more, and they faltered. Upon the fourteenth and fifteenth round, but one rival was left, and when he had reached his sixteenth mile he caved in, and was led, completely worried out, off the course.

A wild hurrah went up again, as old Pete came round upon his seventeenth turn. Hundreds of dollars had changed hands, and the long-winded beast still kept on his feet, though the barrel-stave was now brought into action most vigorously. The last half mile was turned—three-quarters—seven-eighths—and at every faltering step, whack went the barrel-stave in old Morgan's sturdy gripe, as the poor beast shuffled on, fast failing under the monstrous exertion he had been subjected to.

The goal was reached, the eighteen miles had been accomplished, handsomely, in fifty-two minutes,—Pete was "alone in his glory." He passed the stand,—a thousand voices cheered him as he went,—old Morgan tossed the barrel-stave into the air,—the crowd dashed down the ropes and rushed in after him, with furious excitement and yells of delight! The poor old bruiser could do no more,—the heart-strings had been strained to the very last tension,—he faltered a few yards beyond the winning-post, trembled, halted, groaned, and fell dead, in harness, upon the track!

Morgan had won! Old Pete was dead, but he had sold him for a round thousand dollars, a very good price, but earned in a questionable way, nevertheless. He took the five hundred dollar purse, made sure of the side bets he had made, amounting to as much more, paid two ostlers ten dollars to bury his old pelter, and left the crowd to speculate upon the former character of his horse, who was really so much "like a skinned cat—better than he looked to be."

LIFE.

BY J. JOWETT.

Life a vapor fleeting is,
Short and dimmed with earthly tears;
Joys, whose transient hours are borne
Downwards by its earthly fears.

Thus its morning hours are spent
Eager for the coming noon;
And the evening shadows find us,
Sighing that they came so soon.

Life's an ocean, calm and bright,
On whose breast our boat we steer;
All before us shining glory,
All behind us, dark and drear

Till our bark is well nigh over,
Then behold us backward gaze;
As the fair and fickle sunbeams
Glide the past with glittering rays.

Here our life's indeed a shadow,
Fleeting as the early dew;
And its symbols are the flowers
Which around our pathway strew.

But beyond this life there's teeming
Yet another, whose bright flowers
Waft their never dying perfumes
Through the everlasting hours.

SETH'S GHOST.

A SEA YARN.

BY FREDERIC WARD.

In January, 1847, the good ship *Medora* left the port of Boston, bound for Hong Kong and Canton. Her crew, beside the officers, consisted of ten as good seamen as ever hauled out a weather earing, together with four green hands, who were expected to do the work of men, thereby making a saving to the owners of the difference in their wages.

Now, every man who has made it his business to "go down to the sea in ships," either as an officer or before the mast, knows some persons are so constituted, that, however enterprising or capable of exertion they may be on shore, they no sooner get out sight of land—by which time all the romance connected with "the sea, the sea, the open sea" is completely dispelled, and its place occupied by hard work and salt horse—than they become about as active and useful as those wonderful works of art which decorate the bows of a ship, known as figure-heads.

Of this class of persons were our "boys," on matter what their weight and inches, subjected to this cognomen so long as they remained uninitiated. All of them were bad enough, but one,

who luxuriated in the name of Seth, was a miracle of laziness; his stupidity approached the sublime. This, of course, made him the object upon which all the practical jokes of the sailors were played.

After getting out of cold weather and fairly into the trades, with the ship in perfect order, the crew were put upon "watch and watch," which gave us half the time to ourselves, and we employed it in the laudable pursuit of fun.

One of our best sailors answered to the name of Joe. According to his own account, he had been called so variously in the many ships in which he had sailed, that his original name was wholly forgotten. He stood about six feet five inches in height, and bread in proportion, or rather, out of proportion; for a more lavish display of feet and toes seldom falls to the lot of any animal of smaller dimensions than an elephant. They were feet to excite admiration and respect; their wonderful breadth and flatness causing, when wet, symmetrical and nearly circular tracks upon the beautifully white and dry deck, giving it the same appearance it would have presented, had a succession of wet swabs been thrown upon it, at a distance of three or four feet apart. No one who had seen these tracks, after Joe's periodical march to take his trick at the wheel, would have doubted that the feet which made them had borne aft a more than ordinary Jack Tar. The same species of vanity which induces persons to make a display of a fine set of teeth, kept Joe barefoot, except in the coldest weather.

Large men are usually good natured, and he was no exception to the rule, but he was so inordinately fond of fun, and would carry his practical jokes so far, that occasionally they would lead to disagreeable results. These he would do his utmost to repair.

Our boys were of course fair game, and among sailors it is considered a duty, when in good weather, to put them, particularly lazy ones, thro' such a "course of sprouts" as will have a tendency to make them forget their on-shore daintiness, and become rough and tough sailors. All the boys, except Seth, under our tuition, which consisted of kicks, cuffs, curses not deep but loud, and the last, the most effectual, ridicule; which, if the boy has any spirit, is pretty sure to bring it out; with a convincing argument in the shape of a rope's end, applied by the mate, had so far benefited by our disinterested kindness, that they were progressing quite respectably; to furl a royal no longer seemed like tempting Providence.

No process, however, except such as would be

applied to a bale of goods, could get Seth above the tops; the fattock shrouds were to him an impassable barrier. We, at last, gave up in despair of making him a sailor, and employed him in all manner of odd jobs for the men, such as washing our clothes, keeping our bunks in order and the like; in short, a sort of *valet de fo'castle* to all hands. From this circumstance he had by general consent acquired the title of the stewardess. The only ship duty he was called upon to perform, was in common with the other boys, to keep a lookout of two hours each on the to'gallant fo'castle in the night, to see that the ship did not fall overboard forwards; while the "second dickey" performed the same important duty on the quarter-deck; the men having to take their tricks at the wheel kept no lookout; and as we were in the trades, with no probability of bad weather, all hands, including the boys not on the lookout, indulged themselves with a nap.

With Seth it was almost an impossibility to keep awake, and Joe, pretending to be asleep, would keep quiet until Seth had commenced his melodious snore, when he was up for some trick upon the poor stewardess. Many's the unexceptionable pair of mustache and whiskers he had furnished him, with the best of marine paint, that would stay by him for a week, in spite of soap and water; and large quantities of tar had been diverted from its legitimate use, to be gently placed between the apex of his skull and the lining of his cap. But these tricks, together with putting a screw through the toe of his boots and into the deck, had become old, and he changed his plan of attack for one more likely to keep him awake, as well as to wake him suddenly. This was, to get over into the head, draw a bucket of water, and dash it quickly into the face of the sleeping sentinel; while he was blinded with the salt water to slip in-board on the lee side; he could then answer any complaint by saying, "we had shipped a sea," notwithstanding it might be a stark calm at the time.

At last, one night, he was detected in the act of flavoring Joe's tea with a centipede, which were quite numerous on board. For this, Joe determined upon more than ordinary vengeance; he took several days to invent something which would not injure Seth, but at the same time give him a salutary fright. During this period he was more than usually kind to him, and abstained from any tricks that would annoy him. I suspected there was something in the wind, but could get nothing from him as to what he intended to do.

Things went on quite smoothly for some time,

we had carried the trades well to the southward, and were anticipating a change of wind, as we were within a couple of hundred miles of the Cape of Good Hope. It was a bright star-light night, about three bells in the mid watch, when I lay upon the top of the galley, looking at the stars and trying to make out the constellations. All sail was on the ship, the wind; what there was of it, was dead aft, but so light that even our skysails did not keep full, but were whipping the masts as the ship rose and fell on the almost imperceptible ground swell. Studding sails were set on both sides from the deck to the royal mast head, and extending many feet from either side, presenting the appearance, at a little distance, of a huge pyramid of white marble; only the observer would be led to suppose either the pyramid or himself must be a little groggy, to account for its unsteady posture.

We were going through the water at the rate of one and a half knots, barely steerage way, and some of us had been improving the opportunity by having a swim, much to the horror of Seth, who expected to see us all devoured by sharks.

I was lying, as I have said before, looking at the Southern Cross, and thinking about a flannel shirt which needed the buttons put on, and had arrived at that stage of drowsiness in which it had become a settled fact, that the constellation red flannel shirt was a magnificent object, and the Southern Cross must have a button put upon the throat, and another on the wristband, the first opportunity, when I was brought up with a round turn, by some one tugging away at my hair as if it had been the fore brace.

"Come, heave out o' that," whispered Joe; "we'll have a bit of a lark bum by."

I lazily brought myself to a sitting posture, opening my mouth wide enough to swallow him, the peculiar howl which usually accompanies a yawn being given with remarkable emphasis.

"Clap a stopper on yer jaw tackle, will yer—you'll have all hands awake, and spile all the fun."

I had half a mind to let Joe go without my assistance, and finish out my nap, but taking a look at the weather, I noticed some rather suspicious looking clouds, just rising above the horizon on the larboard. Judging that in less than an hour we should be hard enough at work shortening sail and bracing yards, I concluded to see what was up.

"Kin Seth swim?" he inquired.

"Like a porpoise—in fresh water," (we had been schoolmates some years before.) "But you wost get him to try it on here at any price;

you might as well get a cat voluntarily to take a salt water bath."

"I'll bet you a bran new T. L. pipe that I'll coax him to take a swim afore morning. Now I'll tell you what you'll do: he'll go overboard from the starboard bow; jist you go aft to the mizzen chains, and stand by with the end of the mizzen topsail halyards, until sich time as you see Seth, then pass him the rope's end and fish him up—d'ye mind?"

"Ay, ay, I will do it; but I reckon you have lost your pipe—you'll get him no nearer the water than he is now."

"No fear of the pipe; jist you 'tend to your part of the play," said Joe, going forward, while I went to my station in the mizzen channels.

It seems that the boy on the lookout had fallen asleep. Between this person and Seth there had been a deadly feud ever since leaving Boston, and it had struck Joe that he might take advantage of this to be revenged upon Seth, at the same time it would punish the lookout.

Going to Seth, as he lay asleep upon a spare topmast by the side of the galley, and shaking the drowsiness out of him, asked: "if he didn't want a chance to come it on Zeke?" at which Seth was highly delighted, thinking, no doubt, that with such an ally as Joe he was perfectly safe.

"I'll tell yer what," said Joe. "Yer see Zeke's asleep by the monkey rail, jist for'ard of the fore rigging; now you see that rope running in from the end of the stu'n'sail boom to the rail, that will make a stunnin' foot rope; jist you take a bucket and go abaft the sail, and let Zeke have the fall of it. If yer do it up right and hit him square in the face, you'll knock him inboard off the rail. Afore he picks hisself up you kin slew yerself for'ard o' the rail out o' sight. I'll tell him the chap as did it ran aft on the larboard side; then you kin slip in when yer like—d'ye mind?"

He had eagerly swallowed the whole of this precious piece of advice, otherwise, under ordinary circumstances, it would have been impossible to persuade him to venture his precious carcass upon anything less firm than the deck; but his desire to "come it" on Zeke overcame his fears for the time.

Taking the bucket, he cautiously slipped past Zeke and made his way out upon the boom, some four or five feet. The foot-rope was formed by the end of a guy that steadied the boom forward, and leading in was belayed to a pin in the rail, to all appearances firmly.

It turned out, however, that it had only been stopped with a rope yarn, sufficiently strong to

bear the weight as he was going out, his hold upon the boom relieving it from half the strain; but when quitting his hold to throw the bucket of water, the sudden jerk which this movement would bring upon the stop must inevitably part it. As Joe had intended, precisely this occurred; overboard went Seth, bucket, foot-rope and all. Joe came running aft to me, half choked with laughter.

"Stand by, Jack," said he, "and fish him up, I want to have a look at him."

But he did not get a sight of him in the way he expected. On rising to the surface, half blinded with the water, he struck out from the ship, instead of towards it, she passing him at such a distance that the rope's end fell short.

"Man overboard!" roared out Joe, tossing over the side a couple of hen coops, containing half a dozen unfortunate biddies.

The watch were on their pins in no time.

"Clear away the starboard quarter boat," sung out the mate. It was not necessary he should have been so particular in mentioning which boat, considering we had but one; that was filled with wood and small stores, and would require at least ten minutes to unload.

To make things worse, the clouds which I had noticed awhile since, had been gradually creeping up on our larboard beam, unnoticed by the mate, who was considerably more than half asleep. Just at this moment we began to get the wind from them in pretty strong puffs, slatting and shivering the sails, bending the studding sail booms in the most alarming manner.

"Call all hands to shorten sail!" bellowed the captain. "Four men clear away the boat; the rest of you get in those stan' sails, and be spry about it, my lads, or we'll have the top masts over the sides.

"Here you, Joe," he continued; "jump forward and lend a hand with those sails."

But Joe, after throwing everything overboard that would float, had been divesting himself of his clothes, and calling out to us to be spry with the boat, sprang over the taffrail and struck out in the direction he supposed Seth had drifted.

All was now bustle and confusion on board; to get the ship before the wind and the light sails in, with the four men in the boat, which was now cleared away, and two overboard, making us six hands short, it was no easy matter to get the sail off of her. This, however, was at last accomplished, and tacking ship we stood back in the direction of the boat. The wind, which at first came in puffs, had subsided into a steadily increasing breeze, which, under short sail, carried us through the water at about six knots.

On arriving, as nearly as we could judge, at the spot on which the occurrence had taken place, we hove the ship to, sent up a signal lantern to the fore top-mast head, and fired a gun to attract the attention of the boat's crew; but all without effect. Considerable anxiety began to be felt, not only for the men overboard, but also for the boat's crew; as the breeze, now almost a gale, and still increasing, setting against the current which runs with considerable velocity at times in the vicinity of the Cape, had kicked up a very disagreeable chop sea, which was anything but safe for such a boat as ours.

At last, just at day break, the lookout at the mast head sung out that the boat was in sight.

"Where away?" shouted the mate.

"About three points on the lee bow."

"Keep her away three points."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man at the wheel.

We were all extremely anxious, as may be supposed, to know whether either or both of the men had been picked up. I was on the fore topgallant yard in a little quicker time than I ever made before or since, straining my eyes to make out how many were in the boat. We were rapidly nearing each other, and I soon had the satisfaction of discovering that there were five at least; trying, meanwhile, to console myself with the idea that the other one must be lying in the bottom, for I had begun to feel rather blue as to the share I had taken in the matter. But as they came nearer I found such was not the case: Seth was not there. With a heavy heart I started for the deck, and taking the top gallant backstay to slide down on, succeeded in reaching it with the loss of the "amplest part of my breeches," the end of my back having struck a batting on the topmast back stay in my somewhat rapid descent.

The boat was soon alongside. I shall never forget how Joe looked when he came aboard; he was entirely naked, with the exception of a reefing jacket which one of the boat's crew had lent him; the more important part of a gentleman's wardrobe they could hardly part with without making a rather unpresentable appearance themselves. But his face—I would not have believed that so great a change could have taken place in such short time; a more dejected, sorrowful countenance I never beheld.

He answered none of the questions put to him, but started forward and dove into the fore-castle, whither I immediately followed. He was sitting on his chest, with his head between his hands. I spoke to him several times before he answered. At length, giving himself a shake, he looked up.

"That ar boy has cooked my goose for me; what a wooden-headed lubber I was to come sich a game on the poor feller; I'd give more than you or I'll ever be worth if he was jist settin' on this here chest, or I was where he is."

"Now Joe," said I, trying to comfort him, "I know very well that you did not intend to harm him, so there's no use in feeling too badly about it; but it should be a warning to you. As no one knows besides you and I how he came to get overboard, it is just as well that they should not, it might get you into trouble."

"I don't keer if it do git me into trouble, I deserves it."

"But, Joe, consider that you got me to lend a hand, and though I did not know what you intended to do, still it might get me into a scrape, and that would only make a bad matter worse."

"I didn't think o' that. Well, jist as you say, but it's all up with me; that boy will haunt me as long as I'm in this ship, or any other for that matter."

Advising him to get rigged out in rather more fashionable style, I went on deck. It appeared from what I learned from the boat's crew, for Joe did not like to talk about it, that after leaving the ship Joe had struck out for one of the hen coops, the most prominent object in sight, supposing that he saw Seth, but probably in exactly an opposite direction from which he had drifted; he having undoubtedly secured some floating object, as when we last saw him there were several planks and spars near him. Joe, finding himself mistaken in the first instance, tried all the others in sight with the same success, until completely exhausted he clung to one of the spars to rest. Upon hearing the distant hail from the boat, and thinking it was Seth, he answered, and of course misled the boat.

After taking him on board they had continued the search, but hearing the gun from the ship they proposed to return. Joe would not hear of such a thing for a moment, but the rapidly increasing gale warned them that any further search was not only useless with such a tub of a boat, but absolutely dangerous; they reluctantly put the boat about and headed for the ship, at that time hull down to leeward.

The wind, although there was rather too much of it, was fair, being on the starboard quarter; under close reefed main topsail and reefed fore sail, the old ship was bowling along at the rate of about eleven knots an hour; dashing the foam before and on each side of her bow; throwing the spray high into the air, it fell in showers on the deck, forming a miniature rainbow in the bright sunshine. We had a splendid run to

Java Head, and the monsoon being favorable, we ran up the China Sea in less than ten days. After taking on board a long-tailed, horse-faced Chinaman, for pilot, we dropped anchor, about sunset one fine afternoon, in the harbor of Hong Kong.

Joe had been dull and moping all the way from the Cape—from being the life of the ship, the one who could sing the best song, or spin the biggest twister of a yarn, he had become silent and morose; rarely speaking to any one except myself, and then only when we were walking the deck together in the night watch; it was always about Seth, he seemed to think of nothing else.

After furling sails and getting all snug on board, I obtained permission from the mate for Joe and myself to go on shore. We rigged ourselves out in our best traps, and made for land.

Being speedily set on shore at the post-office landing, we crowded all sail for the establishment of our old acquaintance, Bamboo Tam, in the select locality of Cat Street. The house was full of sailors, from several ships that had just arrived. We seated ourselves at a table in one corner of the room, to try the quality of a big jug of beer and a pair of new pipes.

I turned to speak to a former shipmate for a minute, but on looking back at Joe was struck all aback at his appearance. His face was white as his new pipe, his under jaw dropped, and eyes fixed and staring.

"Why, Joe, what's the matter?" I exclaimed.

"J-i-i ist you lo-o-ok o' thar in the corner."

I did look, and there, sure enough, on a bench that ran along the other side of the room, with his head leaning against the wall, his eyes closed as if asleep or dead, was Seth. I rubbed my eyes to make sure that they were not deceiving me, but no, there he still sat; the same long sandy hair, the same face, about which there could be no possible mistake. Turning to where Joe had sat I found he was gone, but caught a glimpse of him, darting through the door and down the road toward the landing. Turning to one of the men standing by, I asked, "if he knew the chap sitting on the bench in the corner?"

"Who? him with the calico face! That's a chap as we picked up off the Cape, 'bout six weeks ago—but he aint no account whatsoever, he wont make no sailor if he goes to sea as long as the Flying Dutchman. I've tried hard enough to larn him su'thing; I've e'en almost kicked his head off, but he aint one morsel better for all I've done for him."

There was no mistaking this character, and I did not stop to hear further particulars, but started after Joe. Coming up with him at the

landing, I was too much out of breath to speak. "Is that there yet? that thing, or is it a-coming after us?" he stammered in a hollow voice, his pale face seeming to grow more haggard each moment. "Yer wouldn't believe," he continued, "when I told ye that I'd seed it many a time o' nights afore this; I'll tell yer what I'm going to do—I'll get aboard the fust ship that goes round the Cape, and when I gits whar he was lost, I'm going overboard too. I've heard tell as how a chap gits no peace until he does su'thing the likes o' that."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Joe; I'll tell you what you will do, though: just go back to Bamboo Tam's and finish that jug of beer, with Seth to lend you a helping hand. That's no ghost, you leather-head, but the steward himself; he was picked up on one of the hencoops the next morning, by a ship just out of sight astern of us."

I had scarcely finished before Joe's precious feet were laying themselves along the road to Bamboo Tam's, quite as fast as he had a few minutes before come from there. I followed, but at rather a slower pace. On my arrival he had found Seth, got him awake, and was swinging his hat and giving three cheers; which ended, he vowed he would give every man in the house a free treat.

A PROPHECY.

By the vulgar of every rank it was asserted and believed, that an equestrian statue in the square of Taurus was secretly inscribed with a prophecy, how the Russians, in the last days, should become masters of Constantinople. In our own time a Russian armament, instead of sailing from the Borysthene, has circumnavigated the continent of Europe; and the Turkish capital has been threatened by a squadron of strong and lofty ships of war, each of which with its naval science and thundering artillery, could have sunk or scattered an hundred canoes, such as those of their ancestors. Perhaps the present generation may yet behold the accomplishment of the prediction, of a rare prediction, of which the style is ambiguous and the date unquestionable.—*Gibbon's "Rome."*

LIFE'S STRUGGLE.—There are moments when the liberty of the inner life, opposed to the trammels of the outer, becomes too oppressive; moments when we wish that our mental horizon were less extended, though less free; when we long to put the discursive soul into a narrow path like a railway, and force it to run on in a straight line to some determined goal.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

In all things mistakes are excusable, but an error that proceeds from any good principles, leaves no room for resentment.

STANZAS.

BY T. W. WILKINS.

O, come, ye happy memories,
Come visit me again,
While fleeting thoughts of by-gone times
Float swiftly o'er my brain;
And pictures wrought with magic skill,
Colored with subtle art,
Pass like the shades of eventide
Across my silent heart.

Visions long, long departed, now
Come gladly back once more,
And happy dreams that once had charmed
The joyous days of yore—
When skies it seems were brighter far
Than they are shining now—
Ere care had spread one cloud above
The sunshine of my brow.

Sweet strains of music witchingly
Float to my raptured ears—
The melodies of former times,
The tunes of vanished years
Swail sweetly up from hidden harps
In memory's secret cell,
As if some kindly angels played
The strains I love so well.

The forms that once so tenderly
Had clustered round me here,
Called up by recollection's power,
Before me now appear;
The smile that once was gleaming on
Their features bright and fair,
Reflected true, in memory's light
Still lingers playing there.

Although the skies be dark and drear
That o'er our prospects spread,
And clouds are lowering deep and dark
Our future years ahead;
Still may we turn where memory builds
Her glowing visions fair,
And living o'er our bygone joys,
Forget the present there.

THE AVENGER.

A LOYALIST TALE.

BY J. GRAFTON ALLEN.

Not long after the first breaking out of the American revolution, a family party was assembled in the front parlor of a house in New York. There were only three persons in the room, and their anxious countenances and uneasy gestures told of the trouble of their souls. Two of these were ladies, and the third a young man; one of the former, by her matronly appearance and air of authority, being evidently the mother of the others.

"Father ought to have been home two hours since," said the young man.

"I fear, Edgar, lest something may have happened. Your father's tory principles will make his life perilous just now. He certainly should be home now. Ah! what noise is that, Clara?"

Clara, who sat by the window, looked out. Scarcely had she glanced down the street, than she started back, turning pale as death.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Edgar.
"What do you see there?"

Mother and son sprang with the eagerness of terror to the window. Looking down the street with a hasty glance, the hearts of both throbbed quickly and heavily at the sight. A crowd of people were seen coming up towards the house, surrounding some men in their centre, who were bearing some heavy burden.

Pale as marble, each one stood at the window, with terrible forebodings at their hearts.

The crowd advanced nearer. It came directly toward the house. It stopped at the very door. The men bearing the burden came forth toward the door. That long form which was rolled in a cloak and lying on a bier,—could it be anything but a human body? The hearts of those three gazers told them who it was.

"Does Henry Bonnin, Esq., live here?" said a youth who had knocked, to a servant who opened the door.

"Yes, sir," answered the trembling servant.

No more words passed, but the bearers coming forward, entered the hall and placed the bier upon the floor.

There was a sound in the room of unutterable woe, a groan of agony, and the stately form of Mrs. Bonnin, like a tree shattered by a sudden lightning-stroke, fell senseless to the floor. Clara rushed to her mother's assistance, and bent over her lifeless form. Edgar came to the hall.

The crowd of people, whom vulgar curiosity had drawn here, when they saw the agonized expression which appeared upon the pallid face of Edgar, one by one retired and left him alone. As the last one went out, the young man who had knocked at the door entered, and coming slowly up to Edgar, touched his arm. Edgar started and turned:

"Ah, George Melvil, my old friend!" He grasped the hand of his friend, and was silent.

"I would not intrude upon you in your sorrow, Edgar, I respect its sanctity. But I was a witness of this horrible occurrence, and I came to tell you all I know."

"How was it?" cried Edgar, with eagerness.

"Do you see this?" said Melvil, turning down the cloak which covered the form. A gray head was disclosed,—the head of an old man, who lay upon his face. A frightful wound was on

the back of the head, and thick clots of blood reddened the silver hair.

"O, God!" cried Edgar, starting back.

"Do you know the story of Marshall?" asked Melvil, when Edgar had become calm.

"Know it? Well do I know it. How he induced my father to lend him thousands of pounds, and then refused to pay him. I know, too, how he sought to ruin my father's credit last year, and how his unaccountable enmity amounted to the hatred of a fiend. But could he—did he—"

"He was the murderer," cried Melvil, "and I saw him do the atrocious deed. I will tell you:

"I arrived here yesterday, and was landed on the other side. There I had to stay all night. This morning I crossed over, and landed at the wharf. As I was directing the boatmen to take care of my trunks, I happened to look up the road, and there I saw your father. I do not know what led him there at that time. He certainly did not expect me, for a smile of surprise and pleasure appeared upon his countenance as his eyes rested upon me. Alas, the next instant they were closed in death."

Edgar betrayed uncontrollable emotion.

"Just as a beaming smile of recognition appeared upon his countenance,—just as he began to quicken his pace, in order to reach the spot where I stood, I heard the report of a gun, and your father fell, without one struggle, dead upon the ground. Immediately after, a man on horseback, with a gun in his hand, galloped furiously away. I saw him throw away his gun. I saw his features,—they were those of the thrice abhorred Marshall."

"O, heavens!" groaned Edgar.

"He was far beyond the possibility of immediate capture, on the Boston road, before any one started. I flew up at once to your father, but he was beyond the reach of human aid. His heart was still,—his eyes were glazed,—his body was cold."

Edgar leaned over his father's body, and threw his arms passionately around the senseless corpse. Melvil respected his silence, and withdrew. There was no word spoken by Edgar, as he knelt by his father's side, save when he uttered a fearful vow of vengeance, and called Heaven to witness it.

Six years had passed since Mr. Bonnin's murder. The war was over, American independence had been secured. Thousands of Tories, hating those whom they scornfully called "the rebels," had sought far away in the north a new home under the flag of Britain.

The town of Digby lies facing a beautiful

sheet of water, encircled by lofty hills, which protect this peaceful harbor from the winds and storms that rage in the bay without. Trees, bearing many kinds of fruits, and groves, and orchards, throw a charm around those green and fertile shores, while the blue sky and the smooth wave add new beauties to the scene. Here many of the Tory gentry settled and endeavored to keep up under these new circumstances the old feelings and institutions of ante-revolutionary times.

There was a house upon the summit of a height which overhung Digby, all hidden among trees and shrubbery. A beautiful road, with grassy side-walks, ran along in front, and from this place there was an enchanting view of the broad basin that glowed below in the tender light of the moon.

Here two persons walked, a husband and wife, arm in arm. They paced up and down, slowly and carelessly, before the house, and occasionally glanced at the water, and at times upon the house.

"George," said the lady, "do you ever wish now to return to your home by the Hudson?"

"No, Clara, dearest," replied George Melvil. "I have found so much happiness with you in this beautiful spot that I have no wish to return. Have you!"

"O, no! I would live here, most willingly, forever. The memory of that awful day—of a murdered father—of a mother dying from a broken heart—O, it is awful! It haunts me still."

Both walked on in silence. As they walked, a figure approached them. His shape could hardly be distinguished as he drew near them, walking beneath the gloom of an avenue of shadowy trees. Enveloped in a cloak, he paced along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but approaching with stern and steadfast pace the home of Melvil. He walked on,—he drew nearer. The sound of his footsteps aroused them. They turned just as he came up to them.

"Is this the house of George Melvil?" asked the stranger.

His voice thrilled through the hearts of both. It reminded them of former times, and sounded like a voice from the past.

"Of Melvil? It is,—I am Melvil," said George.

"Then perhaps you recollect me," said the stranger.

He took off his hat, and let his cloak fall to the ground. Melvil started. Clara uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, and threw herself

into the arms of her brother. For there,—with his form invested with iron sinews by years of toil, and with a face bronzed by exposure, with hair black as night, and eyes black, yet flashing like coals but half consumed,—there stood the long absent Edgar Bonnin.

"My brother!" cried Clara.

"Edgar!" cried George, recognizing his old friend. "This is indeed an unexpected meeting. Where did you come from? How did you get here? We had supposed that you were lost to us forever."

"I have not seen you since that fatal day," cried Clara. "O, Edgar, where did you go then?"

"I went to pursue Marshall."

"Marshall?"

"Yes, to take vengeance on the murderer of my father and my mother. O," cried Edgar, as a flood of cruel memories rolled through his mind, "O, what a blow! It cut down father and mother, and wasted the energies of a son in a fruitless search for vengeance."

"Fruitless? Tell me, then, have you been so unsuccessful?"

"No. I will tell you all. Come, George,—come Clara. Before we talk any more I will satisfy your curiosity about myself. I will tell you all that has happened since then."

"Come, then, Edgar," said George, "here is a seat where we all can sit, and we will listen while you tell your story."

They seated themselves upon a rustic bench on the side of the road. Huge elms overhung them, and lent their shadowy gloom to the scene. Beneath, the waters of the harbor sparkled and gleamed.

"When my father was brought into our hall on that awful day, murdered by one whom long before he had befriended; when I saw his gory face, and his silver hair all clotted with blood, then all earthly hopes died away within me, every human feeling at once departed, and left in my soul but one all-pervading and consuming thirst for vengeance."

Thus Edgar began his story.

"I stayed long in that hall," he went on to say. "I heard nothing and saw nothing, save the murdered corpse of my father. At last I went into the room, and there another sight met my eyes. I saw my mother dead,—killed by that shock,—while you, Clara, knelt over her, vainly trying to call back life again to her cold body."

"Then, after making a terrible vow to Heaven that I would devote my life to vengeance, I left my home forever. I knew that you, Clara,

would have a protector, and I felt the call of a father's ghost more imperative than love for a sister. I left a note for you and fled.

"I was young then. I was a boy of twenty, with a slender form, weak limbs, and a smooth and delicate face. No care or sorrow had ever been felt by me. Look at me now. I am rough and rude, with iron limbs, and scarred body. Long years of search for vengeance have done this. They have transformed the tender stripling into the man of iron.

"I took a horse and rode away to Boston. It was then possessed by the British army. Since all my friends were well known Tories, I was well received by the officers, and every kindness was shown me. I published my vow among them. I let them know that I was living only for revenge.

"Whenever I walked through the streets, I instinctively looked around, in order to see if by any chance Marshall might be among the passers-by. Whenever I went into a crowded assembly, my eye glanced everywhere in search of him. Once I saw him. It was in a church. He was seated in the gallery, drest in miserable clothes. He was joining in the services, anxiously, yet with an evident desire not to be noticed. Yet I marked him. It was Sunday. After church I followed him to his lodgings. I found out his resting place and left, intending to call on the following day.

"He must have known that I was on his track. I went on the next morning, early, very early, but he was gone. He had fled, and I knew not where. No one could tell me. Every one was ignorant even of his name.

"Then began my wild search in reality. Knowing that he would not go back to New York, I went farther north in search of him. I went into the woods and made myself a companion to the Indians. By means of many little acts of kindness, I gained an ascendancy over these wild sons of the forest. I told them my aim, and my vengeful intentions found admirers among the Indians. The fierce desires which filled my heart were like the savage instincts of their bosoms. They entered into my plans. They swore to help me. Several times I came upon the track of my victim. Once I stopped at a house where he but a few days previously had slept. I found a shred of a letter lying in the room, and knew it belonged to him by the direction, which still remained.

"At another time, I was going down the Hudson, and the vessel was passing a small settlement. Borne swiftly on by the wind and current, we floated quickly by. A man stood upon

the shore, looking out upon the water. It was Marshall!

"I knew him in a moment. I shouted to the captain to 'bout ship.' I made him run his vessel in shore. Marshall saw the vessel coming, and heard the unusual noise. He knew me, and fled. I leaped from the vessel,—I sprang into the water, and swam to the shore. I searched among the woods around, and made inquiries everywhere; but he was gone.

"At another time, I was crossing the Delaware in a small boat, when a ship under full sail passed by. A face appeared for a moment, looking over the taffrail. Then instantly it drew back. I knew it. It was the hated face of my enemy. I shouted to the ship to stop,—I implored the boatmen to pursue her. Both shipmen and boatmen thought me mad.

"I hurried to Philadelphia, where I found the ship was bound for New Orleans. Immediately embarking, I sailed thence, after him. But that ship never arrived. She was wrecked upon the coast of South Carolina, and her passengers escaped. I returned north. I went to Charlestown, but found that Marshall had gone to Baltimore with most of the other passengers. I pursued him.

"But I will not tell you all my wanderings now. For nearly six years I have thus pursued him. The fierce desire for vengeance which sprang up within me at my father's death, increased during all that time, and, like a flame, consumed every other.

"Once—'twas but a month ago—I was in New York, and I revisited the old house. Sadly I walked up and down the street, looking at it and wishing to enter in, but unable to do so. For it had passed into other hands, and the name of Bonnin was forgotten; and then, too, the awful tragedy once enacted there gave it a veil of horror in my eyes.

"Upon returning to the hotel, I found a letter waiting for me. Written in a tremulous hand upon the outside I saw my name, and I trembled with unutterable feelings. I tore it open,—I knew whom it came from. It contained only these words:

"Come to the Anchor House and take your revenge."

"Flinging the paper upon the table, I rushed from the room.

"The 'Anchor House' was a miserable sailor's inn, situated in the worst part of the town. To be living at so horrible a place showed how poor he was. Grasping my arms to defend myself from foul play, I hurried on. The landlord of the Anchor told me an old man, who was very

sick, expected some one. An old man,—I knew from the first it was he.

"I entered the room. When I stepped over that threshold my heart was almost bursting, and my blood was on fire.

"One glance changed my feelings. For I saw an old man,—a weak, feeble, suffering old man, with a few straggling locks upon his head, and a cadaverous face, whose glassy eyes already spoke of death. Was this my victim? Pah!

"But what need had I now of vengeance? Had not he been living long years of continual misery? Had he not suffered from remorse and from incessant fear of instant death? They had brought him to this. They had brought him to despair and to death.

"Come and be revenged."

"Thus spoke my enemy,—the murderer of my father,—but O, how tremulous was his voice! how weak his accents! I drew near to him. His dim eyes slightly flashed as I approached, and a shudder went through him.

"He was alone, friendless, dying. Yet I did not exult. I did not exult over the stricken wretch.

"I do not want your blood, I said. You took the life of my father, and killed my mother; but yet—

"Your mother!—Clara!—what, killed?"

"You are her murderer, old man. I am the orphan of your victims. I am your unrelenting enemy.

"You come to me in my hours of misery. You are the avenger of blood; but I,—O, what am I?"

"Soon you will be rid of one avenger of blood; but what city of refuge will you have, murderer and assassin?"

"It went against my feelings to speak so to him, though I was his bitter enemy.

"Young man,—young Bonnin,—son of Clara, sit down here and listen to my story, and then kill me. Then finish the vengeance which you have begun and thus far carried on."

"I did so. The old man told a strange story. I will tell it to you in his own words:

"I was taken from my home at an early age," said he, "by your grandfather, and was sent to school. He saw something in me to like and wished to make something out of me. I was alone in the world. I was brought up with your father, and we were almost inseparable. At times his imperious disposition would prompt him to act in an arbitrary manner, but he was always ready to ask my forgiveness.

"Clara Conner, your mother, lived not far away. She was a magnificent young girl. Her

stately form and noble countenance were the admiration of all. Your father became her acknowledged lover. They were always together. Alas, how her fondness for him sent pangs of jealousy through my soul.

"'Jealousy? Yes, jealousy. You start. You shrink back,—but it is even so. Alas, why should a humble, low-born, plain featured boy like me love so desperately one far above me? I cannot tell. I could not avoid it. I loved her madly, yet I was forced to see her go to the arms of another.

"'O, heavens! You who have felt something of the storm of human passion, judge if you can what must have been my emotions. Imagine if you can the horrible feelings which filled me then; how irresistible their fury, how overpowering, how awful, if even now, when my blood is cooled by age, it fires up at the remembrance, and causes my heart to throb with a fiercer power.'

"Here he paused for a moment, trembling from head to foot with agitation. I implored him to be calm.

"'No, hear me out! hear me out!' he cried, almost frantically. 'I have something more to tell you before I die. Already the awful chill of death is upon me, and I die! I die!

"'Clara was married to your father. I hushed my feelings for a time to rest, and bided my time. I induced your father to lend me money, for I hoped to get him into obligations which he might not meet, and thus bring him to ruin. Why did I thus act? What injury had I ever received from him? None; but he had taken Clara from me, and his very kindness to me now made me hate him more.

"'I could not ruin him privately. I became his open enemy. I could conceal my hate no longer, and I told him why I was his foe. A year or two passed on. The war broke out. I murdered him,—and, O, God, I murdered Clara!

"'You have had your revenge! You have it now, for I die of horror, of fear, with my soul—stung—by—re—morse—remorse!'

"These were his last words. He died there, with an expression of hideous anguish upon his countenance."

The long years of vengeful passions had changed Edgar into a silent, sombre man. He remained for the rest of his life in Digby, living in his old friend's house, and cheered by the love of Clara and Melvil. But often their thoughts wandered to the past, and they shuddered as memory brought back a reflection of the murderer's death.

LIFE'S LAST MELODY.

Tearfully inscribed to the family of the late Chas. A. Day.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

Sing, dear ones, of the heaven
That soon will meet my eye:
Let choral tides triumphant
Float with my passing sigh.
Life's cup has brimmed with blessings;
But my willing soul would flee
Up to the shining portal,
Where God's angels wait for me.

The weeping group around him
Strove, mid the spirit's pain,
To raise the song so holy;
But the faltering refrain
Died like a zephyr's breathings,
When the voice, so soon to cease,
Rose on the startled silence,
And sang of heavenly peace

But God's messenger drew nearer:
They felt the gathering gloom,
That his dusky pinions scattered,
Almost a shape assume;
And words that told their anguish
From stricken hearts found way;
"O, thou who died on Calvary,
Take this bitter draught away."

But the light of soul was fading
In those deep, holy eyes,
It was panting for its freedom,
And the home beyond the skies;
Heart-wrung, they gazed upon him,
But on dust those looks were shed:
The form of strength and beauty
Was numbered with the dead.

O, soul of truth and honor!
This world was not thy rest;
Earth's rust had dimmed thy glory,
Had ye longer been its guest.
'Tis not for *thee*, now happy,
That we veil our eyes in woe;
'Tis for hearts grief's hand is crushing
For those who loved ye so.

When golden darts come flashing
Through amber gates of morn,
Flinging their radiance o'er them,
'Twill not light their hearts forlorn:
And many fiery sunsets
Will blaze along the sky,
Ere the hearts thy loss has riven,
At thy memory cease to sigh.

The plainest man who pays attention to women, will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest man, who does not. Wilkes observed to Lord Townsend, "You, my lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I am the plainest. But I would give your lordship half an hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win; because all those attentions which you would omit on the score of a fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine."

TO LOUISE.

BY C. P. REYNOLDS.

Not in the dazzling throng,
When hearts are light and free;
Not when the thrilling song's
Poured forth in melody;
Not when thy suitors proud
Unto thee bend the knee;
But, in thine hour of prayer,
O, give one thought to me.

Not when the noonday sun
Sheds forth his genial ray;
But, when the cold and silent moon
Is on her lonely way;
Then, then, I only ask,
When thou art on thy knee,
In prayer to Heaven above,
One thought thou'lt give to me.

THE PRIEST'S VICTIM.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"WELL met, Mima! Whither away so fast?"

"Ah, is it possible! A thousand pardons, count, for not perceiving you sooner."

"And how could that have happened, little fairy, since you have no eyes in the back of your head?"

"O, monsieur, do not make sport of a little waiting-maid. But it so confuses me meeting you on the sudden. And it has been so long since—and my poor mistress—"

"Ay, and what of her?" said the count, suddenly losing his assumed levity of tone, while his companion also tripped less gaily by his side.

"Ah, my count—pardon, monsieur, that I take such liberty—but she does not seem as of old. She is now so sad; we know for what and for whom. She neither sews nor reads; and you know she can do both so beautifully! She does nothing but move back and forth; every now and then looking listlessly from the window, as if she knew not why or what she sought. And then at eve, she so watches the stars! And yet I think she sees them not. Never is she out of doors except to go to the church and the confessional. Surely, monsieur, one so good and gentle need not so often seek penance and absolution from the priest!"

"A malediction on them!" muttered the count. "Would the earth might swallow them all! Yes, you said truly, Mima. She has not need. And then she goes often to the confessional?"

"It is true. But, monsieur, do not frown so, I beseech you. You know not how it frightens me! Indeed, it is as I have said. And I have

heard her speak some strange words. I mistrust that they have been persuading her to give all her possessions to the church and become a nun. Would it not be a pity, sir, so young and so beautiful?"

"Mima, it shall not be. The mere thought of it is torture. But how to prevent it! I must see her, yes, and speak with her, Mima. You know that she has forbid me her presence; nor would I intrude, were it to her injury. But meet her I must, and you shall show me the means."

"Ah, count!" said the little waiting-maid, while the tears danced in her merry eyes, "one would attempt anything for two such lovers. For I know that she *does* love you still, and I think as much as ever, try to conceal it as much as she may."

"Thanks, my pretty friend. But how shall I gain a meeting?"

"I have it. Let us hasten to the Parc des Etrangeres, where I am sure that we shall presently fall in with my mistress. It is even yet early in the morn, and she could not have returned from *matins* as yet. We will go to the most thickly shaded path, at the right of the eastern avenue, for it is there that she almost always walks."

Thitherward they therefore turned their steps, the girl almost out of breath in endeavoring to keep pace with the impatience of her companion. Thus they reached the gate of the noble park, once the glory of Lyons, though nearly two centuries have now passed since it has been obliterated from her midst. We have said obliterated, although one relic we believe still remains in the fountain overshadowed by an aged tree, which now stands at the corner of the Rue de Mer. This fountain, half ruined as it is, still shows some remnant of the beauty which once adorned it when the sculptured naiad rose in graceful shape from amid its flowing waters. Half way placed adown the narrow path which was the favorite resort of Mima's mistress, its fitful sheen was nevertheless plainly discernible from the entrance of this mimic forest-way.

"Here I leave you, monsieur," said Mima, as they reached the entrance to the path. "You can conceal yourself a little farther on, till my lady returns. As for me, I would not have it known that I have had a hand in bringing you to her; and indeed, it is very likely you will not care for other company than hers."

"Thou art a good girl, Mima," the count replied. "Hie thee away then, ere I steal a kiss and thus rob thy bachelor of his due. But thou shalt keep this token for me instead."

Thus saying, he thrust a gold piece into her

hand, notwithstanding some affectation of resistance. A roguish smile, and a courtesy such as none but the grace of a Frenchwoman could equal, were the acknowledgements of Mima, who in an instant more was out of sight. Count Lora withdrew behind the trees which skirted the path.

"Here am I ensconced," thought he, "a veritable *enfant du bois*, with quite as little knowledge as any child, of what it is that I should say. Yet why should I despair? True, we parted but coldly; but if, as the maid says, I am not altogether forgotten, shall I fail to improve the opportunity? Not so, by heaven! she shall not escape me till I find that pursuit is utterly in vain. Hist! if I mistake not, hither she comes. Now let the moment prompt me, else shall I be speechless as the veriest fool!"

A female form approached from the entrance of the path, clad in vestments of black. A nearer view made more certain to the waiting lover the features of the Isabella de Foix; the dark, sad eyes, whose glance was but for an instant raised from the ground, the raven hair and the complexion of clearest olive, were no less dear than they had been in past time to Count Lora.

"More beautiful than ever!" was his mental ejaculation.

Pressing noiselessly forward, he presented himself in her way. Startled by his sudden appearance, she uttered an exclamation of surprise, paused for a moment, and then with a slight gesture of the hand, so expressive of sorrowful deprecation that even his impatient mood was controlled, sought to pass him with eyes downcast and averted.

"Am I then so much the object of dislike to the Lady Isabella," said the count, "that she would pass me without a word or a look of friendship or common civility?"

The mournful earnestness with which these words were uttered, seemed partially to arrest her steps.

"Count Lora well knows," she said, "that I am not wanting in friendly remembrance, although I may be wanting in formal words. Enough. Do not let us add aught to the grief of the past. Neither wrong me with accusations unjust and untrue."

"O, Isabella!" cried the count, springing impetuously to her side and grasping her hand within his own. "It is yourself whom you wrong. You *once* loved me. Deny it not—you cannot, you must not. Is it then past, forever? Say not so, I entreat you. Give not up a warm and beautiful existence to chill and stagnant melancholy. Let me not behold you like

yonder marble, lovely in form and feature, but cold, soulless and impassive. Cast off these bonds of icy superstition, and be yourself again!"

"Count Lora," said Isabella, extricating herself from his grasp, "is it right, is it manly, thus to presume upon my weakness? You are not ignorant of the struggle, the anguish which our parting cost me, nor of the reasons why we parted. And yet you will not spare me, thinking by such perseverance you will overcome my better resolution. Hear me then, and mark well what it is that I say—"

The downcast glance, the words abrupt and constrained, now no more were observed. Her countenance was firm, though gentle and full of grief; her words flowed freely from the heart.

"You have summoned me to memories that are past. But I forgive you, reminding you still that the future must bury them forever. Can it be possible then, recalling to yourself what is past, that you yet retain expectation of overcoming the settled resolve which religion, the counsel of holy men, and my own conscience have imposed upon me? Count Lora, spare yourself and me such idle fancies; for if no other obstacles intervened, how could I resign my well-being to one, who, though still nominally within the bosom of the church, has yet dared to acknowledge heresies at which my soul shudders with horror! Alas, do not misjudge me. Are you then the only one who suffers? Farewell! As you respect my will, follow me not."

As she turned to depart, she extended her hand to the cavalier, who, bending reverently forward, pressed it to his lips. And though her averted countenance concealed from him its visible grief, he felt that the pain of separation was equally shared in the heart of Isabella. Penetrated with deepest emotion, he remained standing transfixed to the spot, till she had vanished entirely from his sight.

"Noble girl!" he exclaimed, recovering from his reverie. "Thou hast conquered and repelled me; yet I complain not. But think not that I shall abandon the contest thus easily. However desperate the case may appear in other eyes, nothing may be deemed impossible by a lover. Well then, for the present I desist; for nature cannot long endure the fatigue that I have undergone for three days past. Day and night have I been on horse to collect and equip these raw levies for the opening campaign. Heaven cause that they give our German foes as much trouble as they have inflicted on me and mine. Now for my conference with the town-major. And then, O, for a good two hours' sleep, from

which I may spring refreshed and prepared anew for Cupid's strategy!"

"So Count Lora is your enemy. How happened this?"

The speaker glanced from beneath his bushy brows a look which seemed to penetrate to the inmost thoughts of him whom he addressed. The countenance of his companion showed an instinctive feeling of the questioner's power, for his face flushed and his lip quivered as he essayed to make reply.

"It were useless for me to disguise the reason, even were I disposed to concealment; which I am not. Father Pedro, I hate him with an unappeasable enmity. He has been my bane through life. While other men have seemed to regard him as an angel of light, to me he has been the demon's shadow, forever polluting all thoughts of joy and happiness. Why is he so much better, so much more fortunate, so much happier than I? Were we not children of like estate? Is not my arm as strong as his? Is not my longing for wealth and power as great as his? Look at us! He, rich and powerful and beloved, and I—too mean for the notice of his lowest squire!"

The priest watched with sardonic scrutiny the mental agonies of his companion. He took a genial pleasure in anatomizing the vile passions which distorted the features, and vibrated through every fibre of his living subject.

"Know you a certain Lady Isabella, orphan of Mareschal de Foix?" he at length abruptly inquired.

"I have seen her."

"She is very beautiful?"

"You have said rightly."

"Ay. And now the recollection comes to me—I am not, I think, mistaken—you have been known as an admirer of the lady."

The other returned a look of fury to the priest.

"You trifle with me, sir priest! You have studied out all my history—and from thence you have gained the instruments with which you now torment me. Yes, and you know too that he has gained her love, you know it all. But beware! my hands have dipped in nobler blood than yours!"

"You have enraged yourself without cause," answered the priest, calmly. "Do you think that I inflict pain on you, as the boy torments the pinned fly, out of pure mischievousness? Not so. Therefore command yourself. And now let me show you for what purpose I have thus questioned you. You desire revenge. I can show you a way to obtain it. You entertain

a passion for one now lost to you. I can point you to the means of success. The condemnation of the holy church is upon you for your deadly misdeeds. But the way to pardon I can show you. And the price of all this is but a momentary risk, a sharp dagger and a steady aim. What say you, Jean d'Arvan?"

"I understand you," replied the latter, his eyes flashing with a baleful light. "But how, and where?"

"In the Rue du Pont, next the church of Saint Louise, you will find the Hotel de Charlemagne. I have at hand one of the porter's liveries, which you are to put on. Enter the gate, pass up the main stairway till you reach the second landing; then turn to your right, and the first door opens into the chamber of Count Lora. Not more than three minutes since he was fast asleep. Be without fear, for the room is slightly darkened, he sleeps soundly, and all is clear for the accomplishment of your purpose. When it is past, return hither, and you will find that my promises shall be quickly fulfilled."

It was not till left alone, that Father Pedro, turning to his *escritoire*, drew from thence a neatly folded note, and unclosing it, cast his eye on the contents. They ran as follows:

"FATHER PEDRO:—To you, my most reverend confessor, I address myself once more, knowing how much compassion you have had on my frailty of mind and my want of subjection to the duties of our holy religion. But alas! how hard to give up what has hitherto seemed to make life so dear to me! Did you but know what bitter struggles of heart I have undergone. Let me but hear once more your inspiring words; they will revive my strength. Then will not the blessed saints themselves bring assistance to my uplifted will; help me to conquer my rebellious soul and reconcile me to the sacrifice which offers itself before me? Come then, once more, O reverend father; delay not, for your words of consolation are always sufficient to calm the terrors of my mind. This afternoon, then, I await you.

"ISABELLA DE FOIX."

Lighting a wax taper which stood at hand, Father Pedro held the billet over the flame till the heat shrivelled the paper to a cinder. An expression of pity overspread his countenance, in which mingled just the slightest tinge of contempt.

"Poor child," he said, half aloud: "always wavering between the one and the other path; a type of the sex whom one might think were born merely to lead man astray from the straight

onward way of life. Yes, I would spare thee, if it might be so. But the church, the church demands it. What are woman's tears, ay, and even a few stout and living hearts, compared to the triumph of the glorious banner? And thou, Count Lora, brave and well-descended, whose life-blood even now follows the assassin's dagger, thou art but one sacrifice the more. With all thy bright hopes and gallant daring, one cowardly touch doth blot thee from existence. O, this iron destiny which leads us to a fate inscrutable! I also once was young. The world how fair, how full of generous things—and now, how changed!"

His lips ceased to move, but the busy force of thought, seizing his senses, bore them back again to by-gone scenes and vanished aspirations. As thus he sat in motionless attitude, time passed unheeded by. But the coming step of Jean d'Arvan struck home to his mind as though the scarce audible sound were the loud peal of the warning bell. He passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of pain, and was at once himself again. As Jean d'Arvan entered, the eye of the priest met him with a cool and passionless regard.

"How is it?" said Father Pedro. "Is your object accomplished?"

The assassin, pale and trembling, threw himself into a chair.

"It is done," he said, fixing his eyes upon the floor. "I passed up the stairway as you directed. At the second landing I met a servant, but passed him without notice on his part, for the way was but ill lighted, and seeing my livery he was of course satisfied. I found the door, and entered as though to deliver a package or execute a message. He lay on the bed asleep. Enough. It is safely finished."

"*Absolve te*," said the priest, in a low tone. "For the rest, your reward shall not be wanting. The church is always ready to serve those who serve her. Adieu. Let me see you on the morrow, at this hour."

D'Arvan, without reply, rose and left the chamber.

"Poor puppet!" exclaimed the priest, as he paced his apartment. "So easily do their passions and fears shape mean souls to the purposes of their masters, who are themselves but the servants of a firmer and more relentless passion. Yet what are we all, save the tools or the inevitable victims of destiny? And thou, Count Lora, last of thy race; who now liest low beneath the stabber's dishonorable hand, thou art but the fated sacrifice to a vengeance which hath accumulated with the lapse of years. Thy death

hath poorly recompensed the ruin thy father wrought: the desolation of an ancient house, stalwort towers levelled with the ground, and the proud crest of the De Saulcys dragged in common mire! And I, sole representative of their name, direct the blow. No more shall the proud De Saulcys' banner lead the battle's van; no more shall their war cry sound loudest in the charge. But there are other fields than those of war, where man may aspire to lead and rule his fellows; and if the schemes of Father Pedro fail not, the cowed priest may yet attain a power as absolute as that of his coronetted ancestors. What care I now for love or wealth, so that the stern cravings of ambition be satisfied? Love and wealth I leave to thee, Regnault, my son, child of the wronged Marie, who though unowned, art yet regarded with watchful and jealous affection. But the Lady Isabella awaits me; I must needs urge her on to her superstitious sacrifice. Her lover—chief obstacle in my path—is removed. His death will make her wavering resolution sure, and the wealth which she will yield, shall make one step more in my ascent."

The morrow's sun had not yet approached the meridian, when the priest passed up one of the side aisles of the metropolitan church, moving somewhat slowly, to accommodate his pace to that of two females, who were his companions. One of them, Isabella de Foix, leaned for support on the arm of a person attired in the garb of a nun. The latter, seemingly from forty to fifty years of age, appeared to regard her grief-stricken companion with but scanty compassion, while, on the other hand, the priest redoubled his efforts at encouragement.

"I blame not thy grief, my daughter," he said. "It is but natural; and most unfortunate it was that thou shouldst have heard of this atrocious crime at a moment when thou didst stand in so much need of composure. But thou shouldst reflect, child, that it is as if Heaven itself had removed this great obstacle from thy path of duty. Courage, then; the worst is over. Thou art soon to leave a world of anxiety and disappointment, for an asylum where peace and holy quietness alone can enter."

By this time they had arrived at a low arched way leading from the aisle, about half way up its length. Within the arch stood a youth dressed in chorister's vestments. As the priest approached, this attendant, with a graceful obeisance, pushed partly open a small door.

"Enter," he said, "if it please your reverence. The bishop awaits you within."

The sole tenant of the apartment into which

they were thus ushered, was a man whose robes, significant of his superior office, covered a person rather inclined to corpulency. His features, betokening somewhat beyond a middle age, were well rounded and prepossessing. The eyes, though by no means devoid of brilliancy, were chiefly remarkable for mildness of expression. Indeed, one would have hardly suspected him as being more than an easy-going, well-fed church dignitary, were it not for the boldly marked lines of nose and mouth, which many claim to be the physiognomical signs of genius. Returning in like manner the respectful salutation of the priest, he awaited in silence the communication which the latter should make.

"Your reverence," said Father Pedro, "is already aware, I think, of the purpose entertained by the Lady Isabella de Foix to claim membership among the nuns of the holy order of Saint Cecelia. According to the manner which you have established in such cases, I have introduced the candidate, that you may be fully satisfied in regard to her rightful qualification. Nevertheless, I may be pardoned, when with all humility, I state that from my unmistakable knowledge, I can affirm her fitness for the consecrated office."

"It is not my custom," said the bishop, interrupting further remark, "wholly to delegate to any, however faithful, the task which I have imposed on myself alone. As, therefore, I would question the candidate, leaving her as free as possible from extraneous influence or association, I will entreat yourself and our sister the abbess, to withdraw for a space to the vestibule, where the worthy Paulus will furnish you with seats."

The brows of the priest lowered with vexation.

"Surely," he said, "your reverence would not deny to the trembling candidate the sustaining power of her accustomed confessor?"

"Father Pedro," replied his superior, "it is not without due consideration that I make the request. I trust that you will present no further objection."

The priest, bending his head in token of acquiescence, withdrew, accompanied by the abbess.

"And now," continued the bishop, directing his attention to her who remained behind, "tell me, my child, confiding freely in me as you would in a father, stands your mind thoroughly determined towards this purpose of which we speak?"

In the breast of Isabella, resolution scarce surmounted the despair which new sorrows had inflicted.

"I have no other refuge left!" she said, in accents of the deepest distress.

"My child," rejoined the bishop, "I fear that other motives than such as I would accept have at least helped to influence thee. Say then, for I know how powerful are such things with the young, has friend or lover proved unfaithful, or other sudden anguish disturbed the healthy balance of thy mind?"

"Alas!" replied Isabella, clasping her hands convulsively; "he lies basely murdered in the Hotel de Charlemagne!"

"Infamous!" exclaimed the bishop, in a low and agitated voice. "And his name?"

"He was called Count Lora," said Isabella, in a broken voice, as she knelt at the feet of the prelate. "Ah, how happy might our lives have passed, had it not been for the wicked heresy into which he fell, and against which Father Pedro hath so earnestly warned me."

"Poor youth!" replied the bishop. "But grieve no more; thy sorrow shall be turned to joy. Know thou that the Count Lora still lives. A stranger, recently appointed lieutenant of his troop, and who occupied the adjoining chamber, received the blow which was doubtless intended for thy lover. And as for this dreadful heresy which has so shocked thy tender conscience, I, who am acquainted with the family (were they not the patrons of my desolate orphanage?) have good reason to believe that it consists merely in such difference of opinion on certain points as may be and is entertained by many most praiseworthy subjects of the church. And this Father Pedro, who unworthily wears the priestly garb, is but an unscrupulous hypocrite, whose arts I may expose, although I have not the power to punish them as they deserve. On these sacred robes I wear, I pledge the truth of this assertion which I am fully able to prove. Go, my daughter; consider this matter further. For my own part, I suspect thou wilt soon require the service of the church in other fashion than that which thou didst just now entertain."

His fair hearer, at first scarce able to comprehend the joyful intelligence, could even now only give utterance to incoherent thanks for the counsel and protection which had been afforded. The abbess was recalled, and the pair were directed by the bishop to retire to the church library towards which a narrow passage way led from the room where he held audience.

The bishop now touched a bell which had been placed at hand. Paulus appeared at the door, and at a word from his master threw it open for the priest, who, entering, closed the door behind.

"Father Pedro," said the bishop, "I am not as yet fully satisfied with the result of my interview with the candidate whom you have offered. Indeed, I have great reason to think that insuperable objections are likely to interfere with the further prosecution of this matter."

The priest started an angry look at the speaker; but instantly recovering himself, replied in a tone of affected dispassion:

"My lord, it would ill befit one of the humblest servants of the church to force advice upon one so much his superior. But allow me, nevertheless, to say, that it would sound but ill in the ears of Pope Pius, the tale of that wealth which thou art about to turn away from the treasury of the church."

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the bishop. "Do you expect thus to browbeat me? Equally ready art thou with thy lying tongue and the murderous dagger! But the bloody deed hath fallen short of the intended mark. Ha, dost thou start? Knowest thou that the blood which flowed was from other bosom than that of Count Lora?"

The priest replied in hollow and constrained tones, as one to whom the exertion necessary for the mastery of his passions had denied the accustomed energy of speech.

"John D'Amiens, to whom I owe obedience as bishop of Lyons, you have accused me of the basest wickedness which man can conceive. It is not here that I shall seek to defend myself. I appeal to a higher jurisdiction. Let us see which will best abide the examination. As for the death of Count Lora, I but feared it from common report; and it is not astonishing that I should be surprised at the sudden refutation of what I had used as a powerful argument with the wavering Lady Isabella. I go: but remember, sir bishop, the fable of the worm, which, when trodden upon was turned into a devouring serpent."

Leaving the cathedral, the priest turned toward one of the lower quarters of the city. When once he had gained its narrow and not over clean streets, he hurried on with feverish haste, shading his face with the mantle he wore, till, arriving at a decayed mansion which overhung one of the most remote lanes, he entered the gate and knocked at an inner door.

"Is Monsieur D'Arvan in?" he asked.

"He is in his own room," was the reply of the bleary-eyed sentinel.

The priest ascended to the apartment indicated, and tapping repeatedly upon the panel, was admitted by D'Arvan himself, whose flushed countenance bore witness to a recent debauch.

His color, however, quickly paled before the piercing scrutiny of his guest.

"Are you then so lavish of blood," demanded the latter, "that one life destroyed in vain weighs so little on your conscience?"

"I own my fault," said D'Arvan, in a querulous tone. "But the passage was dark, and the person of the servant I met must have concealed the door so that I did not observe it."

"And this youth who fell your victim?"

"Was the companion and lieutenant of the count."

"His name?" asked the priest, hurriedly.

"Jules Regnault," replied the assassin.

Father Pedro fell back in his seat, and a terrible agony quivered through his frame, while his hands were pressed convulsively before his eyes.

"Wretch accursed! You have murdered my son!"

The awful annunciation pierced the soul of the villain with superstitious terror. Grovelling like a hound before his master, he pressed his lips to the hem of the priest's garment with the most abject entreaty for forgiveness.

With incoherent rapidity, he continued to pour forth similar asseverations, until he was forced to pause from very exhaustion of voice. But no reply came from Father Pedro, nor had the slightest change appeared in his position. A new alarm now seized upon D'Arvan. Springing to his feet, he placed his grasp upon the hands of the priest. Icy cold as they were, he tore them from their hold, and before him lay the frightfully distorted lineaments of a corpse. With a cry of horror, D'Arvan rushed from the house, never more to return.

But while this scene of remorse and shameful death was being enacted among the dens of crime, far removed from thence, and encircled only by thoughts of love and happiness, Count Lora and Isabella de Foix exchanged before the benignant eyes of John D'Amiens, the mutual vows to which the marriage day should shortly place the final seal.

HABITS OF READING.

Girls who have been accustomed to devour a multitude of frivolous books, will converse and write with a far greater appearance of skill, as to style and sentiment, at twelve or fourteen years old, than those of a more advanced age who are under the discipline of severe studies; but the former, having attained to that low standard which had been held out to them, become stationary, while the latter are quickly progressing to a higher strain of mind, and those who early begin with talking and writing like women, commonly end with thinking and acting like children.—*Ladies' Newspaper.*

THE SONG OF OTHER YEARS.

BY ASHER COOK, JR.

O sing that song of other years,
 O sing that song for me;
 Like sunbeams seen through dewy tears,
 It bursts on memory.

How many a thought comes with that song
 Of brighter, happier hours,
 When life was in its early spring
 Of sunshine and of flowers!

Then sing again that song for me;
 How many a thought comes with that strain,
 Of those we loved—of infancy—
 Of joys that ne'er can come again.

THE LONG-BOAT, AND ITS CREW.

A THRILLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

ONE pleasant evening while our ship was lying at Naples, a small party of us were enjoying a social time at a cafe on the Stradadi Toledo. Among our number was an old quarter-master named Ben Wallace. He had passed through almost every grade of life during the long years he had spent on earth, and now in his old age, he found a home in our navy, as "signal-quarter-master," and a faithful officer he was. He had in his lifetime made more than one fortune, but he never knew how to lay up money. He could earn, but he could not keep. For many years in his younger days, he had commanded some of the finest ships that sailed out of the States, and now he spent much of his time on ship-board in teaching navigation.

The evening had fairly set in, and after we had eaten our suppers, we went out upon one of the broad balconies that overlooked the street and sat down to smoke and chat. At length the idea was broached that our old quarter-master should give us a story from his own experience. He hesitated at first, but after a little coaxing he threw away his cigar, and after having fortified himself with a generous quid of tobacco he related to us the following incident in his own experience.

"It is now nearly forty years ago that I had command of the ship Isaac Walsingham. She was a good craft, and an excellent sea-boat. I sailed her from New York, and was bound first to Rio, and then to Canton. I made a first-rate trip to Rio, and there I took in a heavy cargo, and then up anchor for the Indies. We had

been at sea from this last place about three weeks, without having to even tack ship, but there was a worse fate in store for us. One evening when I came up from my cabin, I noticed that the atmosphere felt curiously, and that the sails were flapping against the masts. My mate told me that the wind had been gone about half an hour, and that he expected it would come out from some other quarter as soon as the sun was fairly down.

"I looked off to the west'rd, and saw that the sun was setting in a red, fiery haze, just as though a great city or forest were all burning up about it. I watched that sign for some time, and then went back to my cabin and looked at my barometer. I found that the mercury had fallen nearly an inch. As quickly as possible I hurried on deck and ordered all the light sails to be taken in and the spars sent down. The men seemed to have an intuitive perception of the approach of a storm of some kind, for they sprang to the work with a will, and in a very few minutes we had the old ship under three topsails, close-reefed and a storm-mizzen and fore-staysail.

"In half an hour after the sun had gone down, it seemed to be hard work to talk and breathe, the atmosphere was so light and rarified. The men knew now well enough what was coming, for without any orders they had begun to reave life-lines fore and aft. The sun set about seven o'clock, and at eight we began to feel the coming of the storm. First there came a low, moaning sound, very much like the wail of a child, only more deep and grum. This grew louder, and directly we felt light puffs of cool wind strike upon our cheeks, and the topsails began to feel it. These weren't like the fresh puffs of a healthy breeze, but they felt chilly, and almost touched us as does the spark from an electrical machine. I heard the roar growing louder, and I began to be afraid it might knock us down, so I got the ship stern to it, and in a minute more it came.

"Good mercy! The water flew over us before the gale touched us, but when the puff did come there was a screeching. For some time we were under water, and I thought almost all were gone. The gale came so quick and strong that it fairly drove us under water—the whole ship, nettings and all, went under like a diving duck. But she managed to shake the water off, and when she came up into day-light again, she began to start ahead. Her three topsails flew out of the bolt-ropes like pieces of wet paper, and then we were left to scud under bare poles, for the spanker and staysail didn't feel the wind a minute before they meant too.

"When we got our observation that day, we

were in latitude thirty-four degrees south, and in longitude five degrees and fifteen minutes east; so we must have been about four hundred miles west of the Cape of Good Hope. This wind, or gale, came right from the south, and I knew that if I could only keep the ship before it, I should have plenty of sea-room. At nine o'clock I went below, and agreed that I should be called at midnight, but at eleven my mate came down and told me that we must get the foresail on, and if that would not take the wind, we must bend a new topsail. I hurried on deck and found that he had spoken truly, for the gale had raised heavy seas, and those seas were beginning to gain on us, and of course the minute those fellows outrun us, they'd bury us under and founder us. I ordered the foresail loosened, and the starboard clue was hauled down. We got the sail set, but it did not serve us long, for the seas ran so high they took the wind out of it more than half the time. But I had a good crew, and we bent a fore-topsail, and this we got safely set—and that helped us.

"On the next morning, when the sun rose, the gale abated, and by eight bells we were once more on our course with the wind from the westward. At about ten o'clock my mate came down into the cabin with a face as white as ashes, and with a terrified look he told me that the ship had sprung a leak! I started on deck and found the men all in an uproar of confusion. Upon sounding the pumps I found seven feet of water in the well. We had sounded in the morning, and then there was only fourteen inches. I set half the crew at work at the pumps, and with the other half I went into the hold and commenced to break bulk to see if we could find the leak. After working half an hour, we came to some bales of old bags that we had used for stowing raw hemp. They laid against the ship's side, and the moment we took away the boxes that had laid atop they came away of their own accord, and the water rushed in in a torrent. One of the seams was open for a distance of two fathoms! We tried to jam the old bags back, but couldn't. In short, the leak couldn't be stopped, for in ten minutes after we found it, 'twas under water on both sides!

"I saw that the ship was gone in spite of fate. This seam had been opened during the night, but the bags were jammed so hard against it, that no water had come in until they had become perfectly soaked and logged; but when it did gain access it came with a rush. I called all hands on deck, and told them what had happened, and that the ship could not be saved. But," said I, "don't give up. We are surely right

in the track of nearly all Indiamen, either from the Straits, or from Europe. We will take the long-boat and trust the rest to fate."

"My men saw the matter in its true light, and as soon as their fate was known, they became calm and sober. I still kept some of the men at the pumps, and with the rest I got out the long-boat and proceeded to secure such articles as we might want. I took a compass, charts, and all my nautical instruments, and then overlooked the securing of other things, such as the boat's mast, sails, rigging, spare line, and seizing stuff, bread, water, and what spirits we had. I also looked out that we had some carpenter's tools and all other little matters we might need, not forgetting fishing-lines and hooks.

"It was just noon when we got the boat ready, and then I called the men from the pumps, and saw them all in. We had a smaller boat, but I dared not trust it in such a sea as was running then, nor did I wish that any of the men should do so. When the men were all in the boat, I looked around upon the deck, and tried to think if there was anything we had forgotten. I knew we had got all the bread that could be reached, and all the water, too. The ship was now sinking fast, and I got on board the boat and ordered her to be shoved off. We had not been gone from her side more than ten minutes before she began to reel in the water and work around before the wind. Then there came a sea that lifted her stern up, and she plunged her bows under just the same as a bird would dive. We saw the old ship no more!

"As soon as we got calm, I laid out our course and put the boat's head due east, and then I began to make out the rations to which each man should be entitled. There were twenty-nine souls in all on board, and we agreed that each man should have one pint of water and four biscuit per day, and that we would fall from that if there should be need. To this, all were agreed. Look-outs were stationed, and the men divided into four watches.

"For three days we sailed on in safety, but on the morning of the fourth, the sky looked black, and the wind was cold. By ten o'clock the wind came out from the northwest and blew a gale, and we were forced to put our boat before it. In this way we went for forty-eight hours, and during that time we must have made three hundred miles at least. Three hundred miles away from land!

"But that was not the worst that befel us. One day, while we were yet running before the wind, I was overhauling my things that were in a small chest in the stern sheets, and I took my

quadrant up and laid it upon the high thwart by the taffrail. I think I was after my Navigator. At any rate, while I was pulling away in the chest, a sea broke over the stern of the boat, and carried off my quadrant. This was a severe loss, for now we had no means of telling our position except by dead reckoning, and that was very uncertain in such a craft.

"But I won't tire you out with all the little accidents that befel us. We once more got our boat's head to the east'rd, but for a week we had only a light, puffing breeze. One morning the lookout at the bows startled us by crying out, 'a sail!' We all started to our feet, and there was a sail directly ahead. It had come down during the night, for it was now running to the south'rd. We made all manner of signals, and some of the men in the height of their frenzy yelled out with all their might, but the ship did not see us, and in half an hour from the time we first made her out, she was lost to us. After this, there was a gloom upon our devoted crew. In the stern-sheets was our last bread bag, and there were only two hundred biscuit in it! Amidships was our last wrecker of water, and we had already used half its contents!

"As near as I could calculate, we were yet three hundred miles from land, and perhaps more. The wind was now from the south'rd and west'rd, but our boat did not make much headway over the seas. On the second day from that I took fifty-eight biscuit from the bag, and it was empty! I gave two biscuit to each man, and told them we had no more! On the next morning our food was gone. For three days we had our fishing-hooks out, but without taking anything. There was a shark seen at times in our wake, but we could not capture him. That night we had no food, and only half-a-pint of water to each man. Our spirits were gone, and ere long we were without nourishment of any kind. Some of the men had saved crumbs of bread, but they only served as an aggravation.

"On the next morning the men were gnawing the oars and whatever else they could get hold of. They wet their lips with the salt water, and chewed bits of oakum and tobacco. Before night we were a sorry crew. I began to feel faint and parched. Our eyes were strained to catch the first sign of hope that might appear upon the horizon, but night shut down about us without the coming of the sign. Another morning dawned, and I saw that some of the men were almost crazy, and I began to fear that the worst might come! The sun arose to its meridian height, and its scorching rays poured mercilessly

down upon us. For an hour not a word had been spoken by any of the crew. An idea had worked its way into our minds—an idea so terrible that we dared not speak it. I could see the face of every man, and each looked upon his mates with that sidelong, furtive glance that bespeaks the weight of dreadful thought.

"At length all eyes became fixed upon me. I had prayed that some one else would speak, but none would do it. 'Boys,' said I, speaking very carefully, 'we may have rain to-night, and if we do we shall have drink!'

"'But we want food!' said my mate, in a hoarse whisper.

"The men heard him, and they started. The charm was broken, for there was but one way in which food could come. *Some one must die!*

"O it was a dreadful thought; but it was spoken. An old fore-topman spoke it, and I could see how he shuddered as he did so. Again all eyes were turned to me, and I knew I must speak. I thought awhile, and then I told them that death was staring us all in the face—that we must all die unless some one would die to save the rest. I spoke it as quickly as possible, and when it was done all agreed to what I had said. O, it is a dreadful thought to have on one's mind that life has got to be sustained upon the blood and flesh of another—that we have got to turn vampires! But man knows not what he can bring his mind to until he is forced!

"We agreed to wait until the sun's lower disc had touched the water, and then, if no sign of help came, the lot should be drawn. The time came—the sun had half sank from sight, and nothing but the recordless waste met our gaze. The work of drawing the lot was left in my hands. I tore a blank leaf from my Navigator, and cut it into twenty-nine strips, and upon one of them I made a cross with my pencil. The man who drew that was to be the victim. When they were all ready I took them in my hand, with one end projecting out far enough to allow each one to be seized readily, and then my mate began to call the names of the crew. I trembled fearfully as I held out my hand, and I could hear the men breathe as they came up and drew their lots. Twelve were thus drawn, and the twelve men had drawn clean papers. The thirteenth was a young man named Frank Billings—not yet reached the estate of manhood. He came up, and before he came I saw him clasp his hands and raise his eyes towards heaven. There was a deadly palor on his face, and twice his fingers slipped from the paper he had singled out before he drew it. It was drawn—he held it up—it bore the cross!

"The youth tottered back to his seat and sank down. The work had commenced! It was now dusk, but not a word was spoken. The low breeze hummed a mournful tune—a death-dirge—about us, and the sea whispered back the burden of the note. Frank Billings was the first to speak.

"'Boys,' he said—and he spoke more calmly than I could have done under the same circumstances. 'I am ready. I shall not blame you. With my whole heart I forgive you now. Let it be over as soon as possible.'

"There was a moment's pause, and then the old fore-topman spoke!

"'We can wait until morning,' he said. 'We can live till then.'

"We all agreed to wait until the next morning, and Frank Billings looked the thanks he could not speak. I could see that he hoped.

"During the night there was considerable dew fell, and we spread everything that we could to catch it, and by sucking the cloths, and blankets, and rags thus dampened, we slightly mitigated the pain of our mad thirst. The wind was out from the south'rd and west'rd, and our boat's head was still pointing eastward.

"The next morning came, and the breeze was fresher, and the boat went more swiftly through the water. The sun arose and we looked around for some sign of hope, but none was to be seen. All was blank—hopeless!

"'Let me die at once!' gasped the fated youth, clasping his hands. 'Strike me quickly. I will not look to see who does it.'

"All eyes were turned towards me, and I knew by their looks that they meant for me to strike the fatal blow. At that moment I did really wish that I had received the fatal lot. But an idea came to my mind. I proposed to draw lots again to decide who should be the executioner. At that moment the old fore-topman arose to his feet. It was he that first spoke the idea of the cannibal feast. He was pale and weak with hunger and thirst, and his limbs could hardly support him.

"'Boys,' said he, 'I feel the hand of death upon me, and I am willing to die, but I cannot support life in this way. When I first spoke of this I thought I could do it, but I can't. It looks different now when I see a faithful shipmate, that has stood by me in storm and sunshine, allotted to die just that we may eke out a few more days to ourselves by sucking away his life. Shipmates, you may do as you please, but for me my mind is made up. When I die, even if it be while I now speak, the blood of a true and faithful shipmate sha'n't be on my soul.'

"O, how I loved that old man then. When he sat down there was a buzz about the boat—and in another moment every man arose, and I did the same. Instinctively every hand was raised to heaven—and all agreed to live or die together.

"Frank Billings fainted, and sank down from his seat, but some of the men caught him and lifted him up, and he was soon brought to.

"We had now become so weak and faint, that hardly a man could be found strong enough to take the helm, and I looked every moment to see some one faint and die. The morning passed on, and the sun was well up. My chronometer was yet safe, and by that it was nine o'clock. Suddenly there came a sharp cry from Jack Morton, the old fore-topman before alluded to. I thought he was dying, for I heard the name of God upon his lips.

"'Look, look!' he screamed, as he leaped upon the forward thwart and caught his arm about the foremast for support.

"We did look, and saw a low bank that looked like mist in the distance. It was directly ahead.

"'It is land! land!' he uttered, sinking back upon his seat; and when I arose, I opened my telescope and looked upon the point he had seen. It was land, plain, substantial land!

"We threw water upon our sails, and through the waves we went. In half an hour the land was plainly visible to the naked eye. It was a low, sandy spot, with white dots here and there, and beyond we could see great black mountains. I knew in a moment we were heading for Table Bay, and that Cape Town was close at hand. Then I heard old sailors pray. I heard them give thanks to God in true, pious zest. We were strong now—strong with sure hope.

"At half-past eleven I ran the boat upon the sand not a cable's length from the Amsterdam Fort. We sprang out upon the dry land, and tottered on to some of the buildings of the Dutch Company. We were taken in and cared for, and our hosts had the good sense to keep us from excess in both food and drink. In time we were strong again, and not one of our crew died—not one. In a month an American ship put into the Bay on her homeward bound passage, and her commander gave us passage in her.

"Frank Billings still lives, and when I saw him last, he commanded one of the finest packet ships that sails. Old Jack Morton is dead, but he died on shore, and he had kind friends to soothe his last moments—and let me tell you that if ever a man had cause for dying happy, he

had. He was one of those who never did harm to a fellow being, but who, on the contrary, always tried to do good.

"And now, boys, I've but one word more to say. If ever I had any light thoughts of God before, I have never had them since that terrible cruise in the long-boat. If God wasn't with us on that morning when our hearts were given up to death, then I don't want to know it, for it makes me happy to think he was—and I know that Frank Billings thinks the same."

So ended Ben's story, and we who heard it were thoughtful and sparing of words during the rest of the evening.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

It is the sanctuary of space and silence. No throng can crowd these aisles; no sound of voices or of organs can displace the venerable quiet that broods here. The pope, who fills the world with all his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his quired singers, mingled with the sonorous chant of a host of priests and bishops, struggles for an instant against this ocean of stillness, and then is absorbed into it like a faint echo. The mightiest ceremonies of human worship—celebrated by the earth's chief pontiff, sweeping along in the magnificence of the most imposing array that the existing world can exhibit—seem dwindled into insignificance within this structure. They do not explain to our feelings the uses of the building. As you stand within the gorgeous, celestial dwelling, framed not for man's abode, the holy silence, the mysterious fragrance, the light of ever-burning lamps, suggest to you that it is the home of invisible spirits, an outer-court of heaven, visited, perchance, in the deeper hours of a night that is never dark within its walls, by the all-sacred *Awe* itself.—*H. B. Wallace.*

LAC DYE.

Lac dye, improperly denominated a gum, is obtained from a substance produced by an insect, *chermes lacca*, on certain trees growing in Bengal, Assam, Siam, and Pegu, the two latter countries yielding it of the finest quality. The insect deposits its egg on the leaves or branches, and then covers it with a quantity of this peculiar material, designed evidently for the purposes of protection and food for the young. The substance is formed into cells, finished with as much care and art as a honeycomb, but differently arranged. It supplies a fine red dye, and also resinous matter, extensively used in the manufacture of sealing wax, hats, and as a varnish. Lac, in its natural state, encrusting leaves and twigs, is called stick lac, and is collected twice a year by simply breaking off the vegetation, and taking it to market. If this is not done before the insects have left their cells, the value of the material as a dye is deteriorated, though supposed to be improved as a varnish. Lac dye is the coloring matter extracted from stick lac, and is usually formed into small cakes like indigo, exhibiting a hue approaching to carmine.—*Household Words.*

BALLAD.

BY W. L. SHOSMAKER.

Ah, many a year ago it seems,
Since I was first a lover;
And the hours have passed like uneasy dreams,
Since that sweet time was over.

But till the flame of my life grows cold,
In its chill and drear December,
And I shall be like a tale that's told,
Love's dream I shall still remember.

'Twas merry May, and the birds around
Were singing when first I met her;
And, as by magic, my heart was bound
At a glance in love's golden fetter.

Ah, she was as pure, and as bright and fair
As the apple's delicate blossom;
And sweet as the violets nestling there
In bliss on her swelling bosom.

Her eyes were soft as the vernal sky—
That soft May sky above her;
Her cheeks had the strawberry's tender dye,
And her breath was like the clover

She was but a simple village maid,
But hers was a noble spirit;
In sympathies rich, in such graces arrayed,
As a queen might joy to inherit.

Ah, love would blame me, if I should tell
Her coyness, and how I moved her
My love to return, and how deep and well
With my soul's whole strength I loved her.

There are some things that we must not speak,
By love's own laws forbidden;
Who surely on him will his vengeance wreak,
Who betrays what should be hidden.

One summer eve—ah, long ago!—
Our mutual vows we plighted;
In life and in death, in weal or in woe,
Our souls should be still united.

But a rival I had that I dreamed not of,
Who away in the night-time bore her,
And robbed me of her and her priceless love,
And none could to me restore her.

Since then I have walked the world alone,
With sweet sad memories laden,
Haunted by dreams of a happiness flown
Long ago, with that lovely maiden.

In the old churchyard a willow aye weeps
O'er a grave he bends sorrowful over;
And there it is that my soul's bride sleeps,
With the flowers that she loved above her.

People of nervous temperament, or what is usually called fine sensibility, in their joys and sorrows are ever in extremes. In adversity, their depression is too deep, because they have not fortitude to sustain it with constancy and composure; in prosperity, their elation rises too high, because they have not moderation to temper it with reflection and forethought.

THE SNOW SHEEN.

BY H. BOSCOE EDGERT.

Barely, there's glory in thy silent falling,
 Purest of earth robes, glittering on her breast;
 As o'er a virgin gathering thy fair raiment,
 Ere she goes smiling to her quiet rest.
 Earth "calmly wraps thy drapery about her,"
 Smiles not, nor frowns upon thy pearly folds;
 Gives thee a voiceless greeting, but no token
 Of the wild tumults she beneath thee holds.

Yet, in the hush of thy untutored coming,
 See the chained night-winds linger in the hull;
 Lift thy flakes lightly, dallying with the jewels
 Countless and peerless, "passing beautiful!"
 But, if presumptuous hand caresses thee,
 Softly thou yieldest to the grasp in part;
 Only to answer with a chill repellent,
 That even creeps unto the buoyant heart.

It makes us mournful with thy sad reminders!
 Our early dead—angels in heaven they are;
 Once, like new fallen snow—and Death's wing shadow
 Chilled the sweet purity it could not mar!
 Snow of the winter night! Thy glory
 Fragile as pure, the seal of frailty wears;
 Let me but sketch thy briefly brilliant story,
 And if it may be, gently pencil theirs!

Then, in the sunlight of a summer morning,
 Swiftly and silently shalt soar away,
 To gleam in gorgeous skies, Hope's bow adorning,
 Throned in a coronet of light—and they,
 Called at the dawning of a day eternal,
 Snow flakes on earth, in heaven shall jewels be!
 Nor change, nor chill shall dim their holy beauty,
 Bathed in the effulgence of eternity.

THE LOVE OF A LIFETIME:

—OR,—

THE PROPHECY.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"GOOD-BY, Allen—don't forget us here at home," faltered a fair, lovely girl, as she gave her hand to young Allen Heywood, on the deck of a steamer bound for Liverpool. He had bade all the rest adieu with a steady lip, bright smiles and gay, cheerful words, and she was the last, standing a little apart from the others when he approached her. He took her hand.

"I shall never forget you, Mary, where'er I go; but will you remember me?"

"I will try," she uttered in a voice that strove to be playful and indifferent, but which nevertheless belied the brave smile upon her lip. She could not meet the earnest eyes that were looking down upon her, and for a moment neither spoke, while he still held her hand.

At last a happy idea seemed to strike him,

for a mischievous smile deepened the corners of his mouth, and rejoining the group, he said, in his old, sportive manner:

"I think the ladies ought to give me some memento, or talisman, against the trials and temptations of a foreign life—a ringlet or—"

"Wont you take a kiss, Allen?" broke out his friend Harry, laughingly.

"You have said it, Hal—it is what I never should have dared!"

Of course, the ladies put a veto on this, all but his sister Grace—for the rest, they forthwith gayly commenced a search for gifts. One took a ribbon from her neck, another flung him a glove, which he gallantly caught, and pressing to his lips, placed within his bosom; another, a little, careless, hoydenish thing, put an emerald ring upon his finger. Mary was the only one who had nothing for him.

"I am sorry," she said, as he looked at her inquiringly, "I have nothing suitable."

"Will you allow me to judge?"

She bowed her head and blushed, while he severed a soft brown curl from the drooping head with a small pocket pen-knife.

Something like a tear dimmed her eye as she saw him place it reverently beside the pictured face of his mother, and then restore the locket to his bosom. A few more adieus, a few more pleasant promises, a few more hand clasps, and the little party left the ship, and waved their "good-by's" from the shore.

Allen Heywood stood upon the deck, bowing and smiling, his head uncovered, and the wild, wanton May wind frolicking with his brown curls, and kissing his cheek into blushes. He was enough to turn the head and witch the heart of any woman—so gay, and handsome, and smiling; so full of quick, warm feeling and charming courtesy as he was. No wonder Mary Carroll loved him, though he had never made her a formal offer of his hand. But would he be true to her? Would not the very qualities which endeared him to society prove her worst enemies?

O, Mary, do not look so confidently at that gay, fascinating figure, which the steamer is fast bearing away from your vision. Turn away, and forget him, as in all probability he will you amid the dazzle and shine of foreign splendor. He is young, rich, handsome and impulsive. You are none of these—that fair, expressive face is not beautiful or dazzling in its quiet loveliness. That form is too petite to be royal and majestic; turn away and gather up courage! But the smile upon her lip is full of loving faith; her step elastic with hope as she walks homeward.

There was a small party that night at one of her young friends, and Mary, agreeably to her promise—for her inclination would have detained her at home—attended.

"We shall have some rare fun, Mary," said her young hostess, Anna Hanton, as she met Mary at the door, "for Monsieur Dunois, that old French juggler and fortune-teller, has promised to come."

"What an absurd idea, Anna!" exclaimed her elder sister, lifting her eyes from the flowers she was assorting in aristocratic disdain.

"Absurd or not, lady Arabel, he's coming, for papa said so. For my part, I do like something amusing at parties, something besides this everlasting polking and schottishings. And you are so stuck up, 'Bel, everybody knows that your parties are the stupidest things in the world. I heard Harry Gordon say of the last one, that it was a terrible stiff affair, and he was bored to death."

The color deepened with anger on Arabel's round cheeks, and an angry retort was on her lip, when gentle Mary Carroll interrupted it with:

"O, you naughty little Anna, why not tell the whole—that he should be bored to death at fashionable parties, 'were it not for one star—charming Arabel Hanton."

The angry color faded from Arabel's cheek, and the sharp word was left unsaid, while Mary, the peace-maker, linked her arm within Anna's, and went up to the dressing-room.

It was rare fun, indeed, as the giddy Anna had predicted. Pierre Dunois, besides his accomplishments as juggler and seer, was a wit of no mean order, and even the stately Arabel was fain to acknowledge his amusing powers. The fortune-telling was left until the last, and many a gay, young heart beat high as the prophetic words fell upon her ear. At the commencement of the oracles, Mary Carroll had withdrawn from the group, and stole off to the conservatory, near which they stood. She had always had a repugnance, a secret dread of having the future predicted, and now with the sweet memories of the day busy at her heart, she shrank from any prophecies which should disturb this dream. She scarcely owned that she believed them, but she knew enough of herself to be aware that it was best to keep aloof from any such amusement, if she wanted an untroubled heart. But Gracie Heywood, missing her brother's favorite from the group, exclaimed:

"Where's Mary Carroll? Say, Mary, where are you?" and poor Mary had nothing to do but emerge from her retreat.

"Ah, Miss Modesty, you thought to escape, did you? But we sha'n't let you off so easily, so don't spare her blushes, *monsieur*, but tell us all you know of her—sweethearts," rattled on the lively Grace, as she drew her companion up to the seer.

Pierre Dunois took the slender white hand in his, and spread out the rosy fingers till he had a fair view of the soft, pink palm. The look of mirth and sarcasm vanished from his face, and an expression of deep interest, for the first time that evening, was visible.

"Lady, you will be deeply disappointed in one you love—faithless and forgetful, he will win the love of a titled dame, less fair, and far less pure than the one he leaves; but you will have your revenge—in the same foreign clime you will be wooed and won to a station, far above the high-born woman, that of a loved and honored wife."

Mary had long ago learned to control her emotions, so that those who saw the same calm smile upon her lips, with perhaps a little deeper color, knew not of the fearful forebodings that agitated her heart, as Pierre Dunois relinquished her hand. What was it to her now, that in after years she should be a loved and honored wife, if Allen Heywood was to prove false to her? She heeded not the happiness which came from other hands than his. She was beginning early to learn the misery of those words—"Faithless and forgetful."

It was the first of May in Florence—soft, sunny Florence, redolent of luxury and oppression. Gay groups, pedestrians, and elegant vehicles loaded with fair freights, moved along the Casino at the fashionable hour. Among the horsemen was a young man in a plain English citizen's dress, yet remarkable for his singular beauty and elegant carriage.

"Look! 'tis the young American," said a handsome girl, in Italian, as he rode past. "One can see that he is a gentleman by the way he carries himself."

"Hush, Bianca! he will hear you."

But the object of their remarks neither heard nor saw the speakers. He was evidently in search of some one, for the restless blue eyes wandered in disappointment from each fair occupant of the elegant vehicles. Presently the color flushes warmly up the fair, almost pale cheeks—the eager, searching expression gives place to an excited satisfaction, and spurring his horse to a gallop, he reins up at the side of a coroneted carriage, with his uncovered head bowed to his horse's neck. The lady within is the beauti-

ful and brilliant Marchesa B—. She greets her young admirer with graceful cordiality, and for an hour he paces beside her window, conversing in the sweet seductive Italian, or listening to the music of the band.

Allen Heywood—for it is he as you have guessed, dear reader—goes home that night from a *tete-a-tete* supper at the Marchesa's, his head and heart bewildered by those magical attractions. Long after midnight he is sitting by the open window of his room, striving in vain to cool the fever of his brow by the balmy breeze of Italy.

It is five years since he bade adieu to America—the mist of forgetfulness is slowly overclouding its memories. Leaning his forehead on his hand, he gave himself up to dreams of the past. For the first time for many months, a pang of remorse shot through him, as he contrasted his present life with the one he had left behind. Sinking his head upon his clasped hands, he said aloud, almost unconsciously, those beautiful lines of our American poet:

“O, memory! fragrant with the bloom
Of heather bells and roses.”

The energy of his own voice startled him, and with a half shiver he turned to close the lattice. As his hand rested on the sill, he saw for the first time a bunch of forget-me nots, freshly gathered, and emitting a fragrance so home-like and by-gone that the tears started to Allen's eyes, and his lip quivered with emotion. The first thrill of feeling over, and then came a wondering surprise as to the giver, and the means by which it was placed upon the window sill; he was sure he had given the key to Antoine when he went out in the morning, and the servant had said no one had been admitted during his absence. It was very singular, certainly. He turned them round in the bright moonlight, and for a moment the thought of the Marchesa flashed upon him, but he dismissed the idea with a smile. She would never send a modest bunch of forget-me-nots. Perhaps it was the gift of the pretty flower-girl, who sells him such exquisite bouquets every day? No, there was something so unassuming, so utterly regardless of artistic skill and taste in this simple cluster of pale, blue flowers, he felt sure it must have some hidden meaning unconnected with the Marchesa or a flower-girl. “Who knows but there is a note concealed in the fastening?—such things often happen in this romantic, reckless Italy!”

“Good Heaven! what does this mean?” he ejaculated aloud, as tearing off the paper about the stems, he saw a long silken tress of bright brown hair, so like, so startlingly like, the one

he remembered to have severed from Mary Carroll's young head years ago, that the perspiration started to his brow, and putting his hand to his head, he thought: “Am I dreaming?”

No; he still held the rippling curl between his fingers—a tangible reality. With a sudden impulse, he searched about amid old relics and love-tokens, until he finds the very locket containing his mother's picture and that ring of soft brown hair, lying close against the pictured face. He remembers the gay jests about the talisman that was to keep him from temptation. How often had he thought of them! It might have been remorse, and it might have been a tenderer feeling that caused him to slip the black ribbon about his neck, and conceal the locket in his bosom. A half blush stole over his face as he did so, for Allen Heywood had long left behind him any little romance or sentiment that brightened his youthful days. But it was done, and who may say but the sweet sleep—sweeter than he had known for months, might not have been won by this same talisman?

“Where has my truant hid himself?” asked the Marchesa, in silvery Italian, as Allen, after a week's absence, again sought her presence. A faint color tinged his cheek, as he made some evasive reply.

The Marchesa looked unusually lovely. A week's absence of her young American admirer had acquainted her with the true state of her affections, or, rather, ambition, for he was a *bon parti*, and her own fortunes were in a ruinous state.

Passionately fond of music as Allen was, the rich, cultivated voice of the Marchesa, as she poured forth her bird notes, captivated him anew. The wily but fascinating woman saw her advantage, and began warbling in his own tongue, sweetly and brokenly, Burns' “Bonnie Doon.”

It was a *chef-d'œuvre* of feminine policy. What her own brilliant music had failed to accomplish, this little simple air had brought about, and Allen was utterly subdued when she turned her liquid eyes upon him. There was sadness, timidity and love in that passionate gaze, and bending over her, he grasped the small, jewelled hand, which still rested on the harp, and carried it to his lips. He felt that she was already won, that he had but to speak to seal the bond; but as he stooped still lower to catch a glimpse of the coquettishly-averted face, the locket, which he had hung round his neck the night before, fell out, and striking against his hand, the golden lid flew open, and disclosed the sweet, sad face of his mother, encircled by

that golden ring of hair, like a halo. Blessed talisman! it brought him back to reason and reality, and involuntarily he loosed his warm grasp upon the hand in his. The Marchesa saw this little scene, and the sudden cooling of her ardent admirer, and with great womanly tact, she put out her hand for the miniature as he was restoring it, and in her ordinarily gracious tones, as if no tender little episode had just occurred, said:

"Nay, allow me to see it."

Without placing it in her hand, he touched the spring, and held it before her.

"Your lady-love?"

"No—my mother."

"And this ring of hair?"

She was looking at him with a bland, yet scrutinizing gaze.

"A friend, lady."

A low, silvery laugh escaped from the Marchesa's lips.

"Nay, nay! young cavaliers don't carry locks of bright hair about, unless it belongs to some sweetheart."

Allen did not reply; she had touched a tender chord. For a moment the lady regarded him with a sad, sorrowful gaze, and as he at last looked up and met it, she laid her hand upon his, and said in subdued accents:

"Signor is homesick. I know what that is; I felt it when in France. Let me sing you something of home, and then we will say *addio*."

It was indeed of home she sang in that syren voice—"Home, Sweet Home." Faultless and sweet were those tones, but it was, nevertheless, a bad stroke of policy for the lovely Marchesa. As the well-known melody and words struck upon his ear, the dreamy expression of pleasure disappeared, and a bright, sharp, awake look came over his face.

What did *she* know of "home, sweet home?"

He looked around the old palace-room, and remembered what crowds he had met there—what men he still meets there almost nightly; and with all these the Marchesa is as gracious as with him. He remembers, too, the women he had met there—countesses and duchesses, with their painted cheeks, and characters which no paint could brighten; he remembers all this, and shudders with an inward thanksgiving at his escape. Ay, sing away, beautiful Marchesa! with those rose-cleft lips, those drooping eyelids, and white arms displayed to admiration on the shining harp strings; but you might as well sing to the Dead Sea, for Allen's thoughts are in his far away America, listening to the words:

"Good-by, Allen; don't forget us here at home."

"Where did this come from, Antoine?"

The servant looked up at the bunch of forget-me-nots, which Allen held in his hand, with wondering amazement, and disclaimed all knowledge of it.

"Are you certain no one has obtained the key to my rooms in my absence?"

"Sure, signor."

"Well, you may go.—I suppose it's all magic," he said, laughingly to himself, after closing the door.

Magic, indeed, it seemed, when day after day, on his return from a walk or drive, a fresh bunch of the same flowers greeted him. He tried every means but one to ascertain the bringer, and this last he determined to put into execution as soon as possible.

It was on the Sabbath, and after breakfasting in his own room, he prepared himself for going out as usual; but instead of leaving the room, he opened and shut the door with considerable noise, and turning the key, placed it in his pocket, and silently, as if velvet shod, stole back to the soft cushions of the lounge in a cool, dim corner of the room, and took up a book to while away the time, while he patiently awaited the solving of the mystery.

The morning flew by—the dinner hour came; yet there was no evidence of its being explained. Once or twice he had been startled by a gay laugh, or the footsteps of some neighbor, but it brought not the results for which he waited. He was determined to persevere, however, although a smile played about his lips at his own tenacity. The long golden hours dragged heavily by, and the afternoon was half spent with no signs of a visitor.

Allen's head began to droop to the inviting cushions, and a gentle drowsiness stole over him, when a slight noise, like the lifting of a latch, aroused him. It was the door of his own room, he felt sure, though it did not seem to proceed from that direction, yet none other could have the sound of nearness. Again it came distinctly, accompanied by a gentle violence, and Allen, with wondering eyes, beheld the panel of the partition, on the same side where he was reclining, slide softly back and admit a female figure clad in white muslin.

It is well he is hid in that shadowy corner, for a sudden start, almost a spring, would otherwise have betrayed him. As it was, he with difficulty suppressed his emotion, until his fair visitor had placed a bunch of forget-me-nots upon the table, then flinging down his book, he bounded to her side, and putting his arm around her waist, exclaimed: "Mary! dear Mary! can it be?"

The color flushed her pale cheek, then left it as white as marble. Gently as a mother, he supported the half fainting figure to the lounge, and whispered in her ear words of assurance, mingled with tender, endearing epithets, half in Italian, half in English. As the rosy blood again returned to her face, and restored her to animation, she withdrew somewhat proudly from his clasping arm, and straightening her slight form with gentle dignity, said :

"Allen, I did not come here to win a recreant lover back again, but your mother's last words to me when we parted, three months since in America, were: 'Win Allen home to his mother and sister, Mary.' I did not know when my uncle engaged rooms for us here, that you were an inmate, and accident only revealed it to me. My parlor, as you see, adjoins your own, and one day while laying away my bonnet in the closet, I heard distinctly your voice in conversation with your servant. It occurred to me as strange that I could hear so plainly; but a day or two afterwards I struck my foot against what seemed to be a small bolt. Curiosity led me to examine it, and I knew from the stillness in your room that I could do so safely without fear of interruption. I found it, as you have seen, a secret communication with this room—the rest you know. The daily gift of forget-me-nots was prompted by the thought that they might win you to your boyhood's home with their sweet voiceless language, and away from this luxurious, aimless life. Your mother and Grace will be glad if I have had any such influence."

"Mary dear—best beloved Mary!" and he laid a detaining hand upon her arm, as she rose to go, "I will not ask of you to feel no thrill of gladness that Allen Heywood is reclaimed from the follies of a foreign life. I know I do not deserve a place in that dear heart. Yet, listen to me before you leave me."

With a slight blush, she said :

"In my own parlor I will listen to you, Allen. We women of America are more scrupulous in the conventionalisms of society than Italian dames."

Within the charmed precincts of this parlor, where everything bespoke the sweet womanly tastes of the fair occupant, Allen Heywood plead his cause, and was forgiven.

"And how came my Mary to wander away off here with no one but her uncle Robert?" questioned Allen, as he sat with those slender fingers clasped in his.

"My health failed; and you know I was always a favorite with Uncle Robie, and he insisted upon my going to Italy with him. I believe

the physician told him it was the only thing,—I needed."

"*'The only thing that would save you,'* Mary; I understand; you need not hesitate. Think you I do not deserve this pain? Merciful Heaven! and you would have died! I believe all these five years I have been mad; but God be thanked, I am sane now! Did you know the physician's verdict yourself, Mary?"

"Yes."

"And—"

"I was willing to die!"

"Dear Mary!"

"Will you give Mary to me?" said Allen to Uncle Robert, a few hours after.

Uncle Robert had some knowledge of the long years Mary had waited for her faithless lover, and a grave look overclouded his usual blithe smiling face.

"Mary, my child, have you perfect, unlimited confidence and trust in this man?"

She looked up into the sad, serious face of Allen, and met the earnest, loving glance with as loving a smile; then laying her hand within his, she turned to her uncle :

"As firm a faith as I have in you, dear Uncle Robert. I need say no more."

The old man laid his hand over the two that were clasped together.

"Take her, Allen, and never forget you have won an angel."

The prophecy was fulfilled. In a foreign land she was the loved and honored wife of Heywood.

A SENSIBLE MAN.

One day the Emperor Paul, being surrounded by a large circle of Russian princes, addressed the Count Rostopchin as follows :

"How happens it, count, that you have not the title of prince?"

"Will your imperial majesty permit me to tell you the true reason?" responded Rostopchin.

"Certainly," said the emperor.

"It was," resumed the count, "because my ancestor, on his first arrival from Tartary at your court, came in the winter time."

"And what had that to do with the question?" asked Paul.

"Why, your majesty," replied the count, "in that day it was the custom to offer every newcomer the title of prince, or a fur pelisse; and my ancestor, being a man of sense, preferred a warm coat to an empty title."

The joke took, and the mad emperor laughed heartily.—*Boston Journal.*

General observations drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greatest care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our shame will be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny.

ALBUM TRIBUTE.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

Might I crave a boon from the Father above,
 A blessing to rest upon one I love,
 A beautiful gift, which in times of sorrow
 Would point the soul to a bright to-morrow—
 A happier day;
 I would ask not for fame or worldly renown,
 I would ask not for pleasure's glittering crown—
 But the prayer of my heart for its loved, should be,
 Give her faith, O Father, and trust in thee.
 Faith's glorious ray.

Give her beauty of soul, with calm, holy trust,
 Sustaining the spirit, when "dust to dust"
 Is the mandate given—when mortality's hour
 Is hastening to close, and death's chilling power
 Is felt at last.

O give her rich beauty which never shall fade,
 A soul in its garments of light arrayed;
 A spirit of purity, which shall aspire
 To the noble, and true, till quenched is life's fire,
 Death's anguish past.

Grant her wealth, the blest wealth of a loving heart,
 To comfort the mourning the power impart;
 To weep with the sorrowing, while in others' joy,
 Her heart shall find blessing without alloy.

So may it be.

Faith, beauty, and wealth, a glorious array
 To dwell in the soul—ever day by day,
 Sending forth their rich fruits. O this is the prayer,
 From a true heart rising on the still air,
 Maiden for thee.

MRS. MILES'S PIN MONEY.

STORY FOR THE NEWLY MARRIED.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

ABEL MILES was a man of fortune. At least the business world so said; but, in fact, nobody knew the real amount of his worldly possessions, and being a shrewd man, he took very good care that his neighbors should know less of his business than himself.

Abel Miles was still a single man. A bachelor of forty, of prepossessing exterior, polished in manners, affable in discourse, and intelligent beyond a question.

But no wife? You would hardly think Abel needed one, should you just get a peep into the elegant suit of rooms exclusively set apart for the use of the fastidious merchant,—a private table, where a few particular friends could dine with him on a choice bit,—sofas of the most luxurious softness, where he could throw himself for an after-dinner lounge, with no danger of having his nose pulled by a brood of wild children, who are "only playing with papa, and

must on no account be snubbed, the dear little plagues,"—no servant to drive him out of his domicile an hour before his will prompts him to go, to sweep the room and dust the furniture. Surely Abel Miles is quite comfortable enough without a wife.

Herein was the great virtue of Abel's character, for he prided himself on being able to resist the sweetest smiles, from the sweetest of damsels. For ten, yes, fifteen years, he had basked in the sunshine of woman's approval, and yet had never bent his knee to sue for the slightest favor.

Our hero had, some how, let the absurd idea creep into his brain, that a wife was at the root of all domestic difficulties, of all financial embarrassments, in fact, a sort of gun-powder magazine at the foundation of all money affairs, that was in constant danger of exploding and blowing the whole concern, private and public, into confusion and chaos. How, pray, was this? Why simply by what a woman calls her "pin money." Ah! this it is that undermines fortunes, and brings about heavy failures,—the money going out by dribblets, drop, dropping away, till the whole is scattered past gathering up again.

Abel Miles had too many discontented husbands to dine with him, who should have been at their own tables; too many sour bachelors, who never could have had establishments of their own, with wives at the head of them, by any possible means; too many club victims, all of whom found defence for their own neglect of duty, by scourging the poor wives of rich men.

Here, over the choicest wines, was the extravagance of women duly discussed. Herein was found a reason for the great embarrassments in trade. The money that was spent for finery was not to be counted. It was lamentable,—it was disgraceful!

As a compensation to Abel for persisting in his bachelorhood, nature crowded into one little corner of his brain this absurd monstrosity, and there it fumed and boiled away, till the smoke of the internal cauldron formed itself into a thick screen over his perceptive faculties, so that it was impossible to see clearly what was as plain as daylight to ordinary beholders.

There always comes a time in every person's life, when he is tried in his weakest points. So it was with Abel Miles. He had lived fifteen years in the very midst of fascinations, and had bravely resisted them all, for the plain reason that he had never been tempted. He was not a man to fall in love with every lady he escorted to the theatre, and the "right one" had not appeared that was to take the strong, self-willed man captive.

Now comes Abel's time of trial. An old school-friend, many years lost sight of, living in a southern city, came on business to our metropolis, and registered his name at the very hotel where our hero had his sumptuous lodgings. Moreover, he brought along with him as pretty a daughter as ever a man had to be proud of,—lively, musical, and accomplished in all the graces of early womanhood, yet preserving, through all, her merry girl life, natural, unaffected, and really beautiful.

Abel Miles saw Jennie, and did just what he would have done had the same pretty girl danced before his eyes ten years before,—he fell in love at first sight. In vain did Abel strive to convince himself it was not love. His uncomfortable feelings could be ascribed to various causes. A fit of gout, of dyspepsia, of neuralgia,—his symptoms belonged to each of these direful diseases. Sleeplessness, restless days, disrelish for his club, his newspaper, and the conversation of his cronies.

No, no,—it will never do, Mr. Abel Miles. The malady is plainly a fit of love, and there is no royal road to sneak out of it. Prompt and decided action now will only avail. Sweep the cobwebs from your cranium, the dust out of your mind, the silly quirks you have boasted of as virtues, and lead the fair sinner to the marriage altar,—no other cure for you.

The poor man had a long and severe struggle with his prejudice, before he showed himself a sensible man enough to offer his fortune and his distressed heart to the daughter of his old friend. But he did it at last, like a man, but reserved for himself the privilege of drawing upon paper a few articles for his future application, that would relieve him of the fears that had hitherto haunted him.

Abel's old associates rallied him, as they well might, on his sudden change of views on matrimony, and as a sort of apology for doing such an indiscreet act, he told them his intended plan. First, the wife of Abel Miles would have no separate purse. It was giving women too much power, too much authority by far. If every man would do as he, Abel Miles, would do, there would not be so many Lucy Stones, or Rev. Antoinettes lecturing and preaching, keeping society in a perfect bedlam, and spiriting on the wives of honest men to family discord and open rebellion. It was a bad idea for a woman to earn money. It would do well enough for the poor—these were exceptions to the general rule—he was now talking about the wives of men of fortune.

He, Abel Miles, knew perfectly well a woman's

needs. His wife should be as well dressed as anybody in the city of Boston. She should never blush to find herself eclipsed by the richest of them, but he should reserve the right of ordering her wardrobe, or, at least, of holding the purse in his own hands.

"Ah! but there's the 'pin money,'" retorted his bachelor tormentors; "your wife must surely have 'pin money.'"

"Good gracious, no; that is just what I wish to avoid. She may have a hundred-dollar bill to buy a brocade, but no dribblets, mark me for that."

"Well, we wish you joy and good luck in your plan. We will keep an eye on you, friend Abel, and if your rule works, we'll follow in your footsteps."

The nuptials were all that could be expected, in point of elegance, parade, and outlay of money. The house on Beacon Street was no hired tenement, but belonged to the man whose name was engraved on the door-plate—Abel Miles. His carpets and sofas were the best, his halls were spacious, his table was loaded with silver, and his wife prettier than ever in her rich adornings.

For a few years, Abel's articles that he had drawn up for his future application, worked admirably, for just this reason, Jennie's father was an indulgent parent, and petted his pretty daughter as long as he had her under his own roof, and was not unmindful of her future happiness when he resigned her to his old friend. Thus, when he had arranged his daughter's marriage portion, and proudly placed it in the hand of his son-in-law, he was careful to reserve a sum as a bridal present to his Jennie, and when he slipped it into her hand, he whispered, very softly, "Only a little pin money, love. It's not necessary to speak of it at all to your husband,—nothing to do with your marriage portion, that is all arranged."

Jennie took the roll of bills, kissed her thanks, at the same time laughing as she said:

"This will buy a great many pins, father."

"No matter, Jennie. I don't know much about such matters, but your mother says every woman needs a little pin money; but perhaps your husband don't understand that as he will by-and-by. So I have provided you with a trifle to draw upon for the first year."

Jennie had a very elegant wardrobe when she became Mrs. Abel Miles. In fine there seemed no possible occasion for her to require clothing of any description for years to come. But silks will fade, and every woman knows that a French hat is good for nothing after the first three

months' wear; gloves are tender, and laces and embroidery wear thin and yellow all too soon. So there did come a time, at the end of a *very few* years, when the pin money was actually expended.

So far, things had gone on swimmingly. The delighted husband had never once heard the word money uttered in his house. Jennie was always elegantly dressed, and superintended the table, when her lord was wont to bring his gentleman friends to dine, with a grace quite captivating.

It was often the boast of Abel Miles, that he, fortunate man, had found one woman in the world who had no need for "pin money." His married gentleman friends looked on wonderingly. They eyed most minutely each article of apparel on the modest wife. They saw everything in its place, everything in perfect taste, and all without "pin money." Here was, indeed a secret.

The wives of the aforesaid married gentlemen heard rather more on this subject than was agreeable to them. They occasionally met and talked over the matter among themselves. Their tact, or common sense, told them how it was with Mrs. Abel Miles; it was quite plain to them, but they failed to convince their husbands. At length Mrs. Abel Miles's "pin money" became a by-word among the ladies, and often to the great chagrin of their dear lords, who did not quite relish any fun at their expense.

But to hasten on. When Jennie reached the bottom of her father's purse, she very innocently said to her husband one day, blushing a little, it is true, at this, her first request for money, that if it was quite convenient, she would like a few small bills, just a very few, a little "pin money."

Good heavens! Abel Miles stood like one petrified. Jennie looked bewildered, and blushed deeper, little dreaming of the dangerous ground on which she was treading.

The husband was confused beyond all power of expression, and knew as little what to do in the emergency, as though he had never had a day's experience as "head of a family." Before his affrighted vision stalked a ghastly picture of ruin; houses, banks, lands, all being swiftly hurled into confusion. This survey brought back his senses, and with as firm a voice as he could command, he answered:

"What is your need, Mrs. Miles? I will myself do you the honor of sending home your demands."

Without waiting to hear what the orders might possibly be, the poor crest-fallen Abel

caught his hat and rushed into the street in the greatest trepidation of mind, leaving Jennie to make what she could out of her husband's strange answer to her very reasonable request.

That same day a bundle was left at the door for Mrs. Abel Miles. Jennie quickly unrolled the package, and her eye fell on a superb brocade silk.

"What can my husband mean, by ordering another of these rich garments? I have at least a half dozen, that will long be 'out of fashion' before they are soiled. I wish in my heart he would give me ten dollars, to furnish my work-box and pay a small bill to my laundress. Men never seem to think we can possibly want any articles of clothing but dresses."

Jennie said nothing about her disappointment, and laid the dress away. A fortnight hence her wants urged her to venture a second request. "A small amount, to buy a few trifling articles; in fact, a little 'pin money.'"

Now Abel Miles grew quite angry. He felt as if a whole paper of pins were sticking into his flesh. He smothered his wrath as well as he could, saying only a few words, but these few sounded very strangely to Jennie's ear. She was a proud woman, and so at once made up her mind never again to repeat her request for money. Then how was she to get it, pray? Trust to a woman's tact for that. We will see.

Jennie had no reason to complain of her husband's attention to her *uncommon* wants. No woman rode through the city more elegantly attired than Mrs. Abel Miles. There was no end to the superb dresses, the rich embroidery, the velvet mantillas, and the French hats, that came to the house expressly by her husband's orders. This would have done very well, had he enclosed in each new garment a ten dollar bill to pay the dress maker, to buy the silk and trimmings that are quite as necessary to the completion of the garment as the bare material.

Jennie had too much pride to ask her seamstress to make a bill for a few days' work, and by far too much feeling to make her laundress wait week after week for doing up her embroidery. So, like a sensible woman, she resolved to sew her own dresses and iron her laces as best she could. The result of the matter was, that where as formerly, when Mr. Abel Miles brought home gentleman friends to dine, he was sure to find Jennie in good spirits, nicely attired, doing her honors gracefully, she now often presented a red face, from bending over heated irons, or seemed nervous and tired, from close confinement to her needle.

Abel grew quite fidgety, over what he was

pleased to call his family discomforts. He desired, above all things, that his model wife should show off well. She was a part of his establishment, and it amazed him to come home with old cronies and find her looking jaded, or half sick. Just in the same way might he have fretted to have found his silver table-service tarnished, or his carpets dusty. It was all the same kind of trouble,—poor, poor man!

Jennie soon found that she must have "pin money" from some quarter. She could make her own dresses, iron her own muslins, but she could not make needles or thread, nor plain cotton cloth, and these she must have, nevertheless. So Jennie hit upon an expedient that did her great credit, and proved to be just the thing needed to bring about a right understanding upon domestic matters.

Now it so happened, a most fortunate circumstance, truly, that Jennie had no children to demand her care. I say fortunate, considering the thousand and one little wants of babyhood, that never could have been brought to the understanding of a man like Abel Miles, and his poor wife would have been put to her "wit's end" to have attempted to bring up a family of children without "pin money," and a plenty of it, too.

Yes, dear, little, unborn treasures, most sincerely do I congratulate you on your non-appearance into this state of being. No doubt you would have been amply supplied with Kossuth hats, with beautiful waving plumes, fine cloth coats with silver lacings, and the nursery would have been well filled with huge rocking-horses, and great lumbering playthings; but "ten to one" you never would have seen "Mother Goose," or a penny whistle, or a gingham pinafore. What greater misfortune, then, could have happened to you, under these circumstances, than to have been born?

Jennie now had a plan, as well as her husband, but she drew up no articles on paper, nor boasted that she would abide by them. She went to work very quietly, and with a woman's good sense in meeting an uncommon emergency.

We may as well here say that Jennie had a musical turn. Indeed, she had an exquisite taste for music, with a fine voice for singing,—an accomplishment that gave her husband great pride and delight. She now resolved to make use of this gift to supply her needs.

Jennie kept her plan in her mind some time, with her eyes wide open to avail herself of some rare opportunity. Her intimate friend was taken into the secret, the better to aid her in the practical application of her project. The matter was managed with the most profound secrecy.

A rich gentleman, an acquaintance of Jennie's friend, wished to employ a private instructress in music for his two daughters. As the gentleman had not been long a resident in the city, he readily availed himself of the assistance of Jennie's confidant, who interested herself in procuring for him one qualified for the office. Jennie was the person recommended and employed. There was no possible means of her incognito being discovered, as the gentleman went very little into society, his wife being an invalid, and he a man fond of home and quiet life.

Now see Mrs. Miles, attired in a dress of plain material, wearing a close straw hat, with a green sunshade, carrying in her hand a roll of music, starting off on her new duties. It took but an hour of each day, and as her time was quite at her disposal, Jennie found no difficulty. In fine, she came to enjoy it vastly. Her pupils were pleasant young girls, and the employment quite to her taste.

Jennie rejoiced much over her success. Talk and argue the matter of money expenditures she never could, or would do, but she hoped to convince her husband, in a more practical way, of the unreasonableness of his whim.

One day, as Jennie was hastening home from her music lessons, she was greatly fluttered by seeing a carriage standing at her door, and her husband helping out two elegantly attired ladies. What was she to do now? She was on the opposite side of the street, but quite near to them; but her thick veil and plain dress did not betray her to her husband.

Here was, indeed, a dilemma. Jennie could not enter the house except at the front entrance, without setting the whole array of Irish servants staring with curiosity at the strange appearance of their mistress. She did not wish to compromise the dignity of her husband's house, by thus appearing in their midst. What could she do? There she stood, in a plain gingham morning dress, a black-silk, unadorned mantilla, with a roll of music in her hand.

"Very well," thought Jennie, "the crisis must come sometime, let it come now. I would have saved my husband this mortification before his friends, could I do so, but 'as it is, I will go through it as gracefully as possible."

So Mrs. Miles stepped across the street, and met her husband, face to face, just as he was handing his ladies up the front steps.

Imagine, if it is possible for you to do so, the horror, depicted on the face of the fastidious, fussy man. The ladies were both strangers to Jennie, old friends of her husband, and when Mrs. Miles observed this, she regretted more

than ever the unforeseen circumstance that had thrown Abel into such dismay.

Poor man,—what was he to do? He could not disown his wife at his own door, especially as she soon would be obliged to re-appear in the parlor to receive her guests. All he could do was to utter a hasty exclamation, and introduce his wife to his friends.

Jennie received the ladies with her usual grace and sweetness of manner. They would not allow her to withdraw to arrange her toilet, as their visit must necessarily be a hasty call. So Mrs. Miles sat down amid her elegant furniture, still holding the vexed music roll in her hand, and did her best to entertain her visitors.

The ladies were charmed with Jennie's affability, and were too highly bred to show surprise at the negligee of her toilet. In fact, it was quite out of their mind by the time the call was ended; but the fussy man was quite beside himself with vexation, and he exaggerated the impropriety of the act quite out of all sense of reason. These matters of dress are quite small sources of regret to women, oftentimes, when they seem to men like serious evils.

The visitors away, Jennie found her husband not in his usual polite mood, who, unable longer to conceal his vexation, half-pettishly requested an explanation.

Jennie, in a very quiet manner, revealed her secret, and related the whole matter of her "pin money" embarrassments; her pride, that would not allow her to employ a seamstress or laundress, without the means of honestly remunerating them at the time of the completion of their task; her own feelings in regard to urging a repeated reasonable request, and the expedient to which she had actually been driven, for want of a little forethought on his part.

Jennie told her story remarkably well. In fact, she was well prepared for it, having conned it over in her mind some fifty times, in view of the day of explanation.

We forbear to dwell long on the mortification of Abel Miles. "Mrs. Miles, the wife of Abel Miles, doing her own ironing, sewing her dresses, and actually turning music teacher, working for wages, in the house of a man living on an income less than his own." To be humbled, too, before his old friends, the very two women, above all others, that he desired to impress with the unusual elegance of his home and wife, the beautiful, accomplished wife he had boasted so much of to them. What a downfall to his pride. Again we repeat, poor, poor man!

Jennie was forced to commiserate her husband on the ridiculous ending of her little play. She

surely would have avoided thus meeting his friends for the first time, could she have foreseen the circumstance, and she honestly told him so; but this did not mend the matter much.

Abel could say very little to defend himself. He saw things in a new light. He was pretty thoroughly convinced now of the need of a woman's private purse, and that very day he put one into the hand of his wife, with many injunctions to remind him when it should again be empty, should he be remiss in his duty.

Mrs. Miles has had no reason to hint at "pin money" since the fatal day when the pride of her liege lord received its great humiliating shock.

Strange to say, but so it was, that from this day, Abel Miles's respect for his wife rose a hundred per cent. He knew very well, from the first, that Jennie was the prettiest, most charming woman in the world, but he had not looked for so much energy of character, so much inborn pride and delicacy of nature, so much endurance of a real evil. It was, indeed, a new and strange revelation of woman's character, and it was as beautiful as it was wonderful to him.

"Yes, yes," muttered Abel, over his counting-room books, "yes, Alexandre Dumas said one wise thing, if no more. I am just of his opinion, 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made,' particularly women."

BALZAC'S DEBTS.

No one paid his debts better than Balzac when he had the money; but no one had more extraordinary debts. A friend met him at Ville d'Avray, and wanted him to dine at the Restaurant de la Grille.

"I am not on terms with the establishment," said Balzac.

"Why so?"

"Because I owe eight hundred francs there for cutlets."

In his moments of depression he spoke of engaging in commercial pursuits.

"This miserable century being inclined to grocery," cried he, "why should not I be a grocer? Mirabeau sold cloth. I'll have a fine shop on the Boulevards, and on the sign, in letters of gold, Balzac & Co., Groceries wholesale and retail. In the shop, Madame Sand shall serve behind the counter with a white rose in her hair. At the door, Theophile Gautier shall grind coffee, dressed as a shop boy. Gerard de Nerval will weigh out the moist sugar; and I, Balzac, with apron and cap, will supervise all as master of the establishment."

This fine plan, however, fell like a castle built of cards. Balzac could not persuade his friends.

"To be shop-boy," added he, the hair should be cut à la Titus; and that rascal Theophile Gautier is silly enough to be proud of his curls."
—*Home Journal*.

HOPE.

BY F. R. HANDSIDE.

High on a tranquil billow's breast,
 I saw a gallant vessel ride;
 The gale had soothed the sea to rest,
 And wooed it as a gentle bride.
 The sails were filled, the snowy sheet
 Was smiling in the softened breeze;
 And like a winged bird, so fleet,
 It skimmed along the untroubled seas.
 'Twas like a living, breathing thing,
 As full of life, and joy, and light,
 As maiden beauty, in its spring
 Of summer thoughts and fancies bright.

I thought me—would that gentle gale
 Thus bear it ever o'er the wave?
 Would no rude whirlwind rend the sail,
 No angry billow be its grave?
 It kept its course in glorious pride,
 And met the laughing foam that threw,
 In sparkles round the vessel's side,
 Its curling crests of summer blue.
 What filled its sheets with balmy breeze?
 What sped it o'er, so winged and fleet?
 What made the deep and roaring seas
 Its snowy sail with sunbeams greet?

'Twas Hope, reclining on the shore,
 That stretched her hand across the deep;
 And stilled the ocean's angry roar,
 And lulled the god of storms to sleep.
 One hand the anchor grasped, and o'er
 The main the other one was spread;
 The breeze that kissed Hope's temples bore
 That vessel, and her image led.
 No wonder, then, it seemed a thing
 So full of life, and joy, and light;
 As maiden beauty, in its spring
 Of summer thoughts, and fancies bright!

GIOTTO, THE CHILD OF THE CAMPAGNA.

BY GEORGE D. BARTON.

On a bright lovely evening old Bendone sat at the door of his little hovel in Italy, on the Campagna, near Rome, and looking over the wide landscape, saw how the light faded into the sky, and fell in soft, billowy shades, or slanted in golden sheafs upon the undulating surface of the plain before him; he watched how the fire-flies began to sparkle and shoot up by the mounds of ruined tombs or fallen columns, where the dark grass and long bending reeds gave them a home, or counted the dusky forms of the buffaloes that grazed in distant groups or lay with wide branching horns upon the arid turf. But the beauty of the dewy night, nor the soft glitter of the stars, nor the play of the fire-flies, brought no answering mildness to his brow, nor

hid from his aching heart that old age and pinching care yet held him as their own. Within, the wheel of his peasant wife had ceased to whirr, and the smothered glow of the charcoal-brazier told that their frugal meal was being cooked, and then—another day begin!

"Must it ever be?" said the old man mournfully, to himself. "Must it ever be the same—morning, noon, and night, and morn again? Why did not the good God make me like my fellow serfs, to delve from day to day, and sleep like wearied brutes when toil is done? Why have I burned and struggled to be free, to break these servile chains of want and care? Why have I hoped to reach some better goal, some nobler fate than this? O! Mater Sanctissima, was it pride that my little one should learn to read, or my poor Paula should be boastful of her darling? Jesus, have pity! But we peasants have sometimes hearts!"

The tears stood in the eyes of the old man, and rolled slowly down his cheeks.

Nature had endowed him with a soul far above his lowly lot, and the simple pleasures which filled with happy zest the lives of his neighbor-peasants, only with him palled on senses too acute not to discover their coarseness, and too sensitive and ideal not to long for joys far beyond his reach. They had one child, the little Giotto, and in him their hearts were bound wholly up as in a sheaf of sunshine. Before, for years their home had been cheerless enough, but now in their old age, the little one had come to brighten their declining years, and be at once the solace and care of their autumn days. He was a gay, frolicsome boy, the light of that lowly hut on those dreary plains.

Thus passed months and years, and Giotto grew to his tenth summer, a boy of exquisite beauty in face and form, strong and athletic, though slender as a reed. Heaven seems to plant in us a wonderful instinct, and all great natures are born and nursed in solitude. Thus Giotto nursed in the haunts of solitude the germs of wonderful beauty, that in future years stamped his name upon the world, and thus he grew into a nobler lore, than old Bendone ever dreamed or felt.

One night the rain fell bitterly, and the wind, sweeping unobstructed over the level reaches of country, beat mercilessly on the isolated cabin of Bendone. The door was shut, both against the driving storm, and the cold of the inclement season, and only the light from the brazier gave a gleam, that faintly dispelled the gloom of the apartment. Giotto's head rested upon his father's knee; old Paula had laid aside her spin-

ning, and sat with folded hands, as if tender and prayerful thoughts were in her breast, and Bendone's hand played with the curls of his darling's head.

"Thou art getting old, Giotto," he said gently, and as if his very tones kissed and caressed his child's unconscious beauty.

"Old ! father !" cried the child joyously, lifting up his little figure to its fullest height.

"Very—very old," answered the poor peasant, smiling in spite of himself. "So old, darling, that poverty begins to knock at thy door, and say, 'come—work ! work !'"

The child raised his large brown eyes, and did not seem quite to understand whether his father was about to tell him a fairy story, or give him one of those grave lectures he had now begun to administer, but seeing he did not proceed, he drew from under the old man's blouse the dagger, commonly worn by the peasantry of that region, and commenced scratching on the wall the outlines of one of the ruined mounds that dotted the vast campagna, then finishing the summit with long straggling tufts of grass, he drew at its foot a group of the long haired buffaloes, that graze half wild upon the plains, and then in quick, bold strokes finished it in a border of graceful tendrils and curling fantastic vines. Bendone watched him closely :

"Thou lovest it ?" he said.

"Yes," answered the child. "I love it and they love it ; for the cattle look at me with loving eyes, and the brook sings to me, and the flowers bend to me, when I make them over again in the sand ;" and the child laughed joyously to himself.

"This is all very fine," said the old man, shaking his head, "but it is full time thou wert rid of these idle fancies, and couldst do something for thyself."

"But the child is so very young !" pleaded Paula, tenderly, and she busied herself about the room that no more might be said on the subject. But Giotto was now ten years old, and so when the spring came round, it was determined he should tend the flocks of a neighboring petty landholder, and then with the early season the boy led his woolly charge out over the undulating fields, a lonely, solitary life, little calculated to dispel the wandering fancies, of which Bendone had disapproved in his heart, but cherishing his poetic soul, and delicate though healthy temperament with every breeze that swept the campagna, and every bird that warbled above his head.

Neither was he always alone : little Berdetta, the landholder's only child, found something

wonderfully attracting in the gentle and manly lad ; she with her little basket on her arm, he with his shepherd's staff, they wandered whither the sheep strayed, attracted by greener pasture, or where their own fragrant fancies might lead them. Sometimes Berdetta strung those pearly shells, of which the Italian peasantry are so fond, singing with a full sweet voice, clear as the lark's, and ending with a gushing cadence, like the rush of a mimic waterfall, and then Giotto would listen with eyes lit with wonder and exultation.

But sometimes, during their midday siesta, when the cicada sang shrill and dry from the burning rocks, and the long buried mounds gave them a grateful shade, Giotto would rest his head, shaded with magnificent curls, on the knees of the little Berdetta, and they would be, half dreaming, half gazing into each other's eyes, wondering at the bright reflections that answered back from their own, and drinking in those deep and subtle passions, of which their childlike souls were as yet unconscious, though, day by day, the magnetic influence grew and deepened. They were rarely now apart. People noticed them wandering over the moors, and travellers loaded them with coins, or sang the praises of the little gipsies—he for his beauty, she for her song !

But this could not last forever ; Berdetta's father was wealthy, and his only child must be placed in a convent at the customary age, and the walls of San Pietro soon closed over the weeping Berdetta, and Giotto roamed alone.

Then came the time when nature and a burning love wrought in the soul of the young boy : his frolicsome games had left him, and old Bendone and the lonely Paula wondered and grieved at the change in the tall, slender boy, who no longer sang at the cabin door in the long summer evenings, or joined in the winter games around the hearth. Occasionally he saw Berdetta, but at long intervals, and again his passionate thirst for sketching the objects of his daily life burned in his soul, and at night he was restless on his couch. He had carved with much care during the previous winter a rosary, which he had sent to Berdetta at her convent, and she in return had sent him a roll of roughly executed drawings and frieze work, which he had copied with all the love for the giver and the gift.

When spring came he again resorted to his old sketching ground by the brookside : there on the broad white stones, which blocked up the bed of the current, he found ample tablets for his work, and with a charred stick wrought all day, and erased his work with water from the brook,

when space was needed for some new design that fired his imagination.

He was thus busily engaged towards the close of a long sultry afternoon in midsummer, the slant rays of the sun were stretching across the fields, and he was about to throw up his work and gather his flock for the night, when a stranger approached him unobserved. Struck by the beauty and grace of his attitude, and impelled by a curiosity to discover the cause of so singular an attraction, the traveller drew near, and nearer, till bending over the boy, he stood rooted with surprise at so unexpected a sight.

The work proceeded rapidly from the boy's fingers, for sunset was at hand, and old Bendone would be awaiting him by the ruined cross of Loretto, and the finishing strokes fell like magic on the rough tablet.

"Who art thou?" exclaimed the stranger, when surprise allowed him to speak.

The boy started: "I am Giotto," he said.

"And where dost thou live, and who is thy father, and wilt thou come with me?" asked the traveller, at one breath.

"The son of old Bendone," answered the child, modestly; "but I know not, signor, whether I come with thee or no!"

The stranger gazed upon the sketch before him: it was a simple group of cattle, but drawn with such a masterly hand, that he was again wrapped in silent admiration; without saying another word, he grasped the boy's hand and cried:

"Come! take me home with thee; I must see thy father!" Then in that deep sad voice, in which any artist in Italy would have recognized the tones of Cimabue, the painter, he said, "Dost thou love it, child?"

"Indeed, indeed," said the boy, "do I not, signor?"

"Wilt thou then go with me, live with me, where thou canst see paintings and statues, and learn to be a painter?"

"It will be as my father says, good signor."

"A true child, a good child," murmured the stranger, tenderly. "Italy shall yet thank me for this."

The next day there was hurry and weeping at the peasant's cottage. Old Bendone stood with a mournful, half-exultant pride, that would not show his grief; poor Paula wept aloud, and Giotto stood half weeping with his deep home-love, but in his soul were the first stirrings of those wings of genius, that bore his name in after years around the world.

Giotto went to Florence, thence to Rome. There art opened to him her treasures, and

there the beautiful soul of the shepherd-boy was filled with a new life, a burning, ardent power, whose means of accomplishment lay before him, and the nutriment of his splendid genius was supplied by the masterly hand and loving soul of Cimabue, who regarded him as the child of his adoption, and yearned towards him daily, more and more, won not only by the tender affection and respect of his young pupil, and the rapid progress of his studies, but also by that delicate and beautiful spirit of harmless mischief and youth, which characterized the earliest years of Giotto, and incidents of which the painters of the day were fond of relating.

With one of these let us finish our sketch.

After Giotto had been in Florence a year or more, old Bendone, impelled by the wish to see his child, and urged on, moreover, by Paula, had travelled thither, and, after accomplishing the journey on foot, arrived at the city early on the Sabbath morning; this was the holiday, and the city was already crowded with idlers; but the old man heeded them not, and pressed anxiously on to the house of Cimabue. Giotto was delighted,—his joy knew no bounds,—he took his father to his master's studio, who received the old man with equal pleasure. After a few hours had passed, Cimabue, thinking to please the delighted Bendone, began to paint his really majestic head, in the character of a patriarch. As the work proceeded, old Bendone kept clasped the hand of Giotto, laughing at his sprightly sallies, and caressing him with delight. The good-natured Cimabue, sharing their joy, often left them alone for a few moments. At one of these absences, Giotto, springing up, seized his master's palette, and painted dexterously a fly on the ample forehead of the painting; Cimabue coming in, uttered an exclamation of displeasure, attempting to brush away the annoying insect, which pertinaciously remained. The laughter of Giotto and his father soon discovered the trick;—his master embraced him rapturously, and Florence soon knew the story.

And this is the tale of Giotto;—but I had forgotten to say that old Bendone had brought for him a little basket, in which lay not only cakes and sweetmeats from the doting Paula, but also an ebony cross, to which was attached a chain of soft brown hair. Whom did it come from?

Pleasure is comparative, and enjoyment is relative; the Spanish peasant basking in the scorching sun, and rolling in the dust of his parched-up plains, is as happy as the French shepherd enjoying the balmy air, and the luxuriant vegetation of Languedoc or Provence.

THE MERCHANT'S GIFT.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

JOSEPH WARNER was a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, living in princely style, surrounded by a retinue of servants and a large coterie of friends and fashionable acquaintances, many of whom had been his intimates for a series of years. He was originally in a very small way himself, and had found it necessary to succumb to a thousand humilities and inconveniences years before, that were not only excessively annoying to his naturally proud spirit, but irksome, and hard to cope with.

Twenty years previously, he was a porter in the store of a crusty old millionaire, who, though he had little sympathy for the poor and humble generally, was, nevertheless, upon certain occasions, kind and liberal to those he chanced to fancy. Upon a very hot day in mid-summer, this wealthy employer of Warner's, at that time, saw Joe (as he was then called) sweating and toiling up to his store-door with a truck-load of merchandize he had procured from a neighboring vessel of old G——'s. The employer watched his porter as he came along toward the sidewalk, puffing and struggling with his burden, and when he arrived before the door and removed his slouched hat, to pass his weather-browned arm across his heated forehead, the millionaire said, pleasantly, "Well, Joe, this'll pass for a hot day."

"Very warm, sir, very," replied Joe, looking about him to see if some other person were not addressed, instead of himself; for old G. was not in the habit of being thus familiar with his dependents.

As Joe Warner tugged and labored to remove the goods safely from his dray, his employer watched his movements, and finally said:

"Joe, what the deuce do you work so hard for?"

"For my bread, sir; and to keep the little ones together."

"How many have you?"

"Four, sir. The eldest is ten years old now, and has got to be a good deal of help to her mother."

"Well, you can do better than this, Joe, if you've a mind; and become a merchant yourself."

Joe supposed his employer to be jesting, but he answered, "Yes, sir, if I had the means to do differently, I wouldn't sweat over this dray, I assure you. But the babies must be cared for, you know, and I am content. There are plenty

of men, sir, a good deal worse off than Joe Warner is, to-day."

"True,—but you can do better."

"As how, sir, if you please?" queried Joe.

"Do a little more head work, and less of this hard toil will be needed, Joe. Buy a cargo of sugar, for instance, and make a few hundreds or thousands of dollars by the operation, to begin with. Then go carefully, shave and save as respectably as may be necessary, according to the times, the demand, and the supply, and you'll get rich."

"Excellent advice, this, sir, and for which I am greatly obliged to you. But, perhaps, you will lay me under further obligations to your kindness, by informing me where I'm to get the means to purchase this cargo, and, consequently, to realize all these hundreds or thousands of dollars, as the case might be."

"Easiest thing in the world, Joe."

"Is it, sir?"

"You don't want any money."

"No!" exclaimed Joe, astonished. "Why, I always thought these things cost money, sir."

"True,—but still you won't want any ready money, if you follow my advice."

"Then I'll do so, surely, sir."

"Very well. To-morrow, at eleven o'clock, there is to be sold at Packet Pier, a cargo of sugar, on board the brig 'Percival.' Go down and buy it."

"What, the brig, sir?"

"No, no! The sugar."

"How much, sir?"

"The cargo, Joe,—the whole of it. I'll take it off your hands, at cost, if you don't want it, afterwards."

"But—the pay, sir. How shall I pay for it?"

"It is to be sold, on approved credit, at sixty days. If they ask who is your endorser, say it's me, Joe."

"Thank you," said Joe, feebly, and utterly at a loss to comprehend what the old gentleman was driving at.

Joe Warner went home that night, perplexed. But before eleven o'clock next day, though he did not see his employer in the meantime, he made up his mind how he should act. And at the hour of sale, he went to the dock, in his old blouse and slouched hat, direct from his labor.

There was a splendid company present at the sugar sale, for there was but little in market, and a decidedly speculative feeling was current in sugars at this time. Joe loitered along,—did not see Mr. G. there, but recognized a great many other gentlemen, who did not then care to know him, particularly.

"Gentlemen," said the fashionable auctioneer, rising, at length, "we have a very fine cargo of sugars to offer you here to-day, on board the Percival, and I am happy to meet so goodly a company this morning. We shall sell for cash, for all sums under five hundred dollars, and at sixty days for all purchases made exceeding that sum—with endorsed notes, as usual, to be approved by the auctioneer. And now, gentlemen, if you will give me your attention, we'll commence the sale, with the understanding that we sell five boxes, or more, as the buyer may elect when the lot is knocked off. And, to begin with, what shall I have, gentlemen, for the first lot—five boxes, or more. Speak it, gentlemen—how much?"

"Four cents," said somebody.

"Four cents, I'm offered, gentlemen! Four cents—four—four—four and a quarter, and a half—thank you, sir—now five? Four and a half—three quarters, three quarters, three quarters—say five? Five I have. Five, five, five, five cents a pound," and here it seemed to stick fast. The bid was Joe Warner's, and everybody knew it. The knowing ones said, "Knock it off,—let him have it." He was a poor looking man, and evidently didn't want more than five boxes. Let him have it low, and they would thus get rid of him—and down it went.

"Name, sir?" said the auctioneer, roughly, and, at the same time, eyeing his customer, as much as to say, "you're a beauty to be here buying sugars, to be sure!"

"Joseph Warner, sir."

"O, I see, yes. Warner,—Joe Warner. How much do you take, Joe?"

"I'll take the whole, sir."

"Whole *what*?" exclaimed the auctioneer.

"The whole cargo, sir."

"The whole cargo is not selling, sir."

"Your terms were 'five boxes, or more,' I think, Mr. Auctioneer."

"Yes, yes, yes!" shouted a dozen voices, at once.

"Very well, then, if you claim it, sir."

"Of course I claim it. I take the lot, at five cents."

"And who is your endorser?"

"James G., of Market Street," said Joe, proudly, making his way through the crowd, who gathered about him.

Mr. G. was among the lookers on. The auctioneer said, "Is this so, sir?" The millionaire nodded assent, and the knight of the hammer added:

"Mr. Joseph Warner, gentlemen, takes the entire cargo, at five cents!"

A shout rang up from the multitude at this announcement, and Joe Warner soon found himself busy.

"Do you want this sugar, or any of it?" asked Joe of his employer, a few minutes after this. "I am besieged to sell, at an advance, and have, at the very least, forty customers, who are pressing me with offers, sir."

"Sell it, Joe,—don't keep it over night. You can do better than I care to do for it, now. So make your hay while the sun is shining."

Warner disposed of his entire purchase before he left the dock, to half a dozen different merchants, at a handsome advance; and turning over their notes to the auctioneer, he realized the surplus from them in cash, and went home that night thirty-three hundred dollars better off than he was in the morning! He gave up portering from that day, and commenced to grow rich, off hand. He finally went into business with an established firm, as junior partner (when he had accumulated twenty thousand dollars by himself), and from that time his fortune grew rapidly, until he was now (when we present him to the reader) the master of a superb fortune, and was nearly sixty years of age.

Warner had one serious failing. He had come up from poverty to competency, and thence to great wealth, very suddenly, and he soon got to be, amid his prosperity, an emphatic *bon vivant*. His dinners were superb, his living, generally, costly, and he knew the qualities of a truffled turkey, a canvass-back, or a saddle of venison, better than any other man in town. He drank good wine, too, and at last became gouty and obese, from his creature indulgences. When he had seen nearly threescore years, he was inclined to apoplexy, though he did not pretend to believe it, and he secretly made his will.

In this document, which was prepared with great care by his accomplished attorney and legal counsellor, he provided generously for his wife and children first, and then apportioned certain liberal sums to such institutions of a charitable character as he was convinced were deserving and needy. The will was duly witnessed, signed and sealed, and placed upon the proper records.

Among the *attaches* of his household, there was a young man of three-and-twenty, who enjoyed Warner's confidence, and who entertained a secret affection for his youngest daughter, a blooming girl then nineteen years old. But Hartwell never told his love to the father, for he was poor, and dependent on the merchant's bounty for his subsistence. He was an exceed-

ingly worthy fellow, nevertheless, and Charlotte loved him, though she never dared to say so. Her mother had higher notions for her, altogether. To be sure, *her* husband had once been a drayman and porter,—but what mattered that? He was now a rich merchant, and her daughters must wed their equals in rank, or remain in single-blessedness, if she had *her* will. The two lovers lived quietly on, therefore, loved and hoped for better prospects in the future.

Hartwell had been the faithful confidant of his employer for six long years, when, one day, greatly to the secretary's surprise, Mr. Warner said to him, when they were alone in his library, "Wallace, you're a very clever young man, and I am inclined to do something for you. What shall it be?"

"Really, sir," replied Hartwell, surprised, "I cannot dictate to you."

"You have now served me earnestly and honorably for a long time, and you have my entire confidence. Let me give you some proof of my friendship. I promise you that I know you so well, if you will propose, I will engage to respond to your wishes, whatever you may claim."

"I claim nothing, sir. You have been constantly friendly to me since I came into your employ, and I have aimed to do my duty, as well as I knew how."

"I know it, Wallace, and that is why I now speak to you as I do. You are in love with Charlotte, my daughter," continued Mr. Warner, abruptly.

"You are right, sir," said Wallace, with some embarrassment. "You have offered voluntarily to give me whatever I will ask of you. I ask you, then, to give me Charlotte in marriage," continued Hartwell, more boldly.

"Let us look at this, Wallace. Your wish is not unreasonable. Charlotte loves you—she has confessed it to her father—and I am content with this. But Mrs. Warner, though an excellent woman, is notional; she will never consent to your union with her daughter, while you are poor. Besides, you could not support her as she has been in the habit of living, and it would be hard to reduce her to the level of your present pecuniary means, you see."

"I am fully aware of this, sir, and therefore have never alluded to our marriage, even to her."

"That is considerate, Wallace. Bring me my will, from the safe, yonder. Here is my private key," said Warner, without rising from his seat. And when Wallace brought him that document, he glanced it over, and wrote upon the bottom of the sheet—dating it on the day he made the addition—the following:

"This is my codicil to my will, written by my own hand. To Wallace Hartwell, my faithful secretary and friend, I give and bequeath the marble-front house owned by me, in S. Street, in Philadelphia, with the lands and appurtenances thereunto belonging, in fee, to him and his heirs and assigns, forever; together with the sum of thirty thousand dollars in cash,—the same to be paid to him promptly, or his order, immediately upon my decease. He will marry my daughter, Charlotte; and I hereby charge my executors and administrators, named in this my will, with the faithful performance of this, my final codicil."

His attorney was sent for, the addition was duly signed and attested, his counsel was enjoined to privacy in reference to it, the addition was recorded, and, five days afterwards, Joseph Warner, Esq., was found stone dead, alone in his library! His sudden death was caused by apoplexy.

Joseph Warner, Esq., had a great funeral. All the nabobs of the Quaker city turned out, with their private carriages, and the rich merchant was followed to Laurel Hill Cemetery by a crowd of "mourners."

The attorney was called in, the relatives, witnesses, friends, and expectants, were all present, after the burial, at the opening of the will. It was a lengthy document, but it was filled with interest, from first to last, and all who were present listened with marked silence to the reading of it. Mrs. Warner never had fancied Wallace much, though she knew he was her husband's "right hand man," and she breathed freer when the attorney concluded the main provision of the will, and heard the well known signature that was affixed at the bottom of it,—for Hartwell's name had not been mentioned at all!

The attorney wiped his mouth carefully, took a long breath, and, amid the silence, continued to read, "This is my codicil to my will, written by my own hand," and he read the remaining portion of the document, with becoming emphasis, at the expiration of which Mrs. Warner swooned, and it was supposed, for half an hour after, by all who were present—though they did not know the cause—that Mrs. Warner had really gone to keep her husband company, in a better world than this!

Mrs. Warner came back to consciousness, and at length became resigned to accepting a secretary for a son-in-law. Charlotte Warner became Mrs. Hartwell within twelve months. They lived long and happily together, and the MERCHANT'S GIFT was duly appreciated by the fortunate and faithful secretary.

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER!

BY A. D. LANE.

When sorrow's storms above you lower,
And joy seems fled forever,
Your watchword, in that darksome hour,
Should be, hope on—hope ever!

The darkest cloud will pass away,
The wildest tempest cease;
The heart, where sorrow long held sway,
Shall be the abode of peace.

Hope on—hope ever! life is not
A scene alone of tears;
For many a bright and sunny spot
Along our path appears.

Hope on—hope ever! dry those tears
That flow for earthly sorrow;
And though the present dark appears,
Look for a bright to-morrow.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

BY FRANCES PARKER.

THE storm raged violently without and roaring through the battlements, rumbled in smoky gusts down the huge chimneys of the crumbling castle, that stood on the wild sea-shore of Brittany. A wilder burst than ordinary rattled the iron-barred casements, ruffled the faded and worn arras on the wall, and threw open the shrunken door of the old hall. A young man, of an extraordinary beauty and stateliness, rose to close it before the noisy vehemence of the tempest should disturb the only other occupant of the apartment, an old man, who slept on a low cot before the smouldering fire; but a tall cloaked figure standing in the doorway and shaking off the wet in a shower of spray, caused the young man to start back with a gesture of defence.

"Have no fear, my lord," said the stranger, in excellent English, throwing down his cloak and disclosing the noble features of Stanley.

"Welcome, welcome, dear father-in-law! replied the young man, in a low tone, pointing to the sleeper, and taking his guest by the hand, he led him to the only seat in the room, a low stool by the fire, and threw himself on the mat by the old man's cot. "How camest thou in France, Stanley?" he asked.

"For thee," was the reply. "I laugh, in troth, at my dissembling, but this misshapen Gloucester will, ere a month, dispose of too many English hearts and lives, unless thou establishest thy claim. Richmond, thy mother,

my dear wife, sends thee her greeting, and thou wilt return with me!"

"I scarcely think so, my lord," answered Richmond. "I have neither means nor men. I shall not be of age for a month, and I cannot leave my uncle!"

"Look to him now, Henry," whispered Stanley.

The old man, with his long gray hair falling on his shoulders, had half risen. "I am denied union," he said, "but I have holier chrisms! Come hither, Henry."

The young man rose and knelt by his uncle's side. There had lain under the pillow, for a long time, a minute flask of oil. This the old Earl of Pembroke now opened. "A hundred years and more have gone," he murmured, "since the kindred drops of this oil were poured over thine ancestor, great Edward's head, and by its sacred power I consecrate thee, Henry Tudor, to be king and ruler over England!" and he held the inverted flask over the flowing hair of the young earl. "God be with thee, my child, the saints mediate for thee, Christ redeem thee!" and he fell back on his cushions. Perchance the flask had, for many generations, been empty, but it seemed to him that an invisible incense filled the place, and the silver wings of angels, drawn to a solemn apex, vibrated above him through the delicious fragrance. Henry bent over him with eager tenderness, laying his forehead and parting his hair. The smile grew into stone upon his uncle's face, while he turned his head upon the pillow, and died calmly as the twilight fades.

"Art thou dead, Jasper Tudor?" uttered a sharp, harsh voice beside the bed. Stanley looked quickly up, but the youth, in his sudden stupor of grief, seemed not to notice it. The speaker was a tall, spare woman, who had entered unobserved. Her black hair hanging over either side of her face, tangled among loosened jewels, her thin, sharp features, her wild, black eyes, sunken and glittering, and her bloodless, hollow cheeks, gave her a mien of frightful fierceness. Her garments were weather-stained and dripping, and her whole aspect haggard and miserable in the extreme.

"Art thou dead?" she reiterated, in a louder tone; "spoiler, art thou spoiled? I have travelled far to see it!" and she seemed to drink in great draughts of malignant joy.

"Queen Margaret!" said Stanley.

"Margaret of Anjou throws down her crown and curses her people! 'Woe to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt.' Thou seest him lie there," she continued, after a moment, in a

lower and bitterer tone, "the dead old man! Yet those calm eyes saw the four red swords that dyed themselves in my boy's blood!"

"Nay, indeed," began Stanley.

"I tell thee he is slain! I, myself, saw it!" she retorted, and her arms, which had hitherto hung listlessly by her side, while her face alone expressed her emotion, were now raised with wild tossings, wringing her slender fingers as her figure swayed to and fro through her passion. "My child! my joy!" she cried, and stepping forward, she seized the dead man fiercely by the arm.

"Woman!" cried Richmond, striking her aside.

"Who sayeth I have sinned? Who knoweth aught of me? He searcheth all hearts!" she answered, as if her own mind were her angel of condemnation. "I am crazed! I am lost! For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" And with outflung hands she staggered from the room.

"My Lord Stanley," said Richmond, in a few moments, "thou art in danger here. Refresh thyself with viands, and seek again thy tyrant. I cannot go with thee now. Two years from this time, kind father, and either will I be dead, or have fulfilled this night's consecration."

As Lord Stanley opened the door, some hours later, to depart into the storm, he stumbled over an obstacle that lay in his path. It was Margaret of Anjou. She, too, was dead.

It was rather more than a twelve-month since the old Earl of Pembroke died, that Henry of Richmond, near the hour of sunset, was crossing on horseback one of the many vast English forests, for heavy bands of followers, and vague, unsettled plans awaited him a few miles beyond the other side. A merry company of hunters both male and female, were advancing confusedly with shouts and laughter and jocund windings of the hunting horn. Dashing in full chase by the spot where Henry had reined his steed, he had scarcely time to notice the white York roses which hung round their horses' ears, ere they were out of sight. Urging his noble animal on, conscious of his danger should he be recognized, though that were hardly possible, owing to his long residence in Brittany, he heard the sound of hoofs upon the leaves beneath, and looking up, beheld a mounted lady approaching on the narrow bridle-path in which he now was.

Immediately he alighted, and led his horse between the trees, where he might observe her as she securely passed to rejoin her party. A dark-green habit, displaying the brilliant purity of her complexion, set off her fine figure to advantage, and round her shoulders was hung a

silver hunting horn. Clear, hazel eyes smilingly acknowledged his courtesy, and thick chestnut curls were knotted under a green cloth cap, whence depended a single white rose.

"It is the Princess Elizabeth, doubtless, of York, from what I have heard," he said to himself; "she has as much beauty as probably hate for me," and he rode quietly on. Suddenly hearing a loud shriek, he reined about and beheld the princess struggling in the hands of two highwaymen. It required not a moment for Henry to reach the place, and to rescue, with his knightly sword and well trained strength, the lovely girl from their grasp, leaving one robber to measure his length senseless upon the earth, and the other to escape with a broken head and a shoulder laid open to the bone.

"Whither are thy friends?" asked he, taking her check-rein, for the path was now wider.

"They were together in the valley below the forge, some six miles hence," replied a sweeter voice than Brittany ever heard.

"Let me guard thee to them," and they went on together.

When the princess had sufficiently recovered from her agitation, finding her champion a stranger in the country, she deemed it but suitable, out of her many thanks, to put aside condescension, and entertain him with what ready wit she could command, and, therefore, in lively conversation and mutual enjoyment they reached the forge. The hunters were assembled in the valley below, evidently awaiting her.

"And now," said she, in parting, "may I not know the name of my preserver?"

A wild red rose-bush, of the kind the peasantry call primrose, grew near, and breaking off a spray, he thrust one into his sword-belt, and offered her the other, saying:

"If thou ever, sweet cousin Elizabeth, wishest a friend, think of this rose, and send for thy greatest enemy." And he sprang quickly off.

The princess gazed after him a moment, with the rose in her hand, then hiding it beneath the trimmings of her dress, while an expression of the greatest pain wound over her face, as if she saw far into the future.

"I should have known it was Richmond," she said, "there is but one such man below!" and she cantered down the hill to meet her party.

"My lord," said she, to the Earl of Salisbury, a few hours after, "have the women of Brittany any superfluous beauty?"

"Nay, your highness," he replied, "they are hard-favored wenches, with cheeks as red as Lancastrian roses." And the princess said nothing of her adventure in the forest.

It is not recorded in Sir John Froissart's chronicles, nor yet in any others, how often Richmond met the Princess Elizabeth in these forests, by the running brooks, or in the stately parks; what private interviews with the Yorkists he held, for the peace of the nation; nor by what spell he taught her ear to watch for his footsteps, her cheeks to flush with his coming, or her eye, as he thought, to brighten at his whispered words of love. But could any one have looked into the depths of her heart, they would have read upon its secretly graven talisman, a deep, strong love for another, and an utter apathy towards Henry of Richmond, only awakened into a miserable fear of the indistinct future at any sound of his coming.

Again another twelve-month had passed, and the red sunset, sinking down the sea, illumined somewhat duskily the sweet-scented garden close of York, where the princess paced with a silken rustle down alleys of waxen roses, and the Earl of Richmond by her side.

"Methinks," said she, in her low, sad voice, sad, her lover thought, because he risked so much, "that thy bravery grows upon rashness to be thus; thou knowest my wicked uncle will be here anon!"

"Nay, love," he answered, "what of it? I have more within a dozen rods than would suffer Richard to lay a finger on me."

"Thou art the better man of the two," said she, with a kind of laughing pride. "Dost remember, Henry, this spray of withered roses?" and unclasping a small portfolio, she showed him the flowers of a twelve-month since.

"Canst doubt it?" answered he. "York conquered at the pitched fields of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and again in the forest, without a struggle. I did hang the mate of those dead blossoms at my belt," he added, merrily, "where after to-morrow thou shalt always be, next my heart, dear Bess!" Had his arm been round her, he would have felt the cold shudder pulsing through her frame at his words.

"Thou art then so certain of success?"

"Did not a king foretell it to me? We have the right on our side, though not the numbers. We will rid the land of a tyrant, by fighting all like lions, fair enemy!"

"I must, perforce, seem to be with York," she remonstrated, "but all my prayers should be for Lancaster. My lord, if thou ever so much hearest that I have promised to be this murderer's wife, do not thou believe it,—I never will. When shall I see thee again?"

"Thou shalt meet me on my shield to-morrow

night, with funeral tears, my love, or I will meet thee in kingly state!"

"If thou lovest me, as thou sayest, let the thought of me nerve thee in the battle;" but though she laughed, it was with a sudden resumption of pain on her white face.

"Bosworth plain—who comes through the shrubbery?"

"Mother of God! It is my Uncle Richard himself! Quick! wrap thy cloak about thy face, and stand at the end of this walk as my guard!"

In a moment the earl was at his post, while Elizabeth turned about and went up the alley alone, still allowing him to keep her in sight.

"Good morrow, pretty cousin," said the hunchback king, coming unattended towards her, with extended hands.

"Good morrow, good uncle," she answered, not noticing his hand.

"Why dost thou walk here alone?" he asked.

"Because I knew that thou wert coming."

"Then thou didst come hither to meet me, lass?"

"Mayhap I did not think of thee at all," she said, abstractedly.

"Nay, coz, thou hast thought of me more than thou wouldst confess! I know it by the hidden necromancy of love."

"I doubt not that thou mayest add magic to the list of thine other accomplishments, good uncle."

"What hast thou there?" he asked, abruptly, seeing the spray of roses lying upon the open portfolio.

"A Lancastrian trophy."

"Give it me!"

"Nay, it is of a singular genus; I will preserve it. The thorns would trouble thee!"

"Thou shouldst only have to do with pure York roses!" he said, tartly.

"To-morrow will decide that!" answered she, looking him steadily in the face.

"To-morrow will be an eventful day, both for York and Lancaster,—hated name!" he replied, looking away. "There is not much time to dally," he resumed, turning to the quiet princess again. "If I conquer, thou knowest I come in state to wed thee then?"

"Ay?" replied she, interrogatively.

"More easily, now, than her Aunt Anne," he thought, but he said, "Thou art not over cordial, hast naught to say concerning it?"

"I shall have much to say then," was all she answered.

"Difficult girl! Clothe thy beauty in bridal array, and prepare to see me on to-morrow's sunset!" he retorted, angrily.

"Whither shall thy brother's child meet thee?" she asked, her great eyes penetrating his soul.

"Thou wouldst imply an impossibility! Sweet coz, I am king! If thou wert my father's child, I would wed thee!"

"Thy father's children are all 'free, among the dead!'" she answered, calmly.

"Thou shalt be requited, bitterly, one day, for thy gentle taunts, thou jade," he muttered, adding aloud, "Would they were here to witness our joy!"

"Thou mayest see them all before the fight, if thy dreams trouble thee, King Richard!"

"King Richard is not nervous, dear coz. But time presses, and I have some way to journey to-night, yet I rejoice to see thee so willingly disposed! Farewell, my happy bride!" and kissing her fingers, he was turning to leave the place, when she said:

"Perchance, Uncle Richard, it may behoove thee to know that I am no bride of thine,—that I despise and hate thee,—that thou art the one black cloud upon my life! Murderer of my father, my uncles, my brothers,—that I never will wed thee, so help me God!" And though her words and tones were vehement, her attitude was one of perfect repose.

"Thou hast buckled on the cothurnus, to-night! I expected as much!" he replied, with a sneering laugh. "Nevertheless, thou art as much mine as if thou hadst put thy jewelled arms around my misshapen neck, and given me the kisses thou, erewhile, gavest mine enemy!" And he was gone.

"My lord," said the princess, relieving Richmond from guard, after the king had departed, "thou hadst better follow thy rival's example."

"Thou art too solicitous for my safety, dear Bess; yet the sunset fades, so fare thee well!" and sealing his adieux upon her lips, he was soon out of sight.

When the princess was alone, all the misery she had been stifling seemed to burst out in wild beatings of the air, and inarticulate sobs, without a single tear.

"Elizabeth," said a pitying voice beside her, and, calmed at once, she confronted her mother, a slender woman, robed in deep black, with fair hair, parted smoothly beneath a widow's cap. "Roger has been with me," said the Queen Dowager, "and I have told him what thou hadst not the courage to tell thyself."

"Mother!"

"He refused, at first, to see thee, and then entreated that he might, and waits thee in the pleached alley."

"Mother! mother! why should we sacrifice

ourselves for a people who neither know nor care aught about us?"

"Control thyself, my child."

"God be my witness, mother, that I have never wasted one endearing word on Richmond, nor given him one embrace. If I must suffer, I will not be false!"

"Thou hast promised!" said the dowager, and disappeared in the house; and Elizabeth, with slow steps and a flush deepening on her pale face, left the alley of waxen roses and sought her lover. The gray twilight was already there, and the pleached boughs secured them from observation. Her lover leaned with folded arms against a tree, his plumed cap thrown upon the ground, and floods of golden hair streaming upon his shoulders. The great blue eyes gathered deeper darks each moment, from the pain settling in deadly pallor over his fine Grecian features. He did not seem to recognize her, although his gaze was riveted upon her, but still continued motionless, while the princess took a similar station opposite him. For a long time they maintained this wretched silence, gazing as if each would read the innermost soul of the other, though unable to comprehend their own misery.

"Roger!" cried the girl at last, throwing herself at his feet, "canst thou not forgive me?"

"Nay," said he, hoarsely, "never."

"Canst thou not read mine agony? Hast thou no sympathy for me? I suffer more than thou! O, my love, pardon me!" she cried again, rising and throwing herself upon his bosom.

He separated her hands, and holding her at arm's length in his tight grasp, "Canst thou then leave me?" he said, in a voice so low and intense as to drive the blood, which had been coming and going strangely in her cheeks, all back upon her heart.

"Must I not?" she cried. "Have not enough died all through this land, and if by immolating myself, ay, and thee, I can prevent these great returns of bloodshed, must I not?"

"Thou dost not love me!" he answered, "thou lovest this Richmond, this king!"

"O, my love, I would die for thee!"

"Nay, thou wilt slay me!"

"It is right," she said. "But O, my God! what sin have we committed in thy sight, that thy judgments thus follow us?"

"None," he replied. "It is not God's choice, but thine."

"Thou art cold,—thou art cruel,—thou helpest me none,—thou wilt only remember me with hate!" and she shrunk down, as if the great hand of sorrow pressed her, half kneeling upon

the grass. In an instant he was beside her, soothing her, laying her head upon his bosom, kissing her white lips, and calling her by every tender name.

"Leave them," said he; "it is no duty. Come, then, with me! I will never live without thee! Dost thou love this cold-hearted nation better than thy lover? Let us fly, my love, to peace and happiness!"

"I have promised," said she.

"Thou didst promise me before."

"Thou speakest right," she answered, with sudden resoluteness, as he raised her in his arms. "Thou infusest thine energy through my spirit. I will go with thee, Roger."

"Hasten, then, dearest, and equip thyself for journeying."

"Wait thou here, then!" she cried, speeding away with a happy decision in her movement; and in a few moments appearing, well protected from any weather, and bearing a small casket in her hand. "I feared my mother would see me. I have here all my jewels,—haste, for I still fear!"

Down the shrubbery, and over the distant lawns, and into the shade of the forest they fled, until they came to a small hut.

"Wait here, my darling," he said, "while I procure conveyances," and wrapping her cloak round her, he seated her upon the straw and left her.

It could not have been fifteen minutes after, that he returned on horse himself, and leading another high-bred courser. He dismounted hastily, but the straw was strewn about the door, giving evidence of a struggle, and the Princess Elizabeth was nowhere to be found. Distant cries were still to be heard, and giving the reins to one, he threw himself across the other steed, and galloped madly after them. He soon came within sight of the villanous fugitives, but lost them again with the increasing darkness, and all night following a circuitous route, delayed by losing the track also, and by frequently examining the way for any prints, the early four o'clock twilight found him suddenly, weary and distracted, in the centre of a regiment of armed men.

"It is thou?" said King Richard, laying hold of him in a friendly manner. "Thou hast journeyed all night, faithful soldier! Rest thyself now," and Roger suffered himself to be led listlessly away. During all that morning, till the engagement began in hot earnest, the wicked, hunch-backed king never once lost sight of him.

"Who is it?" said Sir Guy Gaveston to his attendant, as he buckled on his corselet, "who is it the king has left in his tent?"

"In truth, I know not, Sir Guy; it is one with whom his majesty's knaves rode all night," and Sir Guy joined the other knights carelessly, while his attendants, taking a small, light suit of armor, entered the king's tent and threw it carelessly upon one side, saying it was by the king's order, and departed. The princess reclined upon some cushions within the tent, and although she was haggard and weary, and had evidently been weeping, she was singing a merry tune in a low voice. Rising, when she had done singing, she poured some water from a silver ewer and bathed her eyes, but as she returned she decanted a goblet of rare wine, adroitly dropping afterward a fine sleeping-powder into the decanter, and saying to the men, "Here's to the king's success, good friends," she sipped some, and threw the rest upon the ground. "It is sweet wine," said she. "How goes the day?"

"His majesty carries all before him," answered one; and she threw herself upon the cushions again, as if to sleep. A half hour had passed, when seeing her still sleeping, one of the men stepped towards the wine, and pouring out a cup full, drained it with a hearty smack. It did not take long for the other to follow his example. The heat of the day, together with the effects of the sleeping mixture, infused an oppressive drowsiness through their systems, and ere another half hour they both were in a warm, deep sleep. The princess rose cautiously, and parting the curtains of the tent, looked out. The battle was at the highest, and neither side the gainer. Coming gently back, she looked at the sleepers.

"When my uncle can do so much, 'twere a pity if none of his talent were shared in the family! 'Twill do ye no harm!" she said, and noiselessly took away their swords. With sufficient haste she essayed to clothe herself in the light armor the attendant had brought, but her fingers were unskilled, and though, living in stormy times, she had seen many a hero arm, and had watched the king array himself that morning, yet she twice, with the rattle of the plates and rings, awoke the nearest attendant, who quietly rolled over to continue his nap, before she had finished arming her slender frame. Taking the long white plumes from her hair, she fastened them into the helmet, and buckling it securely on, shut the visor and went out. A large white horse, gaily caparisoned and belonging to the king, was picketed behind the tent. This she quickly mounted, as she had seen other warriors do, and stopped a moment on the hill by the tent, to take a survey of the field.

"I will not fight for this crooked fiend, in

troth," she said, "therefore I must fight for Richmond, whom I would not willingly wrong, albeit I shall not wed;" and seeing Lord Stanley's force, concerning whose manœuvres Richmond had apprised her, she galloped down to meet him; and when that nobleman wheeled round to join the Lancastrians, throwing out the banner of the red rose, Elizabeth, with shield and sword in hand, wheeled with them.

All through the heart of the battle, struggling with Yorkists and shouting for Lancastrians, the white-plumed rider might be seen, bearing down where the fight was thickest, among mighty forces, and effecting more by her skilful blows than many another, stouter. At last, exhilarated with success, she dashed against a Yorkish knight, mailed all in black armor, with his visor closed, drawing him by aside thrusts out into the freer fight. The knight fought bravely, and, but for the agility of the princess, would certainly have laid her low. At last, tired of the fencing, he made a powerful pass with his broadsword, which Elizabeth evaded, and inserting, the point of her sword between the plates of his breast armor as he bent forward, she gave a great wrench, aided by the strength of her horse, who bore her wheeling round, and threw the knight from his saddle, his armor not only torn open, but the blood gushing forth in a crimson torrent.

The princess, who had not before seen the effects of any of her blows, leaped instantly from her horse, and was beside the knight, like any woman. Unclasping his armor and stanching the blood with her scarf, she threw open her visor for better convenience; the wounded man gave a low cry, not only of bodily pain. Quick as thought, she tore off his helmet in desperation, and the golden curls pouring from it over his black armor, and the beautiful blue eyes raised to hers, told too plainly the terrible deed she had done.

"Wretched girl, what have I done?" she cried, in a frenzy. "O, Roger, my love, my life,—speak to me! Thou art not dead,—say thou hearest me! How could I know it was thee?" her hands all the time busying themselves at the wound. "Have I indeed murdered thee? I cannot stand it!" she cried, louder, in an agony. "Roger, answer me! Say thou forgivest me! Breathe thy life out on my lips! O, why do I live! Great God! thou art not dead?" But the blue eyes stared glassily upon her, and as a great shout of victory went up from the Lancastrians over Bosworth plain, the scattered battalions moving by thought they saw two dead knights together by the mound. But none disturbed either.

The day was drawing to a close, when the now royal Henry of Richmond was roaming across the field with many of his nobles, to inspect the dead. They came to a spot where slaughter had been thickest; the place was wet with blood, and many a stalwart form lay in the strange contortions of death. There lay one upon the ground, his shield thrown from him, his right hand still grasping his sword, his body writhed into a knot, and his countenance, displaying its gnashed and tight-shut teeth, appearing more like Lintram's Satan than Albrecht Durer could have painted him. As Henry contemplated his dead foe, a slender form in light armor, but bareheaded, hung itself upon his arm.

"Thou hast conquered," said the Princess Elizabeth to the astonished King Henry. "He lieth slain like the dragon, O my St. George!"

If in the future any royal joy could compensate for that dread day, answer thyself, O reader! Yet, though one heart bled forever for the comfort of the English people, round the palaces in Wales and York and Lancaster,

"Rose-trees, either side the door, were
Growing lythe and growing tall;
Each one set a summer warler
For the keeping of the hall,—
With a red rose and a white rose,
Leaning, nodding at the wall!"

DEBT.

Blessed is he who can slap his breeches pocket in the face of the world, and triumphantly exclaim—"Behold, ye good people! Lo, ye heavily-laden debtors! come and look upon a man—a being like unto yourselves—who owes not a dollar!" We would travel far to see such a creature; we would contribute liberally towards providing a glass case in which his embalmed remains should be preserved after death, as a sacred relic to posterity—a specimen of a species almost extinct in the nineteenth century—the Cash Philosopher! Him no duns can harass, nor the approach of inevitable pay-day disturb. His substance no voracious lawyer can devour, nor their ruthless myrmidons seize upon. He, securely armed in specie, smiles at the dread sheriff, and defies his power. He is cheerful even on the awful eve of quarter-day. He alone is the free citizen—only he can feel truly independent! Happy mortal!—*New York Sunday Times.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

You that propose to be the historian of yourself, go first and trace out the boundary of your grave—stretch forth your hand and touch the stone that is to mark your head, and swear by the Majesty of Death, that your testimony shall be true, unwarped by prejudice, unbiased by favor, and unsustained by malice; so mayest thou be a witness, not unworthy to be examined before the awful tribunal of that after time, which cannot begin until you shall have been numbered with the dead.—*Curran.*

THE TIME TO TALK OF LOVE.

BY CALS GREENE DUNN.

When western skies are glowing fair,
With dyes the sinking sun impressed—
When sweetest flowers embalm the air,
With fragrance Nature's God hath blessed—
Then I, with her I love, would rove,
Down by the rippling Byram's side;
For 'tis the time to talk of love,
When twilight leaps upon the tide.

Not in the mid-day would I roam,
Within the wild wood's glades and bowers;
Where sunlight never deigns to come,
To kiss the shadows from the flowers.
But, when the day is fading down,
And deeper grows the blue above—
"When twilight shades are falling round,"
Then is the time to talk of love.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY MRS. MARTHA BANCROFT.

DIMLY and faintly the light came through the dingy and uncurtained window of a low room, where a daughter of earth lay dying.

It was bitterly cold, and through the many crevices of the hovel the wind pierced with its chilling breath, and here and there the snow had entered through the broken panes, and lay in heaps upon the floor. A small pile of ashes on the hearth alone told that there had ever been so great a luxury as fire in that miserable abode. It was a sad picture of destitution and misery—bitter cold without, and the chilliness of death within.

Yet even there, faith shed its holy light, and the shadows of earth were powerless to appall the passing spirit. One tie alone yet held the fluttering pinions which were struggling to be winging their flight homeward.

"Mary, darling, come closer to me, for my eyes are growing very dim," said the faint voice of the dying mother. There was a quick movement at the foot of the bed, and the scanty covering was thrown aside, revealing the little emaciated face of a child who might have seen some six years—years of privation and suffering, it would seem from the appearance of the little shrunken figure which passed so silently and phantom-like to the side of the low pallet, and laid her wan face close to her mother's. How like they were, as for a few moments they remained thus, motionless; the child's face so old in its early misery, yet exhibiting unmistakable traces of great natural beauty, and the mother's, from whose countenance the dark imprints of

sorrows long endured, were being effaced by light from the upper world.

"Mary, do you know that I am going to leave you soon, alone?" at length the dying woman said. "Do you know that I am going where you will never see me again in this world?"

A wondering expression filled the large dark orbs which were bent upon the mother's face, and a weak, childish voice said:

"Mother, why can't I go, too? I always go with you, don't I, mother? Mary would be afraid to stay here alone."

A pang of mortal anguish shot through the poor woman's heart, and she buried her face under the ragged bed-clothes, and groaned aloud; but recovering herself by a mighty effort, for she felt that the messenger was near—she said:

"You do not understand me, darling. Put your arms about my neck and lie very still, and I will try to tell you. I am going to that other home which I have told you of, my child, where there is no trouble and sickness."

"But I want to go too, mother. It is very cold here;" and the child drew her shivering form closer to her mother's side, and pressed her cold face to hers.

"Would to God I might take you, my own darling; then would the bitterness of death be taken from me; but you must struggle yet longer, here."

"But I will be very good, mother," pleaded the child, "if I may only go with you."

"Mary, my child, I am growing very weak; listen, and try to remember what I tell you. When I am gone, you must try to find your Uncle Henry, and he will take care of you. Be a good girl, and you will come to me at last."

More and more faintly came the words from the stiffening lips, and as a last effort her feeble arms were twined about the shivering child, the summons came, and the death scene was over. Even while the mother's arm encircled the weeping child, the angel whispered the waiting soul, and on pinions of light it sought its home.

Alas, for thee, poor Mary! Alone with darkness and the dead! But the good Father was mindful of the orphan, and sent his blessed angel Sleep, and the wearied child felt only a dim consciousness of her loss, during all that long night, while she reposed so quietly with those cold, stiff arms around her.

Morning broke at last, but it brought no warmth and comfort to the hovel where lay the remains of the once gay and courted Edith Granger. The child awoke when the first sunbeams were resting upon the livid face of the dead, and frightened by the silence and icy coldness of

her mother, screamed aloud. In vain she strove to release herself from the chilling pressure of those rigid arms. She was almost convulsed with terror, when a woman who was passing, attracted by her piercing cries, entered the room.

"Och, darlint," said the kind-hearted Irish woman, "may Jesus have mercy on yoor wee face. And havn't ye been sleaping the night, with these dead arms to cover ye! Och, may the holy virgin protect yees!" and taking the almost exhausted child in her strong arms, she wrapped her own worn shawl carefully around her, and carried her gently as if she were an infant to her lowly home, which was but a few doors away. Her children were yet sleeping, and after rubbing the cold limbs of the little stranger, and restoring the nearly suspended circulation, the woman laid her upon the straw with them, and hushed her to sleep. When all was quiet she stole out and proceeded to call assistance to prepare the body of the dead woman for burial—a pauper's burial.

Ere the sun had set, the body of Edith Granger was consigned to its parent earth, and the poor child was without a friend in the wide world that could provide for and protect her. The poor woman whose sympathies had been awakened in the morning by the little one's pitiable situation, was willing, but it seemed quite unable to take care of her, as she had six young children of her own, and but now and then a day's work to depend upon. Sometimes when hunger pinched, and there was nothing in the house for them to eat, the two elder ones were sent out to beg.

But in all her poverty, Maggie Flannegan had a tender, loving heart, and she could not turn the poor orphan out to perish of cold and hunger, so praying that Jesus and the virgin would help her, she made room for the little one with her own dirty flock, and went on in the old way, thankfully performing it when she could get work, and when she could not, sending the "childers" out to ask for "a thrifle to buy bread." At first little Mary wept constantly and called for her mother, but by degrees, Maggie's unvarying kindness and the natural joyousness of childhood, won her from her sorrow, and she grew more cheerful. At last she ceased to speak of her mother, but a sad, dreamy expression in her dark eyes would have told an observer that a cloud had rested on her young life, and that its shadow still remained.

"Afther all," Maggie would say when remonstrated with for burdening herself with a stranger's child—"Afther all, we get none the poorer for that same. 'Tis an angel face she jist has, the purty darlint, and no misfortin' will ever come

wid her. So jist cease your prating, Judy O'Rorke, and lave me alone for findin' the praties to kape us all from starvin'. While Maggie Flannegan has a shraw to lie on, or a rag to cover the childers, the poor wee thing shall share as if she were my own darlint, Mary Asthore!"

Little Mary fared so much better, as far as food was concerned than she had done for a long time, that she soon grew stronger, and accompanied Johnny and Biddy when they were obliged to go out to beg. Maggie soon found that the little pale face and dreamy eyes had a wonderful effect in loosening the purse strings of the passers-by, and the children now brought home more in one day, than they had done before in a week. The child's presence had truly brought a blessing.

A year had passed since little orphan Mary found loving hearts and a home under the lowly roof of Maggie Flannegan. It had been a year of unusual prosperity with the poor Irish family, for thanks to Mary's sweet face and pleading voice, they had now always enough to eat, and something to lay aside for a stormy day when the little ones could not go out. One night just at twilight, as Mary was rapidly wending her way homeward with her four shillings closely folded in her hand, she was accosted by a well-dressed, elderly gentleman, who asked her name.

"Mary Granger, sir, if you please," she replied, and was passing on, when he laid his hand gently upon her arm and detained her.

"Well, Mary, why are you walking so fast and alone, to night?"

"Because my mother—for so she had learned to call Maggie—will be anxious about me if I am not soon at home, and I am alone because Biddy was not well to-day, and could not come with me. Will you give me a penny, sir?" the child continued, "'tis to buy bread for the children."

"O yes, my little girl, if you will come with me to my house. It will not keep you long, and I will give you something good to carry home to your mother."

This decided Mary, and placing her hand confidently in his, she very gladly accompanied the stranger, thinking all the time what a joyful surprise she would give Maggie and the children, when she should return with the unexpected delicacy.

They had traversed many streets and were now in a locality which was wholly unknown to Mary. Still her little feet pattered along at the side of her silent conductor, until they had gone so far that she feared it would be late before she could retrace her steps, and stopping, she said :

"I must not go any farther, sir—it is getting dark, and I must go home."

"What, without the nice things I would send to your mother? No, no, little white face, here we are—you will have no farther to go." Grasping her hand still more tightly, he led her up a flight of rickety old stairs on the outside of the building, and drew her after him into a low room at the top. It was by this time so dark, that the child could not distinguish objects in the room, but taking her slight form in his arms, her companion placed her in a chair.

"There, my little lady," said he, "stay there until I get a light, and I will soon tell you what I brought you here for."

The light was soon procured, and turning its rays full upon her face, he said in a different tone from that in which he had previously addressed her:

"Do you know where you are?"

"No sir. But indeed, I must be going."

"Ha, ha, you must, hey? Do you know me, child?" he added, coming nearer to the bewildered girl.

"No sir, I never saw you before to-night."

"Well, I've seen you a great many times, my little lady, and I like you so well that I am going to have you live with me."

"O no, no, I can't. I must go home," said Mary, now thoroughly frightened at the changed manner of the gentleman, as she supposed him to be, and sliding from the chair she approached the door and tried to open it.

"Ha, ha, little bird, the cage door aint open, is it?"

In vain the tiny fingers tried to force open the door; it was locked, and the key was in her tormentor's pocket.

"Come here, child," at length he said, "no more fooling. Come to me, I say," he repeated, stamping his foot heavily upon the floor, as she hesitated. The poor little terrified creature took a few trembling steps towards him, then bursting into tears, she begged to be allowed to go home.

"Home, simpleton! I tell you you are to live with me, and this is to be your home. So let me hear no noise about it, or it will be worse for you. Do you hear?" he thundered, as the poor thing continued to sob as if her heart were breaking. "What's your name, brat?"

"Mary Granger," answered the child, in a choking voice.

"So you told me before, but it's a lie. Peggy Jones is your name, and it will be well for you if you remember it. If you ever say again that your name is Mary Granger, or any but Peggy

Jones, I will soon make you repent it. I will have no liars about me."

The child had hushed her sobbing, and was glancing hurriedly and eagerly round the gloomy apartment.

"That's your game, is it?" he continued—"Well, get out, if you can; but mark me, and remember that I never tell lies; if you do run away, or disobey me in anything, I'll whip you severely. So if you want to be safe, just mind what I say, will ye? and his fierce eyes glared on her like the eyes of a wild beast on its prey.

She looked indeed like a lamb in the merciless clutches of the savage wolf. She had sunk powerless upon the floor as those dreadful threats were hissed into her ear, and the fierce eyes seemed burning like fire into her brain.

"Get up and come here."

The child obeyed, for fear of this brutal man was already paralyzing her very soul.

"Sit in this chair, and don't you stir until I come back."

Grasping her arm roughly, he seated her in the chair he had just quitted, and taking the light left the room through an inner door.

Presently the door re-opened, and an old man entered. He was a most loathsome and repulsive looking object. Long, matted gray locks streamed about his face, and a dirty beard descended almost to his bosom. Rags, of every hue and texture composed his dress, and as if to complete his attractions, he was horribly deformed. The savage eyes glared frightfully on the child as he approached her.

"So you know me, now, Peggy Jones?" he said, with a mocking laugh, as she shrank from him.

"Yes sir," she faltered.

"It's well you said so, for I hate liars. Who am I?"

"Beggar Jones," replied the child.

"Well, don't you forget it, and you're my darlin' child, Peggy Jones. Peggy, where's my money you got to-day?"

"Indeed, my mother needs it very much, sir, for Biddy's shoes are all worn out, and this will make enough to buy her a pair of new ones—don't take it from her," pleaded the little girl.

"Look here, Peggy, do you see this?" and the old man produced a small whip from among his rags. "Give me the money, or I shall soon learn you the use of it."

Without another word the child handed him the money, for she saw that to resist would be useless.

"Now Peggy, dearie, you're a nice little girl, and I'll reward you. Every day you shall go

out and get money for your lovin' father; and if you can manage to slip that little bit of a hand of yours into a lady's or gentleman's pocket, and take out their purses, why you may bring them home to me, too. You and I shall do nicely together, Peggy, my darlin' child. I've been so lonesome while you was away," said he, leering upon her with those hateful eyes. He then stepped to a closet, and taking out a crust of hard, dry bread, gave it to the little frightened creature, and commanded her to eat.

"I don't want any supper," sobbed she.

"Eat it, I tell you, and then you must go to bed, for you will get up early in the morning to help your lovin' father. Here's where you are to sleep," pointing to something which looked like a pile of rags in a corner of the room.

"See how kind I've been to get such a nice bed ready for you. What, you have finished your supper? Well, this will do for to-morrow," and taking the crust, he placed it again in the closet. "Now, Peggy to bed, for I shall call you early."

Dragging her to the rags, he threw her little form upon them, and after spreading her shawl over her, took the light and left the room.

For long hours poor Mary sobbed and cried, but atlast, exhausted by emotion, she fell asleep.

O angel mother! from thy home on high, dost see thy darling in her misery? Surely, there is One who sees, and will protect.

"Beggar Jones," as he was called, was well known in Boston, and considered as a good, pious old man, whose bodily infirmities prevented his laboring to support himself, and many a choice bit did kind-hearted housekeepers lay aside for the poor old man, and many a bright coin found its way into his pockets.

Mary had often seen him in her excursions, and consequently, when he appeared before her as we have recorded, she at once recognized him. The villain had long marked the successful beggar-girl, and determined that her gains should be transferred to his possession, but not having met her alone until now, had not dared to molest her. He was a crafty villain, and being principled against all kind of honest labor, he was provided with numerous disguises, so that when he failed to accomplish his object in one, he could easily resort to another. The reader has now the key to his appearance when he decoyed poor Mary into his power.

As soon as it was light in the morning, the little tired sleeper was roused, and after eating a small part of the crust which she had left the previous night, was sent forth to solicit charity. Rejoiced to find herself again in the open

street, free from her dreaded jailor, and not doubting that she should now return to Maggie, she flew along with eager haste in the direction in which she supposed her home to be, only stopping now and then to inquire of some early pedestrian if she were right. At length she came into a street which was well known to her, and bounding forward with renewed speed, she was soon within a short distance of the longed-for retreat.

Just as she was turning a corner into the street where Maggie lived, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a well known voice said, Peggy Jones! The child stopped as if suddenly paralyzed, for just before her in his full regalia stood "beggar Jones."

"Ha, ha, I think you've walked far enough for exercise this morning, and your breakfast must be now pretty well digested. So we will proceed to work at once. But don't let me catch you at this trick again. I can't afford to spend my precious time in running after you, and it's hard for an old man, too—so Peggy, look out," and shaking his whip at her, he pointed out the direction in which he wished her to go, and stood watching her until she was out of sight.

Sorely disappointed, Mary proceeded on her way, but still resolved to effect her escape, and hoping to go home to Maggie with money enough to replace that which had been taken from her. As the day waned, and she saw no more of "beggar Jones," hope resolved itself into certainty in her heart, and with a feeling of thankfulness for her escape, and her unusual success, she once more turned into the street where anxious hearts were mourning for "Mary Asthore!"

The hovel was already in sight, and in another moment she would have been at the door, when she was stopped by a man who seemed to have risen from the ground at her feet, so sudden was his appearance.

"Where away, child?" said he.

"I'm going home, sir."

"That's true, so come along, Peggy," and once more the child recognized her tormentor. "You have kept me here a long time, my darlin' child, but I knew you would be sure to come, so I waited to see you safe home. Your lovin' father's very kind to you, Peggy, and you must be careful not to give him so much trouble again, or may be you'll get a small dose of that medicine I showed you last night."

Grasping the little trembling fingers tightly in his hand, he dragged the wearied little body after him at a rapid pace, until they stood once more within the gloomy room which he had told her was to be her home.

"Now, Peggy," said he, after he had locked the door, "I will be merciful to you this time, and only send you to bed without your supper, as a punishment for trying to run away; but if it happens again, you won't get off so easy. Go to bed, and to-morrow we'll try again, and you had better remember that 'beggar Jones' in some form or other, will meet you at every turn."

With these words he left her. With an aching and almost despairing heart Mary threw herself upon the rags, and, shivering with fear and cold, at last cried herself to sleep. This day was only a sample of many others that followed, until finally the poor child gave up in despair. Go where she might, her persecutor was ever near her, and to elude his vigilant watch seemed hopeless. Love and gratitude were no longer her incentives to exertion, and she soon ceased to collect so large a sum daily as she had done for her kind Irish protector. But the brutal use of the whip soon made fear accomplish for him what he could not otherwise obtain. But no punishment or threats, however fearful, could make the child do more than beg—she would not steal. The seeds of good which a Christian mother had sown, were not dead, but even in that life of degradation and hopeless misery, bore some fruit.

It would far exceed our limits were we to record the details of the life of wretchedness which poor suffering Mary led while in the power of "beggar Jones." Months and years passed, and as hope died in the heart of the orphan child, a feeling of despair took its place. She went and came at her master's bidding, like a machine when the motive power is applied, indifferent to everything that was passing around her, only caring to bring home money enough to save herself from the cruel punishment which she was sure to receive if she failed, as she sometimes did. But at last she sank into a state of apathy from which the lash could hardly arouse her; and thus wasting away the life and soul which God gave, the years glided on until Mary was ten years old.

One day, having wandered farther than usual, as she was passing through a street in the suburbs of the city, the name on the doorplate of a splendid house attracted her attention. Before her mother died, Mary had been taught to read, and she had not entirely lost the knowledge. Springing up the steps, she read with eager eyes the name of Henry Granger. Her apathy was all gone, and without a moment's hesitation she rang the bell violently. A spruce waiting-maid answered the summons, but when she saw that it was only a ragged beggar girl

that had summoned her from her gossiping chat in the kitchen, she said angrily:

"Why don't you go to the basement door? Be off, can't you?" she continued, as the child stood gazing at her.

"I did not come a begging," she said, timidly.

"What do you want, then? Be quick, for I can't stand here."

"Does Mr. Henry Granger live here?"

"To be sure he does. Can't you read?"

"Well," said the poor child, with a desperate effort at calmness, "I want to see him. My name is Mary Granger, and he is my uncle."

"Be off, and tell your lies elsewhere, for I don't believe one word of it. You don't look as if you ever had any uncle, or father, either, for that matter," and the servant tried to shut the door. But a new hope had dawned on the benighted soul of the beggar girl, and with an energy which startled even herself, she said:

"I will see my uncle—I must see him."

Surprised at the strange visitor's boldness, the girl retreated into the passage, and Mary followed, still entreating to be permitted to see Mr. Granger.

"Well, if you will, I can't help it," and the maid threw open a door, at the same time saying—"she would come in, sir. I hope you'll not blame me, for I could not prevent her," and then disappeared.

"How? What is this?" said a gentleman, who was the only occupant of the room, as he rose, in astonishment. "What do you want, child?" he continued, as she advanced into the apartment, never taking her eyes from his face.

"Are you Mr. Granger, sir?" said she, timidly.

"Yes."

"Well, then, you're my uncle," said she, joyfully, "My mother told me to come, and she said you would take care of me. My name is Mary Granger."

The child seated herself in one of the luxurious chairs, and looking up into his face with all the beautiful trust of childhood, she said:

"O, I'm so glad! You'll love me, won't you, uncle?"

Not a word had Mr. Granger spoken. He was completely puzzled by the singular conduct of the child; but as she continued to gaze upon him with those dark, soul-full eyes, olden memories came thronging about his heart, and the image of an idolized brother rose before him.

He seated himself and resting his head upon his hand, continued his "dream of the past." Once more he saw a manly form which he had loved in other days, and his heart whispered—"brother." Then came another scene in the

life drama, and standing before him with a fair young creature whom he called "wife" at his side, was again that brother, but a shade is upon his brow, and a sad look in the dark, tender eyes, for the hour of parting has come, and the brothers are soon to be severed by the rolling ocean. Again they meet, but death is there, and the brother so tenderly loved is passing on to the land above. "My wife and child, Henry, care for them when I am gone." The promise is given, and the strong man is bowing in agony beside the corpse whence the soul has fled. Another scene—and the young wife and mother is before him in her great sorrow. Then comes a proud and stately figure, his own wife, and her dark shadow obscures the form of the weeping widow. She is gone, and he can no farther trace her. The dream is ended. "My mother is dead, Uncle Henry, and I have no friend now, but you;" and the sweet trustfulness of the child's spirit, looking up to him through those eyes, so like the eyes of the dead, touched a chord in the proud man's heart that had long lain dormant, and for the first time for years, he wept. He could not doubt that it was indeed his brother's child who had so strangely revealed herself to him. Every feature, but most of all the eyes, in their dark and mournful beauty, so reminded him of the loved and lost, that he wished for no farther proof. "I will take care of you, darling, and you shall be my own child." Drawing the happy child towards him, he kissed her beautiful forehead while his eyes were filled with grateful tears.

At this moment the door opened, and a richly dressed lady entered the room. Her lip curled with haughty pride as she saw the little ragged girl who was seated on her husband's knee, with her arms closely twined about his neck.

"I desire to know the meaning of this, Mr. Granger," she said, after she had deliberately surveyed them.

"Emma, this is my brother's child, restored to me," he answered, with emotion.

"A likely story, Mr. Granger, that this dirty, ragged thing is any relation of yours!" Pointing to the door, she continued—"Begone, beggar! We are not all fools."

Closer the tiny arms were drawn about his neck, and looking up into Mr. Granger's face, the child said, touchingly:

"Do not send me away, dear uncle. I have no home, and O, I'm so tired of wandering."

"Never, darling!" and drawing her closer to his bosom, he kissed her again and again.

An expression of withering scorn was on the lady's face, as she saw this, and she exclaimed:

"Henry Granger, I do believe you are an idiot, to be so easily imposed upon. For shame, sir. Pat down the child, and let her go about her business. I will not harbor her here. We should soon have all the beggars in town claiming relationship."

"Emma, just look at this beautiful face, and those eyes. Do they not speak to you of the dead? She is no impostor, and I believe the finger of God is in this. For years have I sought her and her mother, in vain, and now the poor little wanderer comes to my door, and asks me to love and protect her. I tell you, Emma, she is the same little Mary whom I promised Edward to care for as my own child. Look at her, and doubt it if you can."

"If you will be so infatuated, Mr. Granger, it is not my fault. I wash my hands of the whole matter—I will have nothing to do with it."

The proud woman swept across the room, not even deigning to look at the little creature who clung so fondly to her husband. An instant, and the child had released herself from her uncle, and was kneeling at Mrs. Granger's feet.

"Dear aunt, woud you let me live with you?" she said. "I will be very good, and try not to make you any trouble. Don't send me away, for that dreadful man will find me, and O, he whips me so hard!"

The poor little pleader shuddered, and big tears rolled down her face as she spoke. The stately woman turned without speaking, and was leaving the room.

"Do say that I may stay, dear aunt," continued the weeping child. "I know I can do a good many things, and I will work for you all the time, if you will only let me stay where he can't get me."

"Get up, child, and go to your uncle, as you call him," at length the lady said, in a freezing tone, as she gazed upon the little kneeling figure. "I want nothing to do with you," and passing out, she shut the door with tremendous force after her.

Poor Mary sobbed bitterly, but her uncle soon consoled her, bidding her to be good, and her aunt would soon love her.

And so it was settled, and the little beggar girl became a member of the aristocratic Mr. Granger's family. Her uncle was invariably kind and affectionate towards her, but his eyes could not penetrate all the mysteries of his wife's domestic arrangement, and Mary would have scorned to complain. So how could he know that she was treated worse than the lowest servant in the house—that she was in fact, a "servant of servants."

She was put to sleep in an out of the way attic chamber that had been used for years as a storage room, and was filled with all sorts of articles and utensils for family use, which had from time to time been thrown aside, to make room for new. Rats and mice seemed to consider this apartment as belonging exclusively to them, so merrily did they scamper about, and hold their revels in the long nights—and any quantity of great spiders strung their airy webs upon the bare walls, and crawled upon the child's miserable bed. Yet it was better than she had known before, and if her aunt would have given her a kind word, occasionally, she would have deemed her happiness complete.

The change in Mary's outward circumstances seemed to effect a change in her whole being. She was no longer content in her ignorance, but each day increased her all-absorbing desire to prove herself worthy of her uncle's love, by making the best use of the advantages which he placed within her reach. She longed to know, to understand, and so rapid was her progress, it seemed as if, during those weary years of trial and ignorance, her mind had been gathering almost unnatural strength to grasp rich gems from the tree of knowledge. She was not like a child of ten years, but rather like a woman in capacity and strength of intellect. As the thirsty hart drinks of the sweet water for which it panted, so her mind drank in rich draughts of knowledge daily.

And so Time's never-resting car moved on till Mary was twelve years of age. Her aunt had never spoken a gentle or kind word to her, or forgiven "the little beggar's presumption" in daring to claim relationship with her. Mr. Granger could not fail to perceive something how it was, and after trying in vain all means in his power to effect a favorable change in his wife's treatment of Mary, he resolved to send her away for a few years, until her education should have been completed. In pursuance of this plan, Mary was soon established in the excellent institution of Madame Rivers, in the good city of Baltimore, where with your permission, reader mine, we will leave her for a season.

Once more the progress of our story brings us to the residence of Mr. Granger, after an interval of six years. Time has wrought some changes, but still he had dealt gently with the master of that splendid home, and but few furrows were traced on his white forehead. Mrs. Granger was the same proud and haughty woman as ever, but just now there was an expression of doting fondness on her face, as her glances fell upon the tall form of a young man

who was lounging carelessly on a sofa, near her. Edward Burton was Mrs. Granger's son, the only offspring of a former marriage, and though to all beside she was cold and seemingly unfeeling, he was her idol. His lightest wish was as a law to her, and with a swelling heart she gazed upon his manly features, and felt it blessed indeed to be a mother.

Excepting short visits at intervals, Edward had been away from home for years, and when his collegiate course was ended, he had persuaded his fond mother to allow him yet a longer absence, that he might gaze upon the wonders of the old world, and bask beneath the glorious skies of classic Italy. Three years he had spent in travelling, and now his mother's anxious fears for him were ended, for her son had come home to remain with her. But she did not know that a subtle power was at work to crush her hopes—she did not know that her noble boy was even now a slave to that "which biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Else had her proud heart throbbed with deadly fear, and her mother-love cried, "save him."

Edward Burton had naturally a good heart, and fine intellect, so even his mother's long course of almost unlimited indulgence had failed to make him selfish, or pave the way for the perpetration of crime. But while sojourning in Italy, he became rather intimately acquainted with a young and gay scion of a noble Florentine house. The fiery, impetuous nature of the young Italian was ever impatient of opposition to his wishes, and when, after repeated invitations and urgings, young Burton still continued to decline tasting the sparkling wine, his false friend vowed within himself to work the "proud American's" ruin, through this medium.

We need not stop to detail the various arts and devices which were resorted to, for the accomplishment of this purpose; we all know that a bad, unscrupulous man is never at a loss for tools with which to do his work, however black it may be. Suffice it to say that the barrier of total abstinence was finally passed, and lured on by the artful insinuations of his tempter, who had acquired a strange influence over him, Edward Burton was soon advancing rapidly on that path from which there is no return, save by deep repentance, and adamant firmness of principle. But sooner than he had at first intended, and much too soon for the completion of the Italian's scheme, Burton suddenly announced his intention of returning to America. But he had acquired a fondness for the sparkling poison which was daily gaining new and stronger power over him, and he needed now no suggestions

save those or his own appetite, to induce him to raise it to his lips.

At first the mother's eyes were blinded, but gradually, dim suspicions grew into certain assurance, and with deep agony she saw her son assuming more and more visibly each day, the semblance of that pitiable thing—a drunkard. Night after night he came reeling home, and was placed in bed by the servants, while his wretched mother passed the night in walking her chamber and moaning in bitter sorrow. Late on the following day he would make his appearance, but gnawing remorse was roused by his mother's anguish and entreaties, and with head throbbing almost to bursting, and a feeling of utter self-loathing, he would rush again to the deadly Lethe, to purchase by temporary forgetfulness, new and keener remorse for the future. Affairs were in this sad state when Mary returned from school to reside permanently at home. She was not what a casual observer would have called beautiful, but she was very lovely, notwithstanding. Tall and finely developed in form, there was always a graceful dignity and perfect self-possession in her manners, united with a genial, affectionate air, which made her very attractive. Her eyes were gloriously beautiful. Of a clear gray or hazel, they had the most bewitching curtains of long black lashes, which, when she was looking downward, seemed to rest caressingly on the fair cheek below. But when she was animated, and the eyes were raised, the light seemed actually to flash from them. Anon a sad and dreamy expression would veil their beams like emanations from some hidden fountain of love and tears.

The former coldness and cruelty of Mrs. Granger were forgotten by Mary, or if not forgotten, wholly forgiven, long before, for she was a true Christian; and it was with a heart overflowing with love and grateful happiness, that she resumed her place in her uncle's family. But she soon learned that time and absence had wrought no change in her aunt's feelings towards her. Of course, the elegant and accomplished young lady was not treated exactly as the poor, ignorant child of years before had been, but the same spirit remained, the same icy coldness. This grieved Mary's loving heart, but she constantly hoped that her endeavors to win the love of the proud woman would eventually prove successful, and she went on quietly, unheeding sneering remarks, and allusions to her former poverty.

One night when Mary had been some weeks at home, it happened that she and Edward were alone in one of the parlors. Formerly, it had

been a rare occurrence for him to be at home in the evening, but of late he had often joined the family circle, and a new hope began to dawn in his mother's heart, though he was at such times totally unlike his former self. Silent and moody, he took no part in any conversation, only replying when addressed. But this evening he seemed a changed man, and Mary was surprised at the brilliant thoughts which he so eloquently expressed, and the cultivated mind and heart which his whole conversation evinced. Suddenly he paused; but in an instant he said, abruptly:

"What have I been saying? What right have such as I to speak of purity and goodness? I, a miserable drunkard!" and covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud.

"But, Mr. Burton!" said Mary, astonished.

"Nay, hear me—do not speak! Hear me, if you will, and then tell me if there is hope for so miserable a man as I am. I am most wretched, Miss Granger—Mary, let me call you so. You have seen me in the loathsome guise of the inebriate, apparently regardless alike of my mother's anguish, and my own reputation. You have seen me in all my degradation, but you do not know how deep it is, for you cannot know how far I have fallen; you do not know what I once was. Until you came, I had no hope. For my mother's sake, if not for my own, I longed and tried to retrace my steps; but the spell of a demon seemed laid upon me, paralyzing all my endeavors to rise. But now, since I have known you, I seem to feel new strength. Something keeps saying to me, 'Stand up, and be a man!' You are my star of hope, Mary,—will you help me?—will you save me?"

In his excitement the young man had risen from his seat, and approached Mary, who was listening intently to his rapid utterance. Grasping her hand, he repeated:

"*Will you save me, Mary?* If you cannot, then am I lost indeed."

Sinking into a chair at her side, he gave vent to emotions which would no longer be restrained. The strong man wept; but they were not tears of weakness—they were blessed, holy drops, gushing up from the healing fountain which the Angel had troubled. Gently and soothingly as woman may, Mary comforted and encouraged the repentant man, and ere long he felt indeed strong to battle with and overcome his enemy. For hours they sat thus; he listening to the maiden's low, sweet voice as she counselled and advised him, as to the voice of inspiration. Ere they parted, Mary had drawn up a pledge, which the young man signed, binding himself by all those considerations which every true man holds

sacred, nevermore to taste of intoxicating drinks in any form. "Redeemed!" burst from his full heart as he affixed his signature, and Mary's eyes glistened with happy tears, as she said;

"There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

Six months had passed, and Edward Burton had faithfully kept his pledge. Mary's character, so pure and true, had been to him like a new revelation of life, and its deep significance, its holy duties. The past seemed like a fearful dream, and he shuddered as he thought how narrowly his life bark had escaped being wrecked. It was but natural that two young and noble-minded people, so constantly together as Edward and Mary, and appreciating as each did so truly the beauties and excellencies which characterized the other, should in time experience a warmer feeling than mere friendship towards each other. They loved as only those do whose affection is founded upon esteem and respect, and once so loving as to love forever—this is the true version.

But although she frankly confessed the sentiments with which the young man had inspired her, Mary would not consent to a speedy marriage. "Wait until I win your mother's love—until she can welcome me as a daughter; then, whenever you choose, I shall be ready." This was her constant reply to Edward's entreaties, and he could but love and value her the more highly for her determination, although it made the term of his probation apparently endless.

Mrs. Granger presented the same haughty, chilling bearing towards the lovely girl, though she was well aware that she had been instrumental in the reformation of her son.

It was the summer of 18—, when suddenly a ghastly visitor made its appearance in our country. From sunny orange groves, where southern homes are nestled, to our own New England hills and vales, even to the Canadas, the pestilence winged its fearful corpse-strewn way. Men called this terrible, unbidden guest the cholera; and like a demon it seemed, careering along on its mission of torment and death.

Mr. Granger's family was one of the very few wealthy ones that had remained in the city. For a time they escaped, but ere many weeks had passed, Mr. Granger was prostrated with the fearful disease, and in an hour's time, both Mrs. Granger and her son were stricken down by the same dread, mysterious power. But for the frightened servants, Mary was entirely alone in her awful situation, but she did not falter. Not a moment of precious time was lost in meaning and crying in imbecile despair, but the

most active measures were at once adopted, and when the physician came, he gave her strong hopes that they would all recover.

"And to your promptness and presence of mind, my dear young lady, under God, they will owe their lives, for had you delayed doing anything until my arrival, they would have been beyond the reach of earthly skill," added he, as he took his leave.

In a short time Mr. Granger and Edward were so far restored as to be able to leave their beds; but Mrs. Granger still remained in a precarious state. The cholera symptoms were soon overcome, but a state of alarming debility succeeded, which threatened to prove fatal. For days and weeks she lay almost as one from whom life had fled. Mary was constantly with her, sleeping only when she must, in a chair at the sick woman's bedside, while a trusty domestic watched beside her to waken her at the least movement of the invalid, as the physician had said that not medicine, but care alone could save her.

Mrs. Granger was too much reduced to speak, but sometimes her eyes would rest on her young nurse with a sad, wishful expression, as if she longed for the power of utterance. Mary's heart was full of loving pity for the suffering woman, and had she been her own mother, she could not have watched over her with more tender solicitude.

At length her care was rewarded. The invalid began to gain strength, and the physician said she would recover.

"But, Miss Mary," added he, "we shall never quarrel to decide which of us shall have the credit of the cure, for I now resign all pretensions to so great an honor. To you, alone, it rightfully belongs, and I really think you are entitled to a diploma, for skilful practice."

At last Mrs. Granger was able to sit up; but she rose from that couch of suffering, a changed woman, bodily and mentally. The glossy black hair, which in health had been her pride, was now dry and harsh, and silver threads were thickly mingled with its ebon hue. The bloom of comparative youth was gone forever; but there was a new expression upon her wasted features, which made her look far more interesting and loveable than she had ever done in her early days of beauty and pride. Mary had arranged the pillows and cushions of her easy chair, and then thinking she would call Edward to come and enjoy his mother's improved appearance, turned to leave the room, when a tremulous voice recalled her.

"Can I do anything more for you, aunt, before I call Edward?" said she, returning.

"Only one thing, *Mary*," said Mrs. Granger, grasping the young girl's hand in both of hers. "*Forgive me!*"

Tears were streaming down her pale cheeks, and it was some minutes before she could proceed again.

"*Mary*, can you forgive all my cruel treatment? Can you ever *love* me?"

"My dear aunt, if you will but *let* me love you, 'tis all I ask. If I ever had anything to forgive, it was forgotten long ago. Do not think of it, Aunt Emma; only think how happy we shall all be now, when you are well again."

"My darling *Mary*!" sobbed the repentant woman, "God has been very gracious towards me. I turned away in hardness of heart, even when through your means I saw my son 'plucked as a brand from the burning.' I steeled my heart against you; but this sickness came, and O, I bless my God that his chastening hand was laid upon me, for I have been forced to *think*, to reflect upon the past! While you all deemed that I was lying so very near to death, I prayed as I never prayed before, to live. I felt that I could not die till I had made some reparation for the deep wrong I had done you, and received the blessed assurance of forgiveness. Only the Searcher of hearts may know the agony I endured when I lay there so quiet and speechless. But my prayers are answered. I live to repay in some degree your unvarying kindness and gentleness towards me. And now I must lay bare my wicked heart to you, and tell you why I hated you."

"Long years ago, Edith Malvern and I were schoolmates, and later in life we mingled in society together. Edwin Granger was the idol of our circle, and I loved him. Yes, *Mary*, even I loved once, but Edith Malvern won the prize for which I longed, and from that time there was a gushing fountain of bitterness in my soul. All the love which once had filled my heart was turned to hatred towards my favored rival, and I longed only for opportunities to injure her and hers. For this end, I married my present husband, that my facilities for destroying the happiness of his brother might be greater. I sent anonymous letters, and resorted to other meanesses to make trouble between Edwin and his wife, but their mutual confidence was too great; they loved each other too entirely to be disturbed by any means which my malignant temper could devise. Completely foiled in all my plans, I saw them depart for their European tour, with outward calmness, but the rage of a baffled demon ranking in my heart."

"But as time passed, fortune seemed to favor

me, for they returned; he, to see his brother once more, and die; she, my hated rival, to find herself, with her infant child, alone in the world. My husband was even then quite wealthy, and he would have taken her to his home, and been to her a brother indeed, but I, *Mary*—I could not forget the past, so fraught with blackness to me, and I resorted to means which I dare not mention, to rid myself forever of one, whose hand, I thought, had prepared for me the cup of bitterness which I had drunk. My measures were securely taken, and proved successful. Edith Granger disappeared, and no tidings of her ever reached us, until God, in his wisdom, directed you to our door. I knew, even while I spurned you, that you were no impostor for your striking resemblance to your parents convinced me at once that you were indeed the child of her whom I had so irreparably wronged. But there came no softening emotion, as I heard your piteous story. Harder than adamant grew my wicked heart, and I resolved to pour out upon the child's head the continual curse from which death had mercifully released the mother."

"You know the rest. You know how with angel patience and sweetness you have constantly returned good for evil. You have saved my son from ruin; you have saved my life; you have *forgiven me!* In deep humiliation and thankfulness, I bless God that you have triumphed."

A festal night in Mr. Granger's stately mansion. All that wealth could purchase, or taste devise, was gathered there to add to the rich magnificence of the scene, for Mr. and Mrs. Granger felt that they could not do too much to testify their joy and gratitude on the wedding night of Edward Burton and the orphan *Mary*. *Angel Mary* had she proved to them, for her presence had united their before divided hearts, and brought love and peace to their household gods. Graceful and beautiful as were the many forms gathered in those splendid rooms to witness the bridal, she whom once we knew as the wandering beggar-girl, shone pre-eminent. Such a sweet, holy light dwelt in her glorious eyes, they seemed to draw their radiance from a never-dying fount of love and joy.

The ceremony was soon over, and the guests departed, leaving heart-wishes for the continued happiness of the young couple, now so indissolubly bound to each other for weal or woe. Mrs. Granger said but little as she pressed *Mary* to her throbbing bosom, and called her "*daughter*;" but the noble girl felt fully repaid for all the sufferings of the past, in the sweet conviction that she now once more knew a mother's love.

THE STARS.

BY LIZZIE LINCOLN.

I was a weary, saddened, child,
Of aching head, and burning brow;
Then many a fancy strange and wild,
Soothed, with its whispers low.

Oft when the painful days were gone,
And twilight round her mantle twined,
And eve's first star looked forth alone,
To shed its light almost divine—

I sat and watched them one by one,
Peep out in joy beyond the sky;
Methought to cheer thee, sad and lone—
The stars were beaming from on high.

I fancied that the burning light
That fell on all around, above,
Was but a gleam, so purely bright,
From the regions of light and love.

A pathway in the ether blue,
To weary, way-worn mortals given;
A pathway for the good and true,
To soar aloft in light, to heaven.

I will not say it is not so,
I cannot crush the vision given;
It sheds a holy joy below,
To think we see a glimpse of heaven.

THE CEMETERY OF SCUTARI.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

TRUTHFUL cemeteries, like Christian cemeteries, inspire me with sadness. A visit to Pere La Chaise plunges me into a funereal melancholy for several days, and I have passed whole hours in the burying-places of Pera and Scutari, without experiencing any other sentiment than that of a vague and sweet reverie; is it to the beauty of the sky, the brilliancy of the light, the romantic charm of the site, that this indifference is to be attributed, or rather to the prejudices of religion, acting without your knowledge, and making you scorn the sepulchres of infidels, with whom you are to have no connection in the other world? I have often reflected upon this subject, but without solving the enigma.

Catholicism has surrounded death with a sombre poetry of terror unknown to paganism and Mahometanism; it has clothed its tombs in gloomy, cadaverous forms, combined to convey ideas of terror, while the antique urns are surrounded with gay bas-reliefs where graceful genii sport among the foliage, and the Mussulman tombs, variegated with azure and gold, seem, beneath the shade of noble trees, rather the kiosks

of eternal repose, than the dwellings of the dead. There I have often smoked my pipe over a tomb, an action which would seem to me elsewhere irreverent, and yet a thin layer of marble alone separated me from a body, buried at the surface of the ground.

More than once I have traversed the cemetery of Pera, in the most fantastic moonlight, at the hour when the white columns rise in the shadow, like the nuns of Santa Rosalia in the third act of Robert le Diable, without a quickened pulsation of the heart; a prowess which I should have executed at Montmartre only with an invincible horror, chills and nervous tremors at the slightest sound, though I have a hundred times braved, in my traveller's life, subjects of terror much more real; but, in the East, death is so familiarly mingled with life, that one no longer fears it. The dead with whom one takes his coffee, or smokes his chibouk, can no longer become spectres.

The cemetery at Scutari is the best located, the largest and most populous of the Orient. It is an immense forest of cypress, covering hilly ground, intrenched by broad avenues, and bristling with tombs for the space of more than a league. One cannot form an idea, in the countries of the north, on seeing the meagre spindles which we call cypresses, of the degree of beauty and development acquired in the warmest latitudes, by this friend of tombs, but which awakens in the East no thought of melancholy, and adorns gardens as well as cemeteries.

With age, the trunk of the cypress divides itself into rugose nerves, like the aggregations of the gothic columns of cathedrals; its exhausted bark becomes silvered with shades of gray, and its branches thrust out singularly deformed elbows, without destroying the pyramidal outline and the ascensional direction of the foliage, now in dense masses, now in scattered tufts. Its tortuous and bare roots cling to the earth on the road-side, as the claws of a vulture grasp its prey, and sometimes resemble serpents, half concealed in their hole.

Its solid and sombre verdure is not discolored by the rays of the sun, but retains always sufficient liveliness to stand out on the intense blue of the sky. No tree has an altitude at once so grave, so serious and so majestic. Its apparent uniformity is varied by accidents appreciated by the painter, but which do not derange its general disposition. It associates itself admirably with the architecture of the Italian villas, and mingles appropriately its black spire with the white columns of the minarets; its brown draperies form a ground at the summit of the hills, on which

are detached the wooden houses of Turkish cities, colored with vermillion and butterfly hues.

I had already acquired in Spain, at the Generalife and the Alhambra, a love for the cypress, which my residence in Constantinople did but increase, while it gratified. Two cypresses, especially, have ineffaceably engraved their profiles in my memory, and the name of Grenada cannot be pronounced without my seeing them wave above the red walls of the ancient palace of Moorish kings, of whom they were certainly contemporaries. With what pleasure did I perceive them, when I returned from my excursions in the Alpjuerras, in company with the eagle hunter, Romero, or the deer hunter, Lansa, mounted on a mule, whose harness was covered with gewgaws and bells. But to return to the cypresses of Scutari.

A cypress is planted beside each tomb; every upright tree represents a body, and as vegetation here enjoys great activity, and new graves are dug daily, the funeral forest rapidly grows in height and breadth. The Turks do not understand the economy of graveyards; every dead man, poor or rich, once extended on his last couch, sleeps there until the trumpets of the last judgment shall awake him, and the hand of man disturbs him not.

Beside the living city, this necropolis stretches out indefinitely, recruited with peaceful inhabitants, who never emigrate. The inexhaustible quarries of Marmora furnish to each of its mute citizens a marble post, which tells his name and dwelling, and, though a coffin takes but little room, and the rows are close together, the dead city covers more extent than the other: millions have been laid there since the conquest of Byzantium by Mahomet II. If time, which destroys everything, did not level the tumular monoliths and deprive them of their turbans, and if the dust of years, those invisible grave-diggers, did not slowly cover the ruins of broken tombs, a statistician might, by adding these funeral pillars, obtain the number of the population of Constantinople, reckoning from 1453, the date of the fall of the Greek empire. But for the intervention of nature, which tends everywhere to resume its primitive forms, the Turkish empire would soon be but a vast cemetery, from which the dead would drive the living.

I followed at first the grand avenue, bordered by two immense curtains of a sombre green, fairy-like and funereal; stone-cutters, quietly seated, were sculpturing tombs by the road-side; arabas were passing, filled with women repairing to Hyder Pacha; Mussulman *filles de joie*, who, concealed only by a transparent yashmach of thin

muslin, allured the Turkish youth by loving glances and sonorous laughs. Quitting the beaten path, I left my companions, and directed my steps at random among the tombs, to study more nearly the oriental attitude of death. I have already said, in describing the Petit Champ at Pera, that the Turkish tombs are composed of a species of marble pillar, terminated by a ball, vaguely resembling a human countenance, and coiffed with a turban, whose folds and form indicate the quality of the deceased,—now the turban is replaced by a colored fez;—a stone ornamented with a lotus stalk or a vine, with leaves and grapes carved in relief and painted, designates the women. At the foot of this vine, which varies only in the richness of the painting and gilding, usually extends a slab, hollowed out in the middle by a little basin, in which the relatives and friends of the dead deposit flowers and pour milk or perfumes.

It sometimes happens that the flowers fade, and are not renewed, for no grief is eternal, and life would be impossible without forgetfulness. Rain-water takes the place of rose-water; the little birds come to drink the tears of heaven at the spot where the tears of the heart were shed. The doves dip their wings in this marble bath, dry themselves cooingly in the sun on the neighboring tomb, and the dead, deceived, think they hear a faithful sigh. Nothing is more fresh and graceful than this winged life-warbling among the tombs. Sometimes a turbe, with Moorish arches, rises monumentally amid the humbler graves, and serves as a sepulchral kiosk for a pacha, surrounded by his family.

The Turks, who are grave, slow, majestic in all the acts of life, are hasty only with the dead. The body, as soon as it has submitted to lustral ablutions, is borne to the cemetery at a rapid pace, with the head placed towards Mecca, and quickly covered with some handfuls of dirt; this proceeds from a superstitious idea. The Mussulmans believe that the corpse suffers until it is restored to the earth whence it came. The imam interrogates, on the principal articles of faith of the Koran, the deceased, whose silence is taken for acquiescence; the spectators respond amen, and the cortege disperses, leaving the dead alone with eternity.

Then Monkir and Nekir, two funeral angels, whose eyes of turquoise gleam in a countenance of ebony, interrogate him on his virtuous or perverse life, and, according to his replies, assign him the place his soul is to occupy in hell or paradise. Only the Mussulman hell is but a purgatory, for, after having expiated his faults by torments, more or less long or severe, every be-

never ends by enjoying the embraces of hours and the ineffable sight of Allah.

At the head of the grave is left a species of hole, or pipe, leading to the ear of the corpse, that he may hear the groans, ejaculations, and funeral songs of his family. This opening, too often enlarged by the dogs and jackals, is, as it were, the breathing-place of the sepulchre, the peep-hole by which this world may look at the other.

Walking without any determinate direction, I had reached a part of the cemetery more ancient, and consequently more deserted. The funereal pillars, almost all out of the perpendicular, were leaning to the right and left. Many were lying down, as if weary of a standing position, and judging it useless to point out an obliterated grave, remembered by no one. The earth, heaped up by the heaving of coffins, or washed away by the rain, guarded less carefully the secrets of the tomb. Almost at every step my foot struck against a fragment of a jaw, a backbone, a rib, a thigh-bone; through the short and scanty turf, I sometimes saw glisten, white as ivory, spherical and polished as an ostrich's egg, a singular protuberance. It was a skull peeping out of the ground. In these disturbed graves, pious hands had replaced in order the disinterred bones; other skeleton fragments rolled like pebbles on the borders of deserted paths.

I felt myself seized with a singular and horrible curiosity,—that of looking through these holes, of which I have just now spoken, to surprise the mystery of the tomb, and view the dead in his last home. I bent over those windows, opening upon nothing, and could surprise, at my ease, human dust divested of its dress. I perceived the skull, yellow, livid, grimacing, with its discolored jaws and hollow orbits, the meagre frame of the breast obliterated by sand, on which fell carelessly the bones of the arm. The rest was lost in shadow and in the earth;—these slumberers seemed very tranquil, and, far from terrifying me, as I had expected, this spectacle re-assured me. There was no longer anything there but phosphate of lime, and, the soul evaporated, nature was by degrees recovering its elements for new combinations.

If formerly I had dreamed the *Comedy of Death* at the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, I could not have written one strophe at the cemetery of Scutari. In the shade of these tranquil cypresses, a human skull had no more effect upon one than a stone, and the peaceful fatalism of the East seized me, in spite of my Christian terror of death and my Catholic studies of the sepulchre. None of this dust interrogated or replied to one.

Everywhere silence, repose, forgetfulness and dreamless slumber on the bosom of Cybele, the holy mother. It was in vain that I placed my ear against these half-opened biers, I heard no sound but that of the worm spinning its web; none of these sleepers, lying on his side, had turned, ill at ease; and I continued my walk, elbowing tombs, treading on human remains, calm, serene, almost smiling, and thinking of the day when the foot of the passer-by should also disturb my head, hollow and sonorous as an empty cup.

The rays of the sun glided among the black pyramids of the cypress, flitting like will o'-the-wisp over the whiteness of the tombs; doves cooed, and, in the blue of the sky, vultures described their circles.

Some women, seated in the centre of a little carpet, in company with a negress or a child, were in melancholy musing or reposing, cradled by the illusions of tender memories. The air was of enchanting softness, and I felt life inundating me through every pore, in the midst of this gloomy forest, the soil of which is composed of dust formerly living.

I had rejoined my friends, and we traversed a portion of the cemetery entirely modern. There I saw recent tombs, surrounded with railings and gardens, in imitation of those of Pere La Chaise. Death also has its fashions, and there were here only fashionable people, buried in the latest style. For my part, I prefer the pillar of *Marmora* marble, with the sculptured turban and verse of the Koran in letters of gold.

The road issuing from the cemetery terminates in a vast plain, called Hyder Pacha, a species of parade-ground, which stretches out between Scutari and the enormous neighboring barracks of Radi Rieui; a wall made of ruined tombs borders each side of the road and forms a terrace, elevated three or four feet, which presents the gayest *coup d'oeil*,—it is like an immense bed of animated flowers.

Two or three rows of women, crouching on mats or carpets, there contrast the colors of their feredges, rosy, sky-blue, apple-green, lilac, elegantly draped around them. In front of these groups, the red jackets, the jonquil pantaloons, and brocade vests of the children, sparkle in a luminous blaze of spangles and gold embroidery.

The feredge and the yashmach at first produce on the traveller the effect of a domino at an opera ball. You experience a sort of bewilderment before these anonymous shades which whirl before you, in appearance similar to each other. You recognise no one; but the eye soon becomes accustomed to this uniformity, disconcerts diffu-

ences, and appreciates forms beneath the satin which veils them. Some grace, poorly disguised, betrays youth; ripe age is revealed by some equally certain symptom. A propitious or fatal breath raises the lace veil; the mask allows the face to appear, the black phantom is transformed into a woman. It is so in the East: this ample drape of marino, which resembles a dressing-gown, at last loses its mystery; the yashmah assumed an unexpected transparency, and, notwithstanding all the envelops with which Musulman jealousy surrounds her, the Turkish female, when one does not look at her too formally, at last becomes as visible as a French woman.

On the turf of Hyder Pacha were gravely defiling arabas, talikas, and even English carriages filled with women, very richly adorned, and whose diamonds sparkled in the sun, scarcely dimmed by the white mists of muslin, like stars behind a light cloud; here and there little groups of five or six were reposing beneath some shade, under the guardianship of a black eunuch, beside the araba which had brought them, and seemed sitting for a picture. Huge grayish oxen were quietly ruminating and waving the red woollen tufts suspended to bent sticks fastened to their yokes; with their grave air and their foreheads constellated with plates of steel, these fine animals were like priests of Mithra or Zoroaster.

The venders of snow-water, of sherbets, of grapes and cherries, ran from group to group, offering their merchandize to Greeks and Armenians, and contributing to the animation of the picture. There were also merchants of Smyrna, carpons cut in slices, and rosy-hued water-melons.

Cavaliers, mounted on fine horses, displayed their horsemanship at a distance from the equipages, doubtless in honor of some invisible beauty; the pure blooded steeds of Nedji, Hedjaz, and Kardistan proudly shook their long silken manes, and made to sparkle their housings, ornamented with precious stones, feeling themselves admired, and sometimes, when the body of the rider was turned, a charming head leaned from the window of a talika.

The sun was declining, and I retook, dreamy and full of vague desires, the road from Scutari, where my caidji was patiently awaiting me, between a muddy cup of coffee and a chibouk of *latakia*, as he had a right, being a Greek Christian, not subjected to the rigor of the Ramazan.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

THE TWO VISIONS.

BY M. HELEN LUCY.

I wandered out in careless mood,
One smiling summer day,
And sought the dim aisles of the wood,
Where dark grim shadows lay.
I knelt down by the little stream,
Whose waters ran so clear;
And scanned with eager wondering,
The face reflected there.

I noted that the soul of joy
Each feature seemed to fill;
I asked myself, when years go by,
Shall I be happy still?
I mused on bitter tears I'd seen
On furrowed faces flow;
It seemed to me their happiness
Was in the "Long Ago!"

The years went by with saddened heart—
I sought the wood once more,
Nor tarried till I reached the spot
Where I had dreamed before.
The self-same boughs above me hung,
As in the years gone by;
The little brook still murmured on,
But changed, I knew not why.

Once more I gazed upon the face
The waters pictured there;
The same, and yet 'twas not the same,
Now sadder and less fair.
The mantling shadows of the fir
Hung round me heavily,
And far off in the distance, I
The meadow lands could see.

It was my life—the present time
Was sad and dark to me;
For all that blighting time had left,
Was pale, sweet Memory.
They're all gone to return no more,
They who were once so dear;
But I have learned the sum of life,
A smile and then a tear.

The shades of sorrow, dark and cold,
Fall round me as I stray;
And oftentimes my weary feet
Are flitting in the way.
But there is life and light beyond,
Where death shall come no more;
There shall we meet the early lost,
On heaven's eternal shore.

We look after the particulars of a battle, because we live in the very time of war; whereas of battles past we hear nothing but the numbers slain. Just as for the death of a man: when he is sick, we talk how he slept this night, and that night, what he eat, and what he drank; but when he is dead, we only say, he died of a fever, or name his disease, and there's an end.—*Selden.*

THE BURIAL.

BY ADA HOWARD.

Mournfully, mournfully, soundeth the bell
Through the night air;
Heavily, slowly, it ringeth the knell,
So full of care.

Rapidly, quietly, falleth the rain
On the dry earth;
To many, how many a mournful strain
Does it give birth.

Moaningly, drearily, sigheth the blast
Through the tall trees;
Tearfully, sadly, the moans of the past
Float on the breeze.

Wearily, quietly, passeth the train
O'er the crisp leaves;
Solemnly, slowly, now wind o'er the plain,
Those God bereaves.

Readily, willingly, goeth the child
To her long home;
Wrathfully, fearfully, the storm spirit wild,
Round her doth roam.

Peacefully, silently, resteth she now
On her strange couch;
Gloomfully, lowly, the willow trees bow,
Her brow to touch.

Pensively, gloomily, pass they away
Through the dark night;
Longingly, weepingly, watch for the day,
With its fair light.

Mournfully, sadly, still soundeth the bell
Through the night air;
Heavily, slowly, still ringeth the knell,
So full of care.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SPECULATION.

BY ARTHUR REMINGTON.

THE incidents of the following little episode of life were related to me by one of the principal actors in the scene, he being the younger of the three persons whom I must introduce. The scene is in a city which shall be nameless, and the names of the characters will be known only to those who are already acquainted with the story, and the actors.

Laman Goldridge was a pawnbroker. He occupied a small room with a large window upon the street, and over the door were suspended those three gilded balls which seem to indicate that within may be found a "a friend in need." The window was adorned with watches, jewelry, musical instruments, pistols, etc., etc., while upon

the stool, which was covered with black cotton velvet, was displayed large sums of money in gold, silver and bank notes. Laman Goldridge sat behind his counter on a tall stool, and before him stood a female, that seemed to be urging some claim, but to which the broker would give no assent. He was a well built, good-looking man, with a countenance indicative of great shrewdness, and with that peculiar lurking, restless, twinkling light of the sharp gray eye which generally accompanies a relentless, unscrupulous, disposition. He was yet young, being not over thirty at the farthest.

As the woman went out, another person came in. The new comer was a youth about twenty years of age, habited in a working garb, showing in every feature the signs of a generous, noble-souled fellow. His name, too, was Goldridge, and he was a cousin to the broker. He was just finishing his term of apprenticeship to a machinist, and merely stepped into his cousin's office now on his way from dinner.

"I say, Laman, what was the matter with that woman?"

"What woman, Bill?"

"The one that just went out as I came in," said he.

"Matter—why?"

"Why, she was crying. What was it all about?"

"Ha, ha, ha,—I'll tell you, Bill. Just about a month ago she came in here and wanted some money on a gold chain. I let her have ten dollars on it for two weeks. At the end of the two weeks she came in and told me she could not raise the money to redeem her chain under two weeks more, and asked me to hold on to it. I told her I would if I could, but of course I made no promise, for the term of payment had expired, and the chain was mine. Yesterday a man came in and took a fancy to the chain, and I sold it to him for twenty-five dollars. The woman came in to-day to get it, and she was mighty wrathful when she found I had sold it."

"'Twas some keepsake, I suppose," remarked William.

"So she said."

"Well, now I'll tell you what it is, Laman, I consider that operation of yours to be just about on a par with robbery."

"It don't matter what you think, Bill, I call it fair business. She sold me the chain, and it was mine. I was not obliged to keep it for her after the time I promised to wait had expired."

"But humanity would have told you to keep it."

"O bah! Don't talk of humanity in business, such times as these. Money is money, and he is best off who has the most of it."

"Then according to your idea, a pirate who has managed to make himself rich must be a happy man."

"O you may joke as much as you please, but I don't want one of your moral lectures now. You know as well as I do, that when people come here and borrow money, I buy their goods that they offer as security. I have them distinctly understand that they have sold me the goods. But if within a certain time they have a mind to pay me up they can have their goods back again. It's a simple trade, and if they lose by it, it is their own fault."

"I understand it, Laman, I understand it—and so do you. If there is anything in the shape of robbery that I detest more than another, it is the taking advantage of other people's necessities."

"There," uttered the broker, showing signs of anger, "you've said enough. And let me give you a hint, too. If you can't come in here without attacking my character every time, you'd better stay away."

"O don't get mad, Laman. I only tell you my honest opinion. And let me tell you one more thing. You'll get paid for all this one of these days. Ill gains never thrive, and you'll yet find it so. Mark my words."

William Goldridge left the office as he thus spoke, but before he closed the door behind him he heard a good round oath drop from his cousin's lips.

"The little dirty meddler," muttered Laman, after Bill was gone. "What do I care for his code of morality? I must make money—and I do it honestly, too. What's the use of being too careful of other folks? I tell 'em when they want my money, just my conditions, and they can take them; or let 'em go, just as they've a mind to."

And yet Laman almost wished that he had kept that woman's chain, for her grief had moved him a little. But then his eyes rested upon his journal, and it stood after this wise:

"May 25th—took one chain for \$10. Not redeemed. June 20th—sold it for \$25. Profit, deducting regular interest, \$14.95."

Laman read this, and all his qualms of conscience were gone in a moment. Money had a potent influence over his thoughts and feelings.

Shortly after this, the broker went out and got some dinner, and not long after he returned to his office he was visited by an elderly gentleman. This visitor was well dressed, though his

garb had the appearance of being well worn, and his linen was far from being clean. He must have been not far from sixty years of age, and possessed a kind, open countenance. He stated his business in as few words as possible. He found himself in a strange city, without money, and he wished to borrow a small amount for a few days.

"I have money to lend, sir, on good collateral security," reiterated Laman.

"Then let me have what you can on this watch—say, for one week," said the old gentleman, at the same time drawing a gold watch from his pocket, and handing it to the broker.

Laman took it and opened it. It was an extra jewelled, heavily cased chronometer, worth three hundred dollars at least.

"Well," said the broker, after having looked the watch over, "I suppose I might advance seventy-five dollars on this."

"I should like a hundred."

"I haven't got a hundred now to spare. Must pay away a large sum this afternoon. But I'll advance the seventy-five."

"Well, I can make that do."

"For one week, you said."

"Yes."

Laman went to his desk and drew up two instruments, one of which was a bill of sale of the watch, and the other a note of hand, payable in one week, and these he asked the old gentleman to sign. The bill of sale he signed first, and then he took the note.

"What!" he uttered, as he read it, "Eighty-three dollars?"

"Yes sir," returned Laman, unblushingly.

"That is the best that I can do. My money is worth that to me, for I can let it out in smaller sums at a far greater profit."

The man signed the note, but he did it with a bad grace, for he saw that he was in the hands of a sharper.

"Now," said he, as he pushed the note along, "I trust you will take the best of care of that watch, for it is a valuable one, as you can see—far too valuable to be pledged for such a paltry sum."

"It shall be safely kept, sir; but you don't realize how much trouble we have with such things. If such a thing should happen that such a watch was left on my hands, I might not sell it for years to get anything like half its real worth. But you need not fear, sir. It shall not be harmed."

And so the old gentleman went away with his seventy-five dollars, and left the broker with his watch and note. His present situation was a

peculiar one. He had just arrived in the United States from a foreign country. London was his last stopping-place previous to coming over, and there he took a bill of exchange on an American house, not caring to travel with a large bulk of money about his person. He had reserved such a sum as he supposed would meet all his expenses, until he could reach the banking-house upon which his bill was drawn. But he now found himself landed in this city, a long distance from the bankers whom he must see, and his money was all gone. He had no wish to sell the bill, or to trust it in the hands of another, so he resolved to borrow money enough to carry him on to the distant city. But how was he to do this? He knew no one to whom he wished to apply, and as the quickest and most sure way, he betook himself to the pawnbroker's. We have seen the result. He had taken Laman Goldridge's card, but Laman's own name was not upon it. It bore a fictitious name, for our young broker pretended to those who ever asked, that he did business for another person. This same fictitious name was upon the little plate on the door-post, also, so that people knew not when they heard the name of Laman Goldridge mentioned, that he was the man who had fleeced them.

The week passed away, but the old gentleman did not come for his watch. He had been detained just one day longer than he had expected. But on the day following he entered the broker's office. Laman bid him "good day," but with the air of a stranger.

"I've come to redeem my watch," said the old gentleman, at the same time drawing forth a large pocket book.

"Watch, sir?"

"Yes—my gold chronometer—the one I left here a week ago."

Laman goes to his book, and after looking over one of its pages, he said:

"There was no such article left here at that time, sir."

"Ah, it is one day over a week, I know, but of course you remember."

"One day over," muttered Laman, turning back a leaf. "Ah, yes. One gold watch bought for seventy-five dollars. Yes—yes, I see now. The watch is gone, sir."

"Gone!" echoed the old gentleman, in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Simply that the watch is sold. I bought it, you remember, and took a regular bill of sale for it."

"Bought it? Took a bill of sale? But the watch was to be redeemed."

"Certainly—within a week. The week passed—you did not come—and of course I supposed you would not redeem it. I had an offer for it this morning, and I let it go."

The old gentleman was highly indignant, but he soon found that he had no means of redress. The sharper had a regular bill of sale of the watch, and no law could touch him handily.

"Very well," said the wronged man, as he returned the pocket-book back to its place, "I see that I must submit. You have robbed me of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, but I shall be happier in the loss than you will be in the winning. I do not envy you your soul—Ah, is not that my watch upon that little cushion?"

"It was yours. The man to whom I have sold it has not yet taken it away," stammered Laman; and his every look and tone showed that he lied.

The gentleman gave him one look of the most ineffable contempt, and then left the office.

"Egad!" exclaimed the broker, when he was alone, "that's what I call a good day's work! I shall make something handsome on that."

Two days afterwards, as Laman sat alone in his office in the afternoon, his cousin entered.

"Seems to me you look mightily pleased about something, Bill," said Laman.

"Don't I? Ah, I've reason for it. Uncle John has got home."

"Eh?" uttered the broker, springing from his stool. "Uncle John, did you say?"

"Yes."

"How d'ye know?"

"I spent the evening with him last evening."

"But how—how d'ye find him?"

"He found me. He's only been here a day or two, and when he came he got a city directory and looked for your name first, but he could not find it. Then he found mine, and yesterday he came down to the shop. Egad, La., he's a good old soul—you'll see him this evening, for he has invited both you and me to come up to his hotel. And I must tell you a good piece of news, too, La. Uncle John will help us both—he says so. He will give us both a noble start in business, and he wants us both to deserve his bounty. La., you'll have a chance to get out of this dirty place."

Laman took no offence at what his cousin said now, for the news of his uncle's safe arrival had pleased him much. He had not seen his Uncle John for many years, though he had often heard from him by way of letters—said uncle having been away in Europe and India during the past fourteen years. Laman knew that his

uncle was very rich, and he knew, too, that he and his cousin William were his only living heirs. Originally, three brothers, orphans, came over from England when mere youths, and found a home in America. Two of them married—each had a child, and then both died, swept away by an epidemic, with their wives. The two boys were thus left orphans, when mere infants, but the third brother who had not got married, took them and provided them with homes, and furnished money enough to support them until they were able to work. This latter brother was their Uncle John.

No wonder, then, that Laman was beside himself with joy, for he knew that the old gentleman was worth half a million, at least, and of course he should come in for a good round sum.

Evening came, and William went to Laman's office to join him there. The latter was dressed very scrupulously, and he had taken the precaution, too, to remove most of his jewelry from his person, for he remembered that his uncle was not fond of such things upon young men. About eight o'clock the two cousins reached the superb hotel, and requested the clerk to inform Mr. John Goldridge that visitors wished to see him. Shortly afterwards a servant requested them to follow him. Laman felt like leaping up two or three steps at once, and upon his thoughts rested, not particularly the kind face of his uncle, but the faces of bank notes of large denominations.

William entered the room first, for he had been there before. It was a private parlor, and sumptuously furnished.

"Uncle John, here is Laman," cried William, as he entered the parlor.

"My dear Uncle John," exclaimed Laman, hastening forward into the dazzling glare of the gas burners, and extending his hand, "I am so glad to —"

He did not finish his sentence. He had fully recognized the features of his uncle, and he started back and turned pale. He saw before him the same old man whose watch he had so wickedly defrauded him of.

"Are you Laman Goldridge?" sternly asked the old gentleman.

"Why, certainly it is, Uncle John," said William, when he saw that his cousin did not answer.

Uncle John looked the culprit full in the face for a moment, and then said:

"Well, Laman, after what has happened, I can't certainly feel very happy in your company, so you won't need me for a companion, and as

you seem to be in a fair way to heap up money enough in your coffers, you can't be much in need of my friendship. I may see you again, when the memory of the wrong I have suffered shall have become blunted, but I like not your presence now."

The young broker spoke not a word, but like a whipped dog he left the room, and when he was gone, Uncle John explained to William all that had happened.

Laman Goldridge went back to his office an unhappy, miserable man, for his villany had now struck upon a surface where it could rebound back upon himself in shame and disgrace.

Ere long afterwards Uncle John removed to a southern city, and William accompanied him, but before they went, William called in to see his cousin.

"Come," said he to Laman, "Come and see Uncle John, and confess your error, and promise to do so no more, and he will forgive you freely."

"No sir," said the broker. "You, I suppose, are his favorite now, and you may remain so; but I bow to no man."

So William went away, and Laman remained in his office; but he never was happy—fully happy again. The memory of that one scene stuck to him, both sleeping and waking, and he could not shake it off. He laid up some money, it is true, but it did him no real good; and could men have seen his soul, and read all its feelings, they would have found there the solemn assurance in living truth, that wealth without honor, can never make a happy man.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

There is more true poetry in the following paragraph from a recent lecture of James Russell Lowell, than we ever read in the same amount of prose:

"Who can doubt the innate charm of rhyme whose eye has ever been delighted by the visible consonance of the tree growing at once toward an upward and a downward heaven, on the edge of the unrippled river, or, as the kingfisher flits from shore to shore, his silent echo flies under him and completes the vanishing couplet in the visionary world below? Who can question the divine validity of number, proportion and harmony, who has studied the various rhythms of the forest? Look, for example, at the pine, how its branches, balancing each other, ray out from the tapering stem in stanza after stanza, how spray answers to spray, and leaf to leaf in ordered strophe and anti-strophe, till the perfect tree stands an embodied ode, through which the unthinking wind cannot wander without finding the melody that is in it, and passing away in music."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CHARITY IN NEW YORK.

The Germans call those who are true to the higher impulses of their nature, who soar above that within them which is of the earth earthy, and whose relations with their fellows are charitable, kind, generous—golden men. If gold be the root of evil, still, in its purity, it is the type of sterling worth. And there are more golden hearts in this world than the severe satirist or the cold misanthrope is ready to admit. Evil times make their existence manifest, and show us that human nature is not the corrupted mass that corrupt natures would make us believe it.

Take any great city, and, though conceding that "great cities are great sores upon the face of nature," you will find that it contains righteous enough to save it from destruction. It is quite the fashion among the Pharisees of other cities politely to compare New York to Sodom and Gomorrah, and to intimate, that if the fate of the cities of the plain is not reserved for it, it is not because the judgment is not merited.

But for one trait alone the imperial city deserves its appellation—it possesses in an eminent degree the apostolic virtue of charity, without which, with all its magnificence, it would be but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Its permanent public charities, its hospitals for the various infirmities to which the mind and body of man is subject, its almshouses, its asylums, are all planned and conducted on the most liberal scale. If its hospitality is boundless, its charity is no less so.

We noticed lately that the ladies of New York—ever foremost in good deeds—had got up a charity ball, which yielded no less a sum than eight thousand dollars for distribution among the needy. In the hour of prosperity, as well as that of adversity, they remember that the "poor are always with them."

As an instance of the thoughtfulness and kindness of heart which characterize the charitable doings of the New Yorkers, we must allude to the way in which they made the last Christmas a happy one to the poor hospital children on Randall's Island. For a long time previous, fair hands were engaged in making and dressing a sufficient number of dolls, to present one to each child. A committee, consisting of a dozen ladies, undertook the pleasant task of distribu-

tion. After listening to the singing and recitation of seven hundred children, they gave them the presents and reaped a rich harvest of pleasure from the delight exhibited by the recipients. From this animated scene they passed to the hospital, hoping to throw a ray of sunshine on the sick bed of the children there—nor were they disappointed in their expectations.

It was a sad sight, says an eye-witness, to see them sitting around the room or in the beds, propped by pillows, all bearing marks of unmistakable disease, with piteous and hopeless features. Some of them, though less than six years old, looking like forty, careworn and indifferent to life. Yet their eyes brightened up when the dolls were shown, and they were soon made glad by the possession of a prize. The boys were as eager to get a doll as the girls, excepting some of the older ones, who chose books. They examined, hugged and kissed them, laughed and held them up to admire, and to re-assure themselves of the gift. One poor child, who lay at the point of death with congestion of the brain, seemed to recover by an effort a momentary consciousness, and pressed the doll to her lips, while a smile lit up her pale and death-like face. "Good doll," she said, and again kissed it. "Those are among the last words she will speak," said the doctor.

We never read anything in fiction more pathetic and touching than the above, nor could we do so without invoking a blessing upon the noble hearts who conceived this plan of cheering the unfortunate. Ten times happier was the holiday of those noble women, than if they had passed it in gilded saloons, surrounded by every luxury, and listening to the hollow flattery of soulless fops. Truly, such charity has its immediate reward.

TRIAL OF TEMPER.—To lose one's hat in a gale of wind, the rain pouring in torrents, to see the fugitive beaver elude your efforts to recapture as it sportively swims down hill on the top wave of a kennel, is a trial of temper which few can support with equanimity.

DAGUERREOTYPING.—The Buffalo police sent on lately a description of a rogue named Lewis Fredel, with a daguerreotype likeness of him to aid in his detection.

THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

History records the deeds of distinguished chieftains and of masses of men, but does not stoop to signalize the exploits of individuals, unless they wear an epaulette. Their fame rests upon local tradition, and is often orally conveyed from sire to son, and finally obliterated. Of one of these unemblazoned heroes we are about to speak. In the Central Burial Ground at West Cambridge, there is a stone which bears the following inscription:

"In memory of Captain Samuel Whittemore, who departed this life February 2, 1793. Aged 98 years."

The passer-by might deem him one of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," whose life had passed without an incident to mark its quiet course. Yet such was not the case. This Captain Samuel Whittemore, was one of the bravest of the brave. He was born in West Cambridge, July 27, 1696, and was consequently eighty years old on the ever-memorable 19th of April, 1775. He was an ardent patriot, and when the outrages of the British at Lexington and Concord reached him, nothing could prevent his going out alone to get a shot at the foe on their retreat. Armed with a musket and two old horse pistols, he took post by the roadside on the line of the flying foe. He was accompanied by a friend, but the latter, on seeing the approach of a British flanking party of five men, lost heart and deserted the veteran, when he could not prevail on him to retire. "No, no!" said the old hero, "I am eighty years old, and I will not leave, for I shall be willing to die if I can kill one red coat." Biding his time, he fired his king's arm on one of the approaching regulars and shot him dead. A second fell before the fire of one of his pistols. He was levelling the other, when a musket shot struck him in the face and he fell. The three remaining soldiers then sprang over the wall behind which he had taken post, and bayoneted him, leaving him, as they supposed, for dead. Well might they imagine so, for the surgeons who examined him after the fight at Cooper's tavern, on the corner of the Medford road, which was used as a hospital, reported no fewer than fourteen wounds on the person of old "Captain Sam." Yet, strange to say, he recovered, and in less than a year afterwards, was doing active service in the continental army. We find his name upon the muster-rolls of several regiments during the war, for limited periods of time, and if our memory serves us, he at one time held a lieutenant's commission. He lived eighteen years after his exploit at West Cambridge. This tale, which reads like fiction, is perfectly

authentic and reliable. Such were the men of the revolution. Where can we find such hardihood and tenacity of life among their descendants? There is "pluck" enough and patriotism enough, but few of our old men of eighty could be thus perforated with bayonets, and survive the operation eighteen years.

ZODIACAL LIGHT.

This is another luminous phenomenon, about which we are very meagrely informed. It is best seen in the spring and autumn, and appears like an enormous truncated cone of galactic light, considerably inclined in altitude, and extending from its base of 10° or 30° , at the horizon, towards the sun. Twilight only can exhibit it to advantage. The visible length of this translucent column varies according to circumstances. Some carry its vertex 100° from the sun's place. At all events, its apparent station is in the sun's direction, at the east before his rising, and at the west after his setting, though the nature of gravity will hardly allow it to be the atmosphere of our luminary. In tropical climates, it is more conspicuous. Humboldt saw it, when at Caracas, in January, after seven o'clock in the evening. It continued in sight nearly four hours after sunset. Its apex towered up fifty-three degrees above the base.

Some celebrated philosophers believe it connected with the November meteors. As we draw near its locality, in the course of our annual revolution, its particles become visible, assuming the appearance of shooting stars, as when we bring nebulous tracks telescopically nearer, the apparently impalpable mist becomes granulated, starry, a congregation of sidereal systems.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SOLDIERS.—The English soldiers are solid pluck, and stand up like Trojans if you fill them full of beef and beer. The French are quite as plucky upon bread and water. As for the Russians, a plentiful supply of train oil and tallow inspires them with the courage of heroes.

RAISING POULTRY.—It is a fact, vouched for by the most respectable venders of live poultry, that a dozen of the gigantic Double-Elephant pagoda hens, tall enough to eat from the head of a flour-barrel, consume no more grain than the same number of bantams.

LIFE ON THE ROAD.—The Spanish brigands are quite as active now as in the days of Gil Blas. They lately robbed the mail within fifteen miles of Madrid.

FACTS ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

We gather some interesting items of newspaperdom from the Gazette, from which we learn that the first paper, published by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, made its appearance on December 24, 1728, and was called "The Universal Instructor in all the Arts and Sciences." Franklin published it until 1765, and it then passed through several hands, and finally expired in 1804, in the 76th year of its age. The New York Herald gives a statement of the circulation of newspapers in the United States, from which we glean the following: Native papers, 17,737,578; foreign papers, 2,210,839; German papers, 594,548. It is stated that the London Times has already prepared the memoirs of all the leading personages of the day, whose advanced age renders their demise probable. They have an editor who attends exclusively to the "Obituary Department." In Pekin, a newspaper is printed weekly on silk, and is ten yards long. An officer once inserted in it some false intelligence, and he was immediately executed. In 1816, the aggregate circulation of the daily papers in New York, seven in number, amounted to about 9500 copies. The Herald, Tribune, and Times, combined, now print about 125,000 daily. San Francisco has 21 newspapers, and one periodical—7 of which are dailies; Sacramento 4—3 of which are dailies; Stockton, 2; Tuolumne, 4; El Dorado, 4; Nevada, 3; Placa, Sierra, Marysville, Alameda, San Jose, Los Angeles, 2 each; Stanislaus, Mariposa, Calaveras, Amador, Shasta, Siskiyou, Kalmath, Humboldt, Sonoma, and San Diego, 1 each. Total, 59. This for a population of 300,000!

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—A correspondent of the Transcript reminds us of the touching manner in which the late Mrs. George Barrett, as Ophelia, spoke the lines:

"There's rosemary,
That's for remembrance;—prayer, love, remember,
There's rue for you; and here's some for me."

Well do we remember its exquisite grace and pathos. Poor, lost Ophelia! When will the stage present her like again?

EXTRAVAGANCE.—It is stated that the bill for 1854, of a lady of this city, at the lace and embroidery store, was \$2000, and of several ladies at the chief dry goods stores of the city, between five and six thousand each.

CURE FOR HOARSENESS.—In Europe they fine and imprison a singer when his "sudden indisposition" disappoints an audience.

SLANDER.

The Rev. Mr. Chapin is said to have remarked in his lecture on "Modern Chivalry," that "hair worn on the upper lip was indicative of mourning for the loss of brain." We do not think the eloquent divine would stoop to steal an attempt at a joke, and we heard a clown in a circus make the identical remark three years ago. Nor could one so well read as Mr. C., charge the long line of philosophers, statesmen, poets, and divines (the body of the good and eloquent Bossuet, recently exhumed in a state of preservation, showed the moustache—and we see it in the portraits of some of the most eminent Puritan clergy) with loss or lack of brains. He must be aware, also, that sensible physicians counsel the wearing of the moustache for hygienic reasons, and they are borne out by professional statistics. No—he never could have made a remark, melancholy as a joke, and false as a sentiment.

SECRET OF NEWSPAPER SUCCESS.

No paper can possibly succeed with runs counter to the popular tastes and feelings. If you want to teach the public, you must be rich to pay all the expenses of publication, and then, if it sees you are independent, it may purchase. The London Leader says, that the object of men in buying a newspaper, is to enjoy the statement of their own inarticulate notions in the shape of artistical development and expression. A reader never so thoroughly enjoys a paper as when he can say, "that is exactly what I have said myself;" and he always tries to buy that paper which can give to his own opinions an air of the greatest point and wisdom.

IMITATION.—An exchange paper says "imitate the example of the prosperous and you will succeed like them." This is false doctrine. The donkey who put his forefoot on his master's shoulders, as he had seen the house-dog do, got soundly thrashed for his pains.

SLOW AND FAST.—Beginning to court at sixteen and marrying at sixty is not fast enough for young America. We heard of a match lately after an acquaintance of an hour.

TURKISH ETIQUETTE.—To inquire after the wife—or wives of a Turkish gentleman is a deadly insult. You are required to ignore their existence.

BARBERS.—In Waltham they have a female barber, young, pretty and adroit. Where did they raise her (razor)?

NEW FRENCH PLAY.

A one-act comedy, called the "School of Lambs" has just been produced at the Gymnase. The plot is as follows: Lucien de Brives (M. Berton) is the editor of a small satirical journal, the *Serpent*, among the readers of which is M. Aubertin (M. Villiers), father of Delphine (Madlle. Fleury). His talents are so much admired by the Aubertin family, that they invite him to stay with them, give him the best room in the villa, and even grant him the hand of Delphine, to the detriment of her former lover, Blanchet (M. Dupuris). The arrival of a lovely widow, Madame Delvomel (Madlle. Laurentine), changes the aspect of affairs; for she wins the heart of the intruder, who now instructs his former rival how to gain Delphine. The quiet Blanchet, in pursuance of the advice, becomes editor of *The Scorpion*, and finds the plan succeed, while Lucien abandons journalism to marry the widow.

THE VALUE OF POLITENESS.

Mr. Butler, of Providence, Rhode Island, a millionaire, who died some six years ago, was so obliging that he re-opened his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread, which she wanted. The incident became known (Mr. Butler was a young man at the time), and the trading public wisely thought that his accommodating spirit, as shown in this trifling affair, and in the general conduct of his business, deserved a good run of custom, which they gave, and placed him on the track of high prosperity. He subscribed the sum of \$40,000 towards founding a hospital for the insane in Rhode Island, through the benevolent importunities of Miss Dix.

CAN'T BE BEAT.—Col. Hall of Sacramento, Cal., lately pulled out of his garden a vegetable weighing seventy pounds, which he calls a beet. If it is so, all our farmers will acknowledge it a fair beat, and one which cannot be beaten by any beet-raiser in any other diggings'. With such mammoth specimens the manufacture of beet sugar might be profitably pursued.

HENPECKED HUSBANDS.—It only aggravates their sufferings to tell them not to stand it. Jerry Sneak broke down when urged to rebellion by brother Bruin.

PROPERTY IN NEW YORK.—This little State is thriving. Its real and personal estate is valued at \$1,364,154,625—a dazzling row of figures,

BRIGHT.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, noticing the fact that the Russians in Sebastopol are enabled to repair damages caused by the allies' guns under cover of the darkness, says, "that by means of a simple lantern reflector and tube, a jet of light could be thrown on any spot of the enemy's works, keeping our position in complete darkness, and by the same means that the damage is done could its repair be prevented."

Did it never occur to this sapient gentleman that this same lantern would afford an excellent mark for the Russian artillery? How long would it be before it would be knocked into a cocked hat? The English never seem to calculate what the other side can do when compelled by emergency.

DOWN ON SHANGHAI.

There is, it is said, a police officer in Syracuse, who has a large lot of Shanghai chickens, which he don't care about supporting during the present high price of grain, and advertises them as stolen property, hoping some "green 'un" will come forward and claim them. You can't get rid of these birds. It is useless to try to sell them; you can't give them away; nobody will take them. You can't starve them, for they are fierce and dangerous when aggravated, and will kick down the strongest store-closet door; and you can't kill them, for they are tough as rhinoceroses, and tenacious of life as cats. We have never forgiven the man who made us a present of four of these delightful creatures.

GOOD WISHES.—About New Year's time, John G. Saxe wrote:

"Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as wishing."

THE REMEDY.—M. Bollman, professor of an agricultural institution in Russia, by experiments extending through three years, has demonstrated that the drying of seedling potatoes is a sure preventive of the rot. They should be dried in a room at a temperature of about 100 degrees.

GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS.—Among the exploits of this British veteran, lately returned to England from the Crimea, a London paper says: "It was he who at the head of a few men forced the House of Congress at Washington,"!!!

A FEMALE MINER.—A French woman in male attire is digging for gold in California. She works dexterously and is amassing the ore.

Foreign Miscellany.

The total number of prisoners in England is 21,629.

A will was recently made in England which occupied thirty skins of parchment.

There are 267,091 milliners in England. Dickens very ungalantly calls them the "army of vanity." How impudent!

The French photographers in the East have already sent to Paris 409 photographs of incidents in the campaign.

There is one medical officer to every 97 English soldiers in the Crimea, and more are on their way.

On the first of January roses and other flowers bloomed abundantly in the public gardens of Paris.

Paris receives a seventh of all the foundlings of France, at a cost of twelve hundred and sixty-eight thousand francs per annum.

A correspondent of the London Illustrated News says that the men of the Russian cavalry are strapped to their saddles, so that if wounded they may not fall off.

Omar Pacha went to the opera at Bucharest with his nephew's wife, and the lady sat through the performance completely unveiled—a tremendous innovation on the Turkish custom.

A pan, containing about 600 gold coins, mostly Spanish, but some English, was recently dug up in the city of Utrecht. The earliest of these coins is of the year 1438, the latest of 1534.

The allies continue to send out stoves and stove pipe to the Crimea, and another detachment of navvies left England lately, to build a railway from Balaclava to the trenches.

Lady Byron, as her subscription to the Patriotic Fund new making up in England, has offered to take charge of and educate an orphan boy, from eight to ten years of age, until fourteen.

The emperor of France has appropriated by decree, from the treasury, the sum of a hundred thousand francs, for the collection and publication of the correspondence of Napoleon I.

A successful inventor has offered the English war-office an electric rifle, which greatly surpasses any weapon in use, flinging a ball from 1000 to 2000 feet, at the rate of some sixty shots per minute.

Immense demands for space in the Crystal Palace have been made, and a new gallery has been attached to the building. Napoleon and Eugenie give notice that they will not accept as presents any article sent to the exhibition.

About 72,000,000 of friction matches are daily manufactured in France. At Paris, nearly ten thousand hands are employed in this branch of business. In one manufactory, 4,800,000 matches are daily made.

A new bridge to be called the "Alma," is to be built across the Seine at Paris, between the Pont des Invalides and the Pont d'Jena. The cost is estimated at 1,700,000*fr.*, half of which sum will be defrayed by the State, and half by the city of Paris.

The Spanish government is said to look coldly on the English proposals to enlist Spaniards for war.

The annual sweepings of the streets of Paris sell for \$700,000, after they are collected at the depot for manure.

The Earl of Desart has lately served his tenantry with notice that he will not permit them to grow potatoes, as they are a failing crop.

The net public income of Great Britain for the past year was about \$276,500,000; excess of expenditures over income, \$4,436,845.

A levy of ten men in every thousand is ordered in the eastern half of the Russian Empire, to be completed by the 15th of March.

There were in the hospitals (British) at Scutari, on the 24th, 3625 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 78 officers, making a total of 3703 patients.

The colonists of Sydney, New South Wales, are forming themselves into a volunteer corps, to be ready to repel any attack that may be made by the Russians.

Some missionaries of the Mormons are laboring most sedulously amongst the ignorant population of several districts in Gloucestershire, particularly urging the doctrine of polygamy.

In the city of London, whenever the temperature is below the average, the mortality is increased. For the week ending Nov. 18th, the temperature was 5 below, and 118 more deaths.

The Bishop of St. David's, in England, has given his surplus revenue, amounting to about \$70,000, to build parsonage houses and augment the pay of poor curates.

The Spanish government has not accepted the proposition made by the English ambassador to proclaim the slave trade piracy, but it has given orders for the strict execution of the convention already existing with England on that subject.

An innovation has been introduced into the army of the Two Sicilies, namely, that of a singing school. Thirty men from every regiment are to be instructed in singing religious hymns, in order that they may perform at processions, and on other great occasions.

Among the victims to cholera at Athens, was Aristotle Black, the last remaining son of the "Maid of Athens," an excellent young man, about eighteen years of age. He had been for nearly six years in the college at Malta, and returned to Athens last summer.

Among the latest inventions *de Paris* is one by which a letter and its envelope are formed with a single piece of paper. You can write to the very bottom of the fourth page, without fear that the wafer or sealing wax will hide any word whatever, and then you find the envelope already folded for your use.

In the United States there is one child attending school to every five persons. In Denmark there is one to every four. In Sweden one to five. In Prussia one to six. In Norway one to seven. In Belgium and Great Britain one to eight. In France one to ten. In Austria one to thirteen. In Holland and Ireland one to fourteen. In Greece one to eighteen. In Russia one to fifty. In Portugal one to eighty.

Record of the Times.

Even our little army and navy are big enough to require \$25,000,000 a year.

The Sandwich Island women are fully developed at 15 or 16, and are then perfect beauties.

A gentleman out west skated a mile in a minute and fifty seconds. Beat it who can.

In 1809, Mr. Bacon, went from Pittsfield to Congress in a homespun suit, woven by his wife.

There were 5,800,000 bushels of salt made at Syracuse this year. Syracuse is safe!

Hartford, Ct., is to have a park or common of 30 acres.

The total importation of flour into Boston, last year, was 767,000 barrels.

Think of a Hungarian bishop who owns a duchy, and has a quarter of a million besides!

A new bridge is to be built over the Seine, near the Invalides; it will be called the Pont de l'Alma; and it will cost \$300,000.

The Austrian authorities have ordered that in future the German language shall be used in all proceedings before the tribunals of Hungary.

A sale of autograph letters and the originals of Burns's poems took place recently in London. "Scots wha hae" was bought by an American.

According to Mr. Sidney Herbert, the British army in the east consists of about two-thirds Protestants and one-third Roman Catholics.

A man was recently fishing in the Medway, England with a net, when he pulled up the body of his son, who had been drowned about a month before.

On the 18th ult., the military commission at Modena, Italy, condemned a man to six years' hard labor for being found in possession of a pistol.

The Baron de Bourquency—the negotiator of the Triple Treaty between England, France and Austria—has been raised to the rank of grand-cross in the Legion of Honor.

A national subscription of thirty million of francs, projected for the widows and the wounded of the troops engaged in the war, has been deferred, by the order of the Emperor of France.

The amount of capital invested in French railways is three thousand millions of francs: of which, two thousand millions have been paid, by companies, and one thousand by the State.

Some curious specimens of petrified wheat have been found upon the banks of the Blue River, in Kansas territory. It is said that there is no doubt regarding its identity.

It is said that Madame Bishop, having failed to draw audiences in California, by singing operatic music in Dutch and Italian, blacked her face and appeared as an Ethiopian minstrel, with the greatest success.

The Earl of Aldborough, Ireland, has taken out a patent for navigating the air. It consists mainly in the construction of wings to be used for the propelling of aerial machines, in such a manner that the wings compress the air by percussion, under the concave part of each wing, like that of a bird's.

The value of butter made annually in the United States exceeds \$50,000.

The cheapest kind of a horse, is a saw-horse. It supports itself and a good deal of fuel.

There is an Irishman in the Albany Penitentiary who speaks, reads and writes *fourteen different languages*.

There are thirty-eight towns named Salem in the United States, the largest of which (in Massachusetts) contains over 20,000 inhabitants.

Ephraim Littlefield, the chief witness in the Parkman murder trial, has become insane from a disease in the head.

Eighteen hundred and fifty manuscripts have been sent to Putnam's Magazine since its start. How many rejected addresses?

The Salem Gazette was established in 1768, and still lives. It has just put on a new suit and looks frisky and juvenile.

The first shad taken in Georgia this season, was converted into fifty-five shiners (dollars) by the lucky fisherman.

A cook in New York treated a party of ladies to biscuit lightened with tartar emetic, by mistake. Ugh!

It is urged upon Congress to offer the mediation of our government to the belligerent parties in Europe. The idea is good.

The high price of paper has compelled the New York Sun, Tribune and Times to curtail their dimensions. Bring out the rags!

Thomas Chester, a negro, and a member of the Liberia bar, now on a visit to this country, is delivering lectures in Pennsylvania.

The first bridge across the Mississippi will be the wire suspension bridge, at St. Anthony, Minnesota Territory.

The total number of passengers of all classes carried in the cars of the New York Central Railroad, for the year ending Sept. 30, 1854, was 2,556,874.

The debt of the city of Philadelphia is a little more than \$15,000,000;—including about \$8,000,000 as the subscriptions to various railroads.

Three hundred and twenty-six revolutionary pensioners died during the past year. The number now on the pension roll is one thousand and sixty.

Many of the new houses in New York are said to be so high and narrow, four houses on three lots, that an arrangement similar to dumb waiters has been introduced for hoisting people to the upper stories.

The State of Massachusetts has more miles of railway in proportion to its extent of territory than any other state or country on the globe. It has one mile of railway to each seven square miles of its geographical surface.

The New York Messenger says there is a poor decrepit old beggar in the city of New York, whose distressed appearance rarely fails of eliciting a penny from the pockets of the benevolent, and yet who owns two fine brick houses in Brooklyn, which he has earned by his heart breaking appeals for charity.

Gems of Thought.

He that is innocent, may well be confident.

Where no law is, there is no transgression.

He that is not above an injury, is below himself.

He alone is an acute observer, who observes minutely without being observed.

Likeness begets love; yet proud men hate each other.

No man is master of himself, so long as he is a slave to anything else.

It is the basest of passions, to like what we have not, and slight what we possess.

He that does anything rashly, must be thought to do it willingly; for he was free to deliberate or not.

Philosophy and religion show themselves in no one instance so much as in preserving our minds firm and steady.

Absence cools moderate passions, and inflames violent ones; as the wind blows out candles, but kindles fires.

As we endear ourselves to the persons we oblige, so we violently hate those whom we have much offended.

Prudence governs the wise; but there are but a few of that sort, and the wisest are not so at all times; whereas passion governs almost all the world, and at all times.

As no good is perfect, so neither is any evil at its highest pitch. That which proceeds from heaven, requires patience; and that which comes from the world, prudence.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigor; who can produce more and better, has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

Though fortune seems to be a universal mistress, yet prudence is hers. When we are guided by prudence, we are surrounded by all the other divinities.

There are some in whom one would think, that nature had placed all things the wrong way; unintelligible in their reasonings, depraved in their opinions, and irregular in all their actions.

Familiar conversation ought to be the school of learning and good breeding. A man ought to make his masters of his friends, seasoning the pleasure of converse with the profit of instruction.

He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart, who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive esteem.

There is seldom anything uttered in malice, which turns not to the hurt of the speaker. Ill reports do harm to him that makes them; and to those they are made to, as well as those they are made of.

A man of virtue is an honor to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world. He is rich without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

Passion evaporates by words, as grief does by tears.

He that swells in prosperity, will shrink in adversity.

It is a maxim of prudence, to leave things before they leave us.

The defending of a bad cause, is worse than the cause itself.

Laws are like spiders' webs, which catch the small flies, but let the great ones break through.

A good man, whether he is rich or poor, may at all times rejoice with a cheerful countenance.

Franklin tells us to light up the candles of industry and frugality when fortune grows dark.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

The opinions of men are as many and as different as their persons. The greatest diligence, and most prudent conduct, can never please them all.

Absolute necessities are but few, and easily attainable; but of superfluities, a disordered mind knows no end.

As a great body is not without a like shadow, neither is any eminent virtue without eminent detraction.

None should despair, because God can help them; and none should presume, because God can cross them.

Wisdom is always satisfied with its present enjoyments, because it frees a man from all anxious cares about futurities.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.

Hopes and disappointments are the lot and entertainment of human life; the one serves to keep us from presumption, the other from despair.

The best kindness of a proud man has often such a mixture of arrogance, that his greatest obligations are rendered ungracious to a worthy receiver.

There is a medium between an excessive diffidence, and too universal a confidence. If we have no foresight, we are surprised; if we are too nice, we are miserable.

That man hath but an ill life on't, who feels himself with the faults and frailties of other people. Were not curiosity the purveyor, detraction would soon be starved into a tameness.

Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make; and if we aim at nothing, we shall certainly achieve nothing.

He is a wise man who, though not skilled in science, knows how to govern his passions and affections. Our passions are our infirmities. He that can make a sacrifice of his will, is lord of himself.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience—for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy—therefore value it, and be thankful for it.

Merry Making.

When the Suffolk throws out the bills of a bank, the New Yorkers call it a *Suffolk-ation*.

The man who was "bent on matrimony," straightened up afterwards.

Conundrum.—Why is a Cardinal's hat like ill will? Ans: Because it is *hat-red*.

One of the neatest toasts ever given—"Woman—the last word on our lips because it comes from the bottom of our hearts."

Diogenes thinks the recent American Ambassadorial Conference at Ostend, was for the ostensible purpose of securing Cuba.

What a munificent sovereign is Nicholas: See in what a generous manner he sacrifices his hordes!

Punch thinks it would be a real blessing to mothers, if somebody could invent a soap that would enable mamas to get their daughters off their hands.

An individual was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, endeavoring to pick another man's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to get his hand in.

The only difference between ancient and modern fasting is, that in ancient times they sat in sackcloth and ashes, while in modern times they sit in broadcloth and sashes.

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anne, this morning, to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

A writer in the Home Journal, says of Mrs. Bodestein (late Julia Northall): "She is an angel in a church choir, especially if you can see her *hallelujah* expression of eyes when she sings."

Familiarity breeds indifference. A printer's wife never reads a newspaper, while the man who was born to wealth, can never understand how a love of dollars can ever make people set a higher value on doubloons than they do on billiards.

A woman in Ireland refused to subscribe to the patriotic fund, saying, "What will become of me, if Nicholas conquers this country, and finds my name on the list of subscribers against him?"

Lady Bath, with a very bad temper, had a good deal of wit. Lord Bath saying to her, in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper," she replied, "Keep my temper! I don't like it so well. I wonder you should!"

Newgate has already its "Calendar of Crime," and, judging from the atrocities practised by the Russian soldiers in the East, Nicholas will soon be able to furnish an appropriate companion in his Calendar of the Crimea.

A biography of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

"I say, boy, stop that ox!" "I haven't got no stopper." "Well, head him, then." "He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinence, turn him!" "He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him, you rascal, you!" "Good morning, Mr. Ox."

The London Illustrated News says the Governor of the U. States has been elected at N. York.

Why is the ocean like a garden? Because it bears currents.

Why is a boss farmer like the helmsman of a ship? Because he looks after the tiller.

A tin dealer in the Bowery, advertises coal stoves that will "draw like Julia Dean."

It has been satisfactorily ascertained that ducks enter water for divers reasons, and come out for sundry motives.

A Hungarian desiring to remark upon the domestic habits of a young lady, said: "O, mise, how homely you are!"

The young lady that "thought she should have died" so many times at a society meeting is enjoying excellent health.

A Parisian young lad so fascinated with the "upper circles" of existence that she has ascended in a balloon forty times.

The Republican, at Revere Island, Ill., speaks of a scene "lamentable enough to revolve into a fountain of tears a very common head."

A lot of fellows went out deer hunt the other day in Arkansas, and in less than three hours captured five girls and a woman.

These are the shortest days of the season. Has this anything to do with the money-market being short?

A coffee-house in Cincinnati has a sign of an *inverted boot*, as a delicate hint to the delinquents to "foot up."

A young lady being recommended to exercise for her health, said she would jump at an offer and run her own risk.

Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in spring it "turns over a new leaf."

An English paper says that "Good Queen Bess," when she visited Worcester, borrowed £200 of the corporation, which still stands as a "bad debt" on the town books.

A gross superstition, according to Punch, consists in purchasing a box of steel pens from an itinerant vender, and believing it to contain twelve dozen for a groce.

Diogenes says—"A correspondent whose letter bears the postmark of Hanwell," (i.e. *Latit Asylum*), has asked us a question which is thus: If Raglan cannot take Sebastopol, may we ask—Can Robert?"

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fill it."

"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to New York, on hearing exaggerated rumors of the cholera, "to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," replied a friend, "if you get much practice."

Robinson Crusoe sees a piece of gold lying on the ground, in the island, and addresses it in a moral and rather contemptuous strain, as a vile drug, the root of all evil, etc. Having made his observations, he takes it up, however, and puts it in his pocket.